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• *Russell*

Editors I Have Known

SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

(Rewritten and Reprinted from Letters in the Clarion-Ledger)

ILLUSTRATED

BY

R. H. HENRY

Fifty Years Editor and Owner of the Clarion-Ledger
JACKSON, Mississippi.

PN 4871

H4



Little Frame Building where R. H. Henry began Setting
Type, still standing at Forest, Miss.—Page 16.

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R. H. HENRY

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TO MY WIFE

**The Partner of My Joys and the Sharer of My
Sorrows for the Last Fifty Years,
This Book
Is Affectionately Dedicated**

FOREWORD.

I AM writing these prefatory remarks with the full knowledge that the average reader generally skips the Preface, regarding it in the same light as the public does the "introducer," who tires his audience with extravagant praise and fulsome compliments to the speaker; though D'Israeli says "a preface is the attar of the author's roses."

Under the title, "Editors I have Known Since the Civil War," I have endeavored to tell, in an easy style and simple manner, the story of editors I have met and associated with, from my youth to mature years, covering a period of more than a half century.

In every instance I have tried to describe and picture them as I saw and knew them, giving some of their characteristics—their striking traits, their peculiarities and idiosyncracies—without regard to my personal feelings or social relations towards them, seeking to be just and fair to all, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

My purpose has been to show favoritism to no one—to extol the virtues of no friend beyond his deserts, nor minimize the merits of those I did not admire.

The book must needs be largely autobiographical, as it begins with my first introduction into a printing office, and concludes with my retirement from the active duties of the editor's chair. So in preparing sketches of my editorial

friends, I have necessarily written into them some of the history of my own life, especially my newspaper life, for I have been a newspaper man, and naught else, for over fifty years, and never intend to entirely abandon the editorial forum so long as God gives me strength to write.

While the purpose of these memoirs has been to discuss editors who have completed their life work, and passed to the other side, some few exceptions have been made, especially of my older associates, who are still writing for the press and those who have retired; but their number is small.

A good deal of political and other historic matter has been blended with the memoirs, for who could write of editors of Mississippi and omit the War Period, the Dark Epoch of Reconstruction, the Civil Revolution and the Bright Days of the Restoration of the State to its own people?

In writing these memoirs I have sought to clothe them with a touch of human interest, to make them more entertaining than a dull, dead recital of facts, however important; to brighten them with appropriate anecdotes, humorous references, apt illustrations and side remarks of mother wit, to impart to them a breeze and life that historic narratives do not always possess.

It is a long retrospect, this looking backward over one's life of fifty years, without variable pursuit but I have been so intensely interested in my life work as editor and publisher, so determined to succeed, that the time has not seemed too long, for every day of work has been one of pleasure and the years have slipped by only too swiftly.

I have made diligent effort to procure photographs of departed editors, and use such as were obtainable.

As each chapter is complete within itself, no effort has been made to arrange them in chronological order.

I trust the reader may find something of interest in these memoirs, and that in their perusal the author shall not be entirely forgotten.

R. H. HENRY.

Jackson, Miss., Nov. 22, 1921.

CHAPTER ONE.

Met My First Editor in the Person of Mr. Ferris of the Hillsboro Argus.—Became Inoculated With Newspaper Virus When a Boy.—War Breaks Out Between the States.

"It has been said that any man, no matter how small and insignificant the post he may have filled in life, who will faithfully record the events in which he has borne a share, even though incapable of himself deriving profit from the lessons he has learned, may still be of use to others—sometimes a guide, sometimes a warning. I hope this is true, I like to think it so, for if I cannot adorn a tale, I may at least point a moral."—Charles Lever.

Trusting that Lever is right in his conclusions, I shall briefly attempt to give my experience as a newspaper man, having recorded many events in which I bore a part; telling how and why I became an editor and publisher; with sketches and references to the host of editors I have met and known since entering the journalistic field more than fifty years ago.

But in the chapters to follow, it shall not be my purpose to exploit myself, my work or achievements, but to discuss co-workers, editors and publishers, great and small alike, with whom I have come in personal contact, and with whom I have spent many delightful hours as we travelled down the road of life together.

In such recital the personal pronoun must necessarily figure frequently, and while this work must, from its very nature, be somewhat autobiographic, the purpose will be to faithfully describe and do full justice to those whom I shall call up from the past and discuss in a fair and impartial manner.

II.

The first editor I met was named Ferris. He established the Argus at Hillsboro, Miss., the year before the Civil War began, and became a staunch supporter of John C. Breckenridge for President, as most Southern men did. I was a small boy at the time, but large enough to go around with the carrier, Charley Ferris, and assist him. Charley was an expert kite-builder and supplied the boys of the town with fancy kites.

The Argus secured its printers from the Eastern Clarion at Paulding. An uncle of mine, J. A. Chambers, was foreman, and under his instruction, I "learned the boxes," thereby getting my introduction into the printing business, my first newspaper inspiration, unconsciously becoming inoculated with the virus that was to develop in after years and shape my future life.

Ferris had a partner named Duke, as I recall, who looked after the business of the office while Ferris edited the paper and practiced law. He was regarded as a good writer, and got out an interesting local paper, which the community appreciated. The Argus had practically no opposition, its nearest competitors being the Eastern Clarion at Paulding and the Republican at Brandon, and naturally had a fair circulation. Brandon was the eastern terminus of the old Southern Railroad, running from that place to Vicksburg, and was building towards the Alabama line, for at that time no such place as Meridian existed, Marion being the county site of Lauderdale county.

The Argus was a red-hot Rebel paper, which predicted all sorts of evil things in the event of Lincoln's election, Ferris accurately prophesying that war would follow.

Lincoln was elected, the Democrats having two tickets in the field, one headed by Stephen A. Douglas and the other by John P. Breckinridge, the Democrats doing in 1860 what the Republicans did in 1912, putting out two National tickets.

While Lincoln did not defeat both Douglas and Breckinridge, in the popular vote, the electoral college gave him a majority of 57 over all opponents—Douglass, Breckinridge and Bell; and on March 4, 1861, the control of the government passed from President James Buchanan, Democrat, to Abraham Lincoln, Republican.

III.

But before Lincoln's inaugural, the secession movement had begun in the South, the States of South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas having held conventions and declared themselves out of the Union, Texas going out one month before Lincoln had taken the oath of office, administered by Chief Justice Taney.

On February 18, 1861, the "Confederate States of America" were organized, with Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as president; troops were called for and companies were being formed all over the South; and the shadows of the Hillsboro Argus began lengthening. Its foreman joined the first company organized in Scott county, known as the Forest Rifles, T. B. Graham, Captain. Its printer and office boy Charley Ferris, joined the colors, and Ferris securing some position in the government service, the Argus quit blinking its "hundred eyes," and gave up the ghost, much to the regret of the writer, who was in those boyhood days dreaming dreams of journalism that afterwards became true. The material of the office was sold and shipped to Louisville, Miss., where it

was permitted to sleep until after the war, when it was used in printing the Winston County Index.

IV.

Ferris was a genius in his way, and could do a little of everything. He was a man of some means, decided ability and could hold his own in any company. He was accounted a good lawyer, was a fluent speaker and successful business man. He was fond of theatricals, and was regarded as the star of the home company, which gave frequent entertainments when Hillsboro was in its prime.

Ferris would attract attention in any crowd. He was a man of medium height, as dark as an Italian and graceful as a French dancing master. He always dressed in the height of fashion, wearing a Prince Albert every day in the year. He was a genial, social fellow and when through with his office work could be seen around the courthouse or on the public square. He always had his hands deep in his pockets, stood with his legs wide apart, assuming a very important air, and reminded me of pictures of Lord Byron, without his club foot.

He left Hillsboro during the war and I lost track of him. I supposed he was related to the Ferris family of Macon, who have been publishers for three generations, and have owned the Beacon at that place for over a half century.

V

I remained in Hillsboro with my mother and the children during the four terrible years of war, all of my relatives being in the army, some in the 20th Mississippi, others in the 36th, and a number in other regiments.

There was little opportunity to go to school, for the very simple reason that there were no good schools, and the minds

of the people were more on the war, and on making a living, than on educational matters. In fact schools were at a low ebb, for the men around Hillsboro ran off a number of Yankee teachers who had been too free in expressing their opinions, and few Southern teachers were available.

Spinning, carding, weaving and quilting bees took the place of literary societies at night. Occasionally there were singing schools or spelling bees, but as such entertainments neither clothed nor fed the families of Confederate soldiers, left at home to scuffle for a living, their popularity waned and they fell into disuse.

VI.

Occasionally a Jackson or Vicksburg paper reached Hillsboro, and some one was appointed to mount a dry goods box and read the war news to the public. Well do I remember how proud I was when that task fell to me, for I was always "rather fond of my own voice," as Henry Watterson would say, and I had a passion for newspaper reading, which has doubtless had much to do with leading me in the paths of journalism.

I was allowed to visit my father and uncles in Joseph E. Johnston's army, and having learned to beat a kettle drum at home, and rally the home guard, to which I belonged, I was frequently permitted to sound the reveille or beat "an advance" when the division was on dress parade. That naturally interested me, but the "army press" and the single font of type used to print orders, bulletins, etc., enchained me. The virus was taking. I could not pull myself away from the "printing office department."

I frequently saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. W. W. Loring riding up and down the line, and some of my relatives being commissioned officers, I was presented to them in person, and felt as proud as if I had been introduced

to Napoleon, for Johnston's men regarded him as the genius of the war, and all had the greatest love for dear old Loring, whose armless sleeve attested his bravery in battle, and who was afterwards commissioned a General in the army of the Khedive of Egypt.

CHAPTER TWO.

Hillsboro a Prosperous, Delightful Town Before the Civil War.—Burnt by Sherman's Army.—Awful Carnival of Crime.—The Hardys Ambush Yankees by the Score.

In the preceding chapter I referred to Ferris of the Hillsboro Argus as the first editor I had known, but said little of the town near which I was born and where I lived till the year after the war, and where I obtained the rudiments of an education, to be completed afterwards in a printing office, and so far as I know only two of my first school mates are alive today, Eliza Eastland, now Mrs. Glover Earbee, and Lizzie Smith—Mrs. T. B. Graham—of Forest.

Several of my school mates who attended the "new academy" are alive, but I only know the whereabouts of four of them—Mote Christian of Forest, H. H. Harper of Harpersville, George Clower of Columbia and E. R. Manning of Jackson.

The academy, built by negro labor, was finished at the breaking out of the war and was conducted for awhile by Professors Wofford and Walker, Southern men, the former a Mississippian and the latter from South Carolina. They took the place of Yankee teachers who had been run off for their abolition sentiments, which they had too freely expressed with Lincoln's election. But the academy was forced to close during the war, as many of the students were drafted into the army.

II.

Hillsboro was a prosperous, delightful, inland town of 1200 or 1500 people. It had an active, thrifty, intelligent population, an exceptionally fine local bar, good church and fine school facilities; also open saloons, a race course, ten pin alley, etc. It had some fifteen or more stores, a majority being conducted by Jews, sure sign of a live and prosperous community.

It was one of the main stands for the coach route running from Brandon to Alabama, and the arrival of the old stage from "Buck Horn Tavern," near what is now Morton, was one of the big events of the village.

One day in midwinter the well trained team of four stopped in front of Cain's tavern, where passengers were discharged, mail exchanged and the inner man refreshed; for there, under one roof, were located a post office, a saloon and a hotel, the swinging sign reading, "Accommodations for Man and Beast."

The local postmaster waited for the driver to descend from his high seat and bring in his mail bags, but he moved not. There he sat with lines in hand, stiff and rigid as one of Mrs. Jarley's wax figures. He had frozen to death between Hillsboro and Buck Horn—sometimes called Buck Snort for short. The four horses knew the road so well they pulled the coach on to town, and stopped at their accustomed place, unguided by rein or voice.

The reader may imagine what a sensation the incident caused in the town, which only received a ten-line notice in the Argus. My! what a great story Frantz, Sullens, or Jaap—for years my best local editors—would have made of that event—two columns or more with a "stud head" in "thirty-six point." But those were primitive days in journalism, when the editorial dominated the local department, when opinions were regarded with more favor than sensational events.



Simeon R. Adams

III.

Hillsboro was a fine place until Sherman burnt it as he was pursuing Joseph E. Johnston eastward, after the fall of Vicksburg, who in his retreats did his opponent more harm than he sustained himself.

Johnston's men did enough damage to the people of Hillsboro while retreating before Sherman. They burnt up the fences and foraged on the community, killing such cattle and hogs as they found running at large; but they did not break open smoke houses and corn cribs and destroy the substance of the old men, the women and children; neither did they burn up the town.

But Sherman's soldiers—well perhaps they were not as bad as the Huns on their invasion of Belgium and France; but they were bad enough, and at the time regarded as devils incarnate, doing many acts of vandalism, wholly unwarranted by the rules of civilized warfare.

They robbed the stores of everything they could carry away, groceries, dry goods, liquids, etc., and then set fire to the buildings, the flames in their wrath spreading to and consuming many private homes. Their one thought was to pilfer, pillage and plunder.

The court house, with all its valuable records, where Prentiss, McNutt, Davis, Foote, and other great leaders had charmed listening multitudes, was fired and burnt to the ground, not even a scrap of paper being saved.

Col. John D. Hardy, father of the celebrated Jack Hardy, owned race horses and kept negro dogs. A squad of Yankee soldiers fired his home and stables, throwing the dogs in the flames, screaming in ghoulisn glee as they saw them burn to death, and the horses perish in the flames.

But the Hardys made the Yankees pay dearly for their vandalism, for father and son scouted through the hills and

hollows around Hillsboro, knowing every foot of the land, waiting for an opportunity to kill Sherman's soldiers as they foraged through the country, or left the main body of the army, bushwacking them without mercy. I have heard Jack Hardy say that he and his father killed from 75 to 100 Yankee soldiers—poor recompense, he declared, for the destruction of the old ancestral home, the mental anguish his mother and sisters endured, and the loss of his fine stable of racers and blooded negro dogs.

IV.

Sherman's army killed and destroyed every edible thing that moved on foot, oxen, milch cows, hogs, goats and poultry of every kind. His soldiers broke open smoke houses, cribs, and pantries, and took away not only edibles, but silver plate, jewelry, chinaware, guns, pistols, everything they could find of the least value.

I remember a brute drew a gun on my invalid mother, because she could not give him something to eat, when there was not a crust in the house. I attempted to shield her and was knocked down. She told me to run to the nearest officer's tent, as the army was resting there, and report the outrage. I did so.

The Colonel, whose name I never knew, and which I now sincerely regret, for he is worthy of recognition in these memoirs, heard my story, not failing to ask, "Where is your father?" I replied, "At the front, fighting Yankees." "Good boy," said he, "and I suppose you would be there also, if you were old enough." "I would, sir." My candid answers seemed to please the Colonel, and he forthwith ordered a guard put around our home, also sending us a supply of flour, bacon, sugar and coffee—luxuries we had not known for a long time.

We were bothered no more, and were disposed to believe the Yankees better than we had supposed—and the officers were. It was the riff-raff, the foreign substitutes, and the criminals that creep into all armies that were doing most of the meanness—firing, looting and robbing.

V.

Hillsboro having been destroyed by Sherman, was never rebuilt, and the mercantile interests dwindled to small proportion. Quite a number of the Jew merchants, peddlers, horse-traders and men who owned allegiance to no country, and had never declared themselves naturalized citizens of America, exempt from military service, and being utterly demoralized, with nothing to do, their fortunes having gone up in flames, were induced to join with Sherman's army on its return march to Vicksburg, not as soldiers, but as people in search of homes, places of business where they could support their families.

Vicksburg had fallen, July 4, 1863, and the outlook for business in the Hill City was reported good with prospects for the future bright. Grant, the commander-in-chief of the Federal armies, having captured Vicksburg, and knowing how difficult it would be for Sherman to stop Joseph E. Johnston, ordered him to abandon the pursuit and return to Vicksburg.

VI.

Sherman's raiders burned towns and villages from Vicksburg to Meridian, and destroyed thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of property, the work of destruction being complete and awful.

I remember as a boy how shocked I was to see so many men, whom I had known all my life, loading up their wagons with their families and household effects, and "joining the Yankees."

My mother, who owned an old carryall, and a little nag that had escaped Sherman's raiders, as they marched eastward, for they did not misbehave on their return march, was asked if she would not join the caravan going to Vicksburg, with promise of sustenance on the way and a home at the end of the journey.

Drawing herself up proudly, and with Spartan courage, she said, "I thank you, men of the North, who are doing your duty as you see it, but rather than desert my little home, and my people, while my husband and relatives are fighting for their country, and go off with the enemies of the South, I would starve with my children, for under no circumstances could I be induced to join the ranks of the deserters."

Many Confederate soldiers believed that Pemberton, the General commanding at Vicksburg, and a Northern man by birth, sold that city to Grant. My father, who was in the siege of forty-five days, and "thought no evil," did not believe that Pemberton acted treacherously, but that he was loyal to the government, whose commission he bore.

CHAPTER THREE.

I Move to Forest With the Family and Enter the Office of the Forest Register.—James P. Dement Its Publisher; J. B. Blackwell and J. A. Glanville, Editors.

At the close of the war, my father returned home, and as Hillsboro was not only dead but doomed, he engaged with others in the building of Forest, which was getting fairly started when the war broke upon the country, and stores, residences, school houses and churches were left unfinished, and were used for the storing of government supplies.

Several of the merchants of Hillsboro, who were doing business in cheap, cramped quarters, moved to Forest at the close of the war, as fast as they could secure stores, prominent among them being M. D. Graham, Hi Eastland, W. W. Lowry, Rev. "Pap" Lack, William Lack, and others from the vicinity. Hillsboro lawyers, doctors, mechanics, shopmen and an army of laborers, for business was good, work plentiful and wages high, moved to the growing town of Scott county.

Flush times had come; every one seemed to have money, and the demand for dry goods, groceries, wagons, farm implements and household necessities was so great that the merchants had difficulty in supplying them. The prices were high

and cotton sold for one dollar per pound, in exceptional cases going to one dollar and a half. The demand could not be met as there was little cotton in the country, none worth mentioning being raised after the first year of the war.

II.

In 1866 the family moved to Forest. I attended such schools as the village afforded, and was progressing finely until my teacher, old Prof. Johnson died of apoplexy. That ended my school experience. Then a great change came into my life, which my loving mother welcomed as a bright omen.

The Register was moved from Carthage to Forest in 1867. It was set up in a little California frame building in the yard of what was then known as the Simmons Hotel, Uncle Johnnie Simmons being the rotund and ruddy happy and jolly boniface. The house is still standing, though hotel, livery stable and other buildings nearby have been several times destroyed by fire. The little shack seems to bear a charmed life.

The news that the Register had moved to Forest, spread with the rapidity of neighborhood gossip, which generally travels faster than telegram or phone messages. I was on hand at the unloading of the material, which made "a full wagon load;" saw the plant installed and helped to place the cases on the racks. And then I realized that the virus with which I had been inoculated in the office of the Hillsboro Argus had not only "taken" again, but was breaking out in big spots.

My mother wanted my father to agree to allow me to enter the Register office as an apprentice; he objected, on account of my small, delicate frame. He voted no; my mother voted aye; I cast the deciding vote; majority controlled, and the die was cast; for there, in that humble home, on that

warm summer night in 1867, my horoscope was made up, and it read, "You are to be a printer, publisher or pauper," and I feel that I have just about run the whole gamut. My salary was fixed at \$11.00 per month for the first year, and I had trouble spending it, my wants being few.

III.

James P. Dement was the owner and publisher of the Register, and the best printer I ever knew, before or since; but that was all he knew. He had no conception of newspaper publishing, was utterly devoid of business ideas, and wholly incapable of editing his paper, his old editor, a lawyer named Raymond Reid, having declined to move with the outfit, remained at Carthage to practice his chosen profession.

Mr. Dement knew a printer associate named Worth Blackwell, who had a brother named Major J. B. Blackwell, a lawyer who had recently moved to Forest from Smith county. He sought him out and the deal was soon closed, I don't know whether on a fixed salary, for "part of the crop" or for the glory and honor of the position, but I am inclined to believe the latter stipulation controlled, as Blackwell was an embryo politician and had designs on the circuit clerk's office, which he succeeded in capturing and holding as long as he cared for it.

Joe Blackwell, as he was best known, was a prince of men. He came from a fine old family, and had been well educated. He used his left hand entirely, his right arm having been injured. His writing was a beautiful sloping back hand, as plain as copy-plate, and the delight of the printers. Blackwell had had no experience as an editor, but got out a very creditable local paper.

We had politics then as now. B. G. Humphreys was Governor, but there was continual strife between the Federal and State authorities. The Freedman's Bureau was doing

much to put the negro up to devilment. The military was fast superceding the civil authorities, and under the Reconstruction Acts of Congress a Constitutional Convention was called, which gave Major Blackwell and other editors themes for many editorials.

He was elected circuit clerk and later resigned the editorship of the Register to enter upon his official duties. He had a splendid family of daughters, two surviving him, and worthily uphold the family name.

IV.

Capt. Jas. A. Glanville became the second editor of the Register and imparted to the paper a deal of individuality. He was from Missouri and had served under Gen. Sterling Price and was proud of his Confederate record. His mind was a storehouse of information; he seemed to know everything and was always ready to respond to any question propounded to him. He had some money and increased his wealth by marrying the highly accomplished Pattie Davis, daughter of Dr. Stephen Davis, and wrote simply as a matter of pleasure for Dement had no money to pay him.

While a brilliant man of letters, Glanville was what was known as a "crank" in that he was always writing strange and unnatural things, a kind of Rider Haggard. He wrote a serial entitled "A Dam Flea" that made maidens blush and mesdames scold. Glanville chased the flea from toe to head, making of him an ever-present hero.

He was also author of a Klu Klux Klan serial which had a large run, as that was when the Knights of the Invisible Empire were doing their best riding. Having "known Robinson" Glanville knew what he was writing about, and his Klu Klux articles were read far and near, several extra hundred copies being necessary each week to supply the demand. I "knew Robinson" afterward and am proud of the fact.

To Capt. Glanville is the writer largely indebted for many valuable suggestions, for he taught him expression, construction and rhetoric.

The business of Forest increased rapidly, its merchants extending their trade in all directions, and the place was made the principal shipping point for north and south Scott. Morton had enjoyed that distinction for quite awhile prior to the breaking out of the war, that being the eastern terminus of the old Southern Railroad.

CHAPTER FOUR.

Dr. Stephen Davis Becomes Owner and Editor of the Forest Register.—Loved Wit and Humor, Puns and Jokes Better Than News.—My Introduction to Col. A. J. Frantz.

Headquarters for the Freedman's Bureau were established at Forest, and hundreds of little board shacks were erected for the accommodation of the negro soldiers, west of what is now court house square.

Negro soldiers, inflated with sudden honors and a little brief authority, were mean and insulting to white citizens, especially rude at times to white ladies. They drew their salaries regularly and blew in their money for whiskey and fancy articles that the government did not furnish, and thus set afloat a good sum of money, and the merchants and business men of Forest were the beneficiaries.

Then began a discussion among radical leaders for a constitutional convention, as the new rulers of the land, did not like the constitution adopted in 1865, which was the work of Confederate soldiers and loyal sons of the State.

Negroes were afterwards qualified as voters under a supplemental reconstruction act, and outvoted the whites, and elected a majority of the delegates to the convention, November, 1867, before the adoption of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Amendments.

II.

About this time Dr. Stephen Davis sold or leased his big farm on Shockalo, out near the Morton and Hillsboro road, finding it unprofitable to work free labor. He was a highly educated physician, and well read in literature, a high-class gentleman of the old Southern type, who had been a large slave owner, and was now land-poor. He set up an office and a drug store and re-engaged in the practice of medicine, which he had abandoned before the war to give his personal attention to his planting interests.

I recall an incident that set the town talking, and almost resulted in the death of Dr. Davis. He received a call one night to go to the Brisco home, about one mile west of Forest, and accompanied by the negro messenger, he was proceeding on his way when he was attacked in a deep railroad cut known as the "old trunking" and almost killed. He was knocked senseless, and remained in that condition till discovered by passers-by when he realized that he was minus his gold watch and small change. The doctor, who had vivid imagination and fine descriptive powers, used to relate the incident with great gusto, to his groups of friends, who revelled in the recital and rejoiced at the wonderful escape of their old friend.

III.

Dr. Davis, with little to do, for he cut out night visits after his experience in the "old trunking," became associated with his son-in-law, Jas. A. Glanville, referred to in last chapter, in the editing and managing of the Forest Register having bought Dement out. He was the fourth editor the writer had known, and the brightest wit on the Mississippi press. He was never very serious in his editorials, preferring to indulge in ridicule rather than in facts. Many of his humorous articles and witty sayings would have done credit to Geo. D. Prentice of the old Courier-Journal.

Dr. Davis had a penchant for punning on the names of newly-weds. He would print wedding notices, giving the names of the groom, bride and minister, and then get off some of the funniest, broadest puns possible, some of them being positively shocking, but always witty and amusing, and enjoyed by everyone except bride and groom. His punning on wedding couples became so notorious that many persons about to commit matrimony dodged, fearing the wit of the "Old Youth," as the doctor was called, and held their notices away from the Register, if their names permitted punning.

IV.

A long-legged, gangling country youth called at the Register office one day and asked for the "Old Youth."

The Doctor answer, "Aye, aye, My Lord of the Sticks," for he said whatever he pleased, and his broad, good-natured smile protected him? But "My Lord of the Sticks" did not relish his wit, and said to him in a very positive manner, "Doctor, my name is John Henry Bottomfelt. I am soon to marry Miss Nannie G. Oat, and I called to serve notice on you that if you get off any of your vulgar wit on our names, I will hold you personally responsible and I will beat you worse than that free nigger did at the Briscoe cut."

The "Old Youth," who was as brave as Napoleon, without moving a muscle, yelled out, "The h—l you will! Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and John left realizing that he had made an awful mistake, for the "Old Youth" just let himself out on the marriage of "Mr. John Henry Bottomfelt and Miss Nannie G. Oat," which he corrupted into Nannie Goat, and the puns must be imagined, for I do not feel warranted in printing them here. In the parlance of the day, nobody but Dr. Davis could have used the puns he employed and "gotten away with it."

V.

Dr. Davis was an original man, always cheerful, agreeable and ever entertaining. Everybody liked him. He was a natural humorist, and his humor knew no bounds, but he could, if necessity required, write in a serious vein, especially when he was abusing carpet-baggers, scallawags, renegades and rascallions who turned traitor to their people. He wrote a miserable hand, which always made printers swear, but he never got mad and abused boys in the office when they made mistakes, as Judge A. G. Mayers would do when his copy was not set up letter-perfect in the Brandon Republican office.

The "Old Youth" would laugh at the ludicrous mistakes in proof, and while he would always demand a "revise," a habit that the writer has practiced near unto fifty years, but not always with success, the Doctor would sometimes say to the foreman, "Jimmie, while I did not write just what you make me say, I believe your mistakes are better than my humor." But Jimmy knew better than to fail to correct the proof and give the old Doctor a revise.

VI.

While working in the Register office I learned to make wood cuts. They attracted the attention of Col. A. J. Frantz, editor of the Brandon Republican, and who also had been running some cuts, taking off radicals, carpet baggers and scallawags. Frantz called at the Register one day and asked Glanville who was making his engravings. He replied, "A boy in the office, who picked it up." Frantz said he would like to make me a proposition if it were agreeable to Glanville, who told him to go ahead, that my time was about up anyway and he did not expect to be able to hold me much longer. I was introduced to Frantz, and a contract was entered into on the spot, subject to approval of my parents. That was my first introduction to one of the most remarkable editors of the State.

CHAPTER FIVE.

**“Breaking the Home Ties.”—A Sad Parting.—Leave Home to
Take a Position on The Brandon Republican.—Meet
Dear Mrs. Jennie Frantz, Who Influenced
My Future Life.**

A small, unpretentious looking picture, simply framed, hung in an obscure corner of the Art Gallery at the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904, and attracted more attention than any painting in the grand collection assembled in that spacious building, by the great artists from every country of the world.

It was entitled, “Breaking the Home Ties,” and was a picture of intense human interest, a soulful painting, a poem of pathos on canvass, a heart-throb, that claimed the attention of passers-by, and those who saw it were impelled to return and look upon it a second time, or more, for it was so realistic, so absolutely life-like in its pure simplicity, its sublime naturalness, that its hypnotic power was irresistible.

It represented a family scene in a humble country home, where father, mother and children were about to tell a youth good-bye. The boy was dressed for the road, and carried a small pack over his shoulder, for he was going out into the world to seek his fortune among strangers; he was “Breaking

the Home Ties." He was receiving the blessings of his parents before taking his leave, and the little children looked up to him, lovingly, sadly, wistfully, as though taking a final farewell of the elder brother. There were tears in every eye, love in every expression; sweet old mother wept as she was telling her first-born good-bye.

It was a picture that appealed to all parents, to every man who had left home in youth, to go out into the world on his own account. Crowds were before the little painting all the time, and the tender and endearing words there spoken, by the rich and the lowly, by the worldly and the devout, would make a book of sweet and loving sentiment.

II.

A similar scene was enacted in the town of Forest, September 5, 1868, when I was preparing to "Break the Home Ties," to journey to Brandon, where I had accepted a position with Col. A. J. Frantz, to work on his paper, the Republican—to make wood cuts, set type, run his press, and do any other work that might be considered necessary.

None of the family, except my father, had ever been out of the State; in fact had never been beyond the limits of Scott county, and looked upon a trip to Brandon as a big event, quite a long journey. There was no levity in that scene, for sadness was on every face, solemn expressions everywhere, serious thoughts in every mind, for the family knew I was going away, "Breaking the Home Ties," and might never return.

I told the children goodbye, and as I took my sainted mother by the hand, (she has long been in Heaven, for she left us fifty years ago), she threw her arms about me and sobbed like her dear old heart would break. That excited and started the children crying, and I was so overcome for the

moment that I felt like throwing up the engagement and announcing my intention of remaining at home. But I did not think that I could afford to violate my contract with Colonel Frantz, so with a throbbing heart, I rushed from the room, accompanied by my father, who was to go with me to the train.

Though that scene was enacted more than fifty years ago, and since then I have wandered far and wide, visiting home and foreign lands, and seen many of the grand sights and great men of the world, the picture made in that humble home, that bright autumnal morning, as I was taking my leave, "Breaking the Home Ties," with a heavy heart, is as vivid today as it was real then, and it will never fade from memory so long as life shall last. It was a sad and solemn scene, and one I often recall with profit, but have never before attempted to describe.

It is well to live over occasionally the sad hours of youth and experience again the heart-throbs of life. Let us draw the curtain and shut out the picture, for we are treading upon sacred memories, personal and dear to me, but of no special interest to the reader.

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III.

We had but a short time to wait for the train; my ticket was bought, my trunk checked. I bade goodbye to friends at the depot, and entered the train with my good, old Christian father, who remained with me until the conductor halloed "All aboard." With tears in his eyes he clasped my hand and said in a choking voice, as he retired, "My boy, do the best you can in life; do your duty as you see it; live uprightly, don't forget your home and your people, and remember the fourth and fifth commandments."

The engineer blew his whistle, reversed his throttle and turned on steam; the engine commenced puffing, the pistons



Major E. Barksdale

began sliding into the cylinders, increasing their speed with every stroke, forcing out white, hot spray; the drivers were revolving fast, the train getting under full speed, and soon the little town of Forest faded from sight to which I was never again to return except as a visitor.

The train was in charge of Conductor Holbrooke, to whom I soon introduced myself, making various inquiries about railroading, Brandon and its people, for he had married Miss Fannie Gunn of that place and described it as the greatest town on earth. He was the father of Mrs. Carl Seutter, and retired to his farm at Holbrooke, Rankin county, after leaving the service of the railroad, where he passed the latter years of his life quietly and happily.

Holbrooke stopped and talked with me several times as he passed through the train, for he was a social and companionable man. My mother had prepared me a lunch, and I had no trouble in persuading the conductor to eat with me, for I was satisfied it was good and bountiful. As I remember, it consisted of biscuits, linked sausage, fried chicken, boiled eggs, and a bottle of coffee. It was evident my mother did not intend I should starve before reaching my destination.

IV.

On arriving at the Brandon depot, a mile from town, I took passage on Jim Cunningham's hack, and was soon in the heart of the place, which looked larger then than Jackson does today, for in youth everything is magnified, while villages, towns and objects diminish in size with age. I got off the hack at the old Shelton House, so long one of the landmarks of Brandon, but now alas, is no more. There I met the proprietor, D. H. Brown, father of Mrs. E. E. Frantz, of Jackson, then little Sudie Brown, and a bright, frisky child she was. I inquired the price of board, and when given the information replied, "That is more than my monthly wages."

I asked the way to the Republican office, when Mr. Brown said "Over the store of Maxey & Co., south of the Wilkinson's block." Seeking my bewilderment, for I had no idea where the place was, Little Sudie generously offered to pilot me, for which I thanked her, and am now reminding her of the fact that she and her father were the first people I talked with in Brandon, over 53 years ago.

I met Colonel Frantz at the top of the steps, which lead directly into his editorial-business office. He recognized me and remarked, "Well, you have arrived." I told him I had, but was in great trouble, as I found my board and lodging would cost me more than the salary I would receive, and did not know what to do, when he replied, "Why, dam it boy, I expected you to board at my house with the other printers, and I never intended to charge you. Where is your baggage? get it and send it up to my house, on College street,"—better known as Silk Stocking.

If he had said he lived on Champs Elysees, the boulevard upon which his home was located would not have been more greatly magnified in my youthful mind.

I hunted up a drayman, Old Spencer by name, and negotiated with him to deliver my trunk to Colonel Frantz' residence; and then returned to the Republican office, and announced myself ready for business. The Colonel asked "Are you going to work before you have dinner?" I replied, "I had a snack on the train and can hold out till supper." I shall never forget his answer. "But the boys are getting ready to go to dinner, and you will be alone in the office." I answered, "I shall not be lonesome if you give me a case and some copy."

Frantz called to his foreman, fat, jolly, good-natured, waggish Robert McDonnell, saying, "Here, Bob, give this boy a case and some copy." The foreman asked me, "Can you set manuscript, or shall I give you reprint?" I never felt so out-

raged in all my life, and replied in defiant tone, "I can set anything that you or any printer in the office can set." "Bob," as everybody called the big, overgrown Irishman, grunted and said, "No offense, young man; but you have a pretty good opinion of yourself." I pertly replied, "And I am ready to prove my words by my acts." I afterwards heard Bob saying to the boys while washing up for dinner, "Better be careful, fellows, for that new kid has got no more sense than to work like a country nigger. He has evidently made an impression on the old man."

V.

That evening about sun-down, all the hands quit work, and Ben Carroll was directed to show me the way to the Frantz domicile, where Ben boarded. He was such a dressy, stilted, stuck-up fellow, that I did not fall in love with him then or afterwards.

On reaching the Frantz home, I was presented to the members of the family, and fell in love with dear, kind Mrs. Frantz, who expressed herself as glad to meet me, and hoped my sojourn in her home might prove pleasant. I assured her I knew it would, for I felt that any home presided over by such a gracious queen as Jennie Frantz must be an Arcadia. She was a lady of culture, well educated, inately refined, possessed the noblest ideals, a true Christian if this world has ever known a real Christian.

She did much towards shaping my future life, for which I shall always feel grateful. She was devoutly religious, was a regular attendant upon the Presbyterian Church, which she helped to build from the sale of her writings, and insisted I should go also, being informed my people were Presbyterians. She took the place of my mother and guided my youthful steps over the right paths, and without her teachings, I might have gone as wild as some of the other Brandon boys. But of that further on.

Mrs. Frantz wrote almost as much as her husband, and could discuss any subject, being a constant reader of newspapers and magazines; but she never dabbled in politics, allowing her husband to occupy that sphere alone. She wrote, largely on religious topics, and her articles on "Charity," have never been equalled in this State. Her poems covered a large range, but were generally along serious religious lines. She wrote sonnets, cantos, fugitive pieces, personal poems, in fact everything of a poetic nature.

In later life she arranged her writings in book form, which is now one of the most cherished volumes in many libraries.

The Mississippi Press Association several times elected Mrs. Frantz as annual poetess, but having an aversion to publicity, she never appeared to read her poems herself, delegating that duty to her daughters, Nonie or Eva, the latter also being a clever poetess.

Mrs. Frantz was of great assistance to her husband in the publication of his paper and often in his absence furnished the copy; but of an entirely different nature, for no one could write like Frantz, and his style could not be copied, for he occupied a field all his own with no imitators.

CHAPTER SIX.

**Col. Frantz' Paper Had the Largest Circulation in the State.
Poured Hot Shot Into Carpet-Baggers and Scalawags.
My First Experience With Beer Proved a Blessing.**

In writing these memoirs, covering the dark days of reconstruction, or as is best known, the civil revolution, when the "bottom rail was on top" when vice stalked abroad at noonday and ignorance set in the temples of justice, it will be necessary to throw around them a local political coloring.

In the days that tried men's souls, there was wavering in the minds of some men native and to the manner born. Even old Confederate soldiers, who had offered up their lives for their country, seemed willing to sell their "birthright for a mess of pottage" being "almost persuaded" to join the ranks of the enemy, hoping to enjoy the fruits of the spoil. To this class belonged lawyers, who had their eyes on judge-ships, and editors who were willing to change their politics for the usufruct the "district printing bill" would confer.

But I am glad to be able to testify that no such allurements were sufficient to cause A. J. Frantz to change his policies or his plans, or to let up in the fight he was making upon the carpet-bag government that was degrading, disgrac-

ing and humiliating Mississippi and its people. He denounced the district printing bill in unmeasured terms, which was a device of the Radical government then in control of the State, to furnish "pap" to a number of papers to maintain them while they advocated the cause of the despoilers—the district printing bill being nothing more nor less than a reward to papers for treachery to their party and country.

II.

The Constitutional Convention of 1868, known as the "Black and Tan," called under the Reconstruction Acts of Congress, had finished its session in Jackson and adjourned, after passing a resolution to submit the draft of the constitution to the people of the State for ratification, having no doubt it would be adopted, for all negro men over twenty-one had been enfranchised and qualified as voters, even before the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Frantz had been pouring hot shot into the proposed constitution, and urging its defeat, and to assist in the good work I was called to Brandon, to make woodcuts of the leading members of the carpet-bag-scalawag-alien government, to burlesque them and associates in every way possible. He made life a burden for B. B. Eggleston, Hook Nose Fisher, Millinery Bill Lake, J. Aaron Moore, negro delegate from Lauderdale, Bullet Head Amcs, A. J. Morgan, Charles Caldwell, afterwards killed in the Clinton riot, Cy Myers, Fred Barrett, Hell Roaring Pease and others of the saturnalian brood.

It is a notable fact that five members of the Eggleston convention were killed for their crimes against the people of the State, viz: Charles Caldwell, a negro senator from Hinds county, was killed in Clinton, charged with instigating the riot of that place in 1875; Combast was hung by the Ku Klux in Sunflower county; Orr was killed at Pass Christian by P.

K. Mayers; Fawn was killed in the courthouse at Yazoo City, for incendiary speech, calculated to bring about race troubles; Fred Parsons, defender of Ames in his impeachment trial, was found dead in the road, having been killed by unknown persons.

Frantz poked all manner of fun at the negro delegates and their carpet-bag and scalawag allies in the Constitutional Convention. He had special aversion to B. B. Eggleston, a carpet-bagger who misrepresented Lowndes county. He was president, having defeated Judge J. W. C. Watson for the place. Frantz had a cut made of Eggleston presiding, and printed underneath, "That thing in the box, nailed up to the wall, is Brindle Buzzard Eggleston, chief of them all," and what he said of old B. B. was a plenty.

III.

Colonel Frantz was an interesting editor, and his paper had the largest circulation in Mississippi, having practically the field east of Jackson, south of Winston and north of Perry, with a scattering circulation in other counties. He depended largely upon horse-mails, as railroad facilities were poor, and he loaded down the mail bags every Thursday morning. The bulk of his circulation was in counties east of Pearl river, a section that had been dubbed "the Mighty East," by Franklin E. Plummer.

Frantz was a good dresser, and had a pleasing face, which always reminded me of the features of Simeon R. Adams, and like Adams he was short and corpulent, and fairly shook and wobbled as he walked. Both were Northern journeymen printers, who came South before the Civil War, Adams from Pennsylvania, and Frantz from Maryland. They became connected with insignificant country weeklies, which they made the most powerful papers of the State, Adams winning his reputation before and Frantz after the Civil War,

the mantle of Adams rather descending upon Frantz's shoulders. They were well skilled in the arts preservative, and possessed extraordinary energy.

There was one difference—Adams was a better business man than Frantz, but being a poor writer, employed editors to get out his paper while he looked after the business departments. Frantz was a thoroughly practical newspaper man, and could edit and manage his own paper. Both were persistent solicitors, each succeeded and built up fine newspaper properties.

Frantz had a ruddy complexion, his cheeks, as spotted-red as a Norwegian girl. He had bright, sparkling brown eyes, a small, expressive mouth, and his smiling face was but an index to his genial nature and happy disposition. His hair was long and black as the raven's wing, which he parted on both right and left side, when I first knew him, leaving a broad patch in the center, which he rounded up in handsome curls, much after the style of mothers who paid special care to combing the hair of their curly-headed children.

IV.

Frantz did not get full credit for editing his paper, the public being disposed to award that honor to Mayers and Lowry and Andrew Harper, when the truth is they furnished the Republican few editorials. It was no secret, they did occasionally write for the paper, as did some other lawyers of Brandon, but were in no sense its editors.

Their style was wholly different from Frantz. He wrote simply, and indulged in no end of invective, abuse and slang when referring to the carpet-baggers and scalawags, and the way he could trim them up was a sight to behold.

Occasionally Mayers would write a leader, but his principal forte was personal and humorous paragraphs, in

which he excelled. He also wrote amusing and telling doggerel. Lowry, fresh from the army, had a dignified, somewhat stilted style, that could not be disguised, unless he stopped to satarize some carpetbagger in his own peculiar way. Harper was long-winded and tedious, his mind running on Chronicles.

Mayers and Harper were the terror of the printers. Mayers could not understand why a ten dollar a week printer did not know as much as he did, and would raise Cain whenever the slightest errors were made in his copy.

Harper had a mania for commas, and stormed at Bob McDonnell so much, holding the foreman responsible for all omissions of his pet punctuation point, rubbing Bob so hard in the presence of the printers, that the old Irish Presbyterian would sometimes lose his religion and curse old Andrew black and blue, telling him to "Go to h—— with your d—— commas."

Dear, sweet-natured General Lowry, never complained, if he ever detected errors in his articles, for he rarely read proof.

Frantz had an odd, original style which made his paper. He was called the "Brick Pomeroy of the South." While their style was not dissimilar, when it came to abusing Republicans, carpet baggers and scalawags, both being past masters in the art, Frantz never saw the LaCrosse Democrat, which always fell to the writer.

Truth is that while the Republican had a large city exchange list, Frantz rarely read a paper printed outside the State, holding to the idea that the way to make a Mississippi paper was to print Mississippi news, which he did almost exclusively. The only exceptions were on election nights, when Frantz made special efforts to get the news by wire—the first exception to be noted by the writer was on Wednesday night after the presidential election in 1868, when Grant de-

feated Seymour for President, Mississippi's vote not being counted. In writing up the result Frantz paraphrased the message sent by Commodore Perry to General Harrison, after the naval engagement, September, 1813, making it read, "We have met the enemy and we are theirs."

V.

I was quite a verdant when I went to Brandon, and was dazzled by the strange sights and the stylish people, especially the young ladies, who put on their best dresses and paraded up and down Silk Stocking every evening, after the boys had finished their work in the stores and offices. I used to wonder if they met by accident or design, but they certainly met and had great times. I was slow in breaking in for I was a "young man from the country," and had never visited a girl in my life. But under the leadership of the boys in the office, I soon caught on, and got in the swim, for in those days a printer boy ranked as high as a student, dry goods clerk or office man.

But back to Frantz. He was by no means sociable with his men, and rarely had anything to say to them. He had his paper made up Wednesday afternoon, printed and mailed that night, in order to catch the horse mails next morning, the date of publication; for come what would the Republican must go out Thursday morning. We had no union hours, and worked until Bob said quit, and we never expected pay for extra hours, which came only on Wednesday night, mailing night, when we worked till the big edition had been printed, put in packages and sent to the postoffice.

A half dozen boys took their places around the big table, each boy with a subscription book before him, with Colonel Frantz sitting at the head, doing as much work as any two, for he wrote with electric rapidity. There was no talking; nothing but work, till the Colonel, after pushing his pencil

for an hour or so, said, "Well boys, let's stop and go round to Block & Ohlyer's and get some beer."

VI.

That was a novel experience to me, for I had never been in a saloon in my life; but I did not feel that I could act prudish, and I went with the Colonel and his boys to the designated place—in the rear of the main store, reached by an outside door. A keg of beer rested at half-mast on the bar—bottled beer was unknown—and every one was invited to come up and drink. I could only swallow a half glass my first night, so bitter did it taste. Bob said, "Oh, you'll like it after awhile," and so I did.

That practice was continued every Wednesday night as long as I remained in Brandon.

One night I took a little too much. Returning to the office, I felt a slight disturbance in my head. My brains and hands would not co-ordinate. I knew I was not tipsy, for I could walk and think, but there was an unrest in my mind.

One of the boys, Ben Carroll, saw my dilemma, and considered it great fun, and made remarks that irritated me, for he delighted in nagging. I got up, excused myself to Colonel Frantz, saying while I was not tight that I did not think I could continue writing. He was kind and considerate and said, "That is all right."

Ben roared with laughter, making unpleasant remarks, other boys joined in, and volunteered to take me home. I indignantly declined their offer, and made them a little speech somewhat after this fashion, "Laugh away, boys, laugh till your sides are sore. My laugh will come later, for here I vow that never more shall beer pass my lips. Go on, and die drunkards as some of you will." Strange prophesy for a boy; but it came true. That object lesson was the greatest I ever

learned, and the most beneficial, for it may have saved me from a drunkard's grave.

VII.

Ben Carroll was the pet of the Frantz household—afterwards marrying Mrs. Frantz's sister, Miss Mollie Johnson—and I judged from what I saw around the house that he had "blown" on me, and made up my mind to get even with him. We occupied the same room and slept in the same bed, he on the front, while I was satisfied with the back side, next to the wall, which proved a strategic position.

One morning while Ben was lying on his back, dead asleep, the thought occurred to me, "Now is the time to even up matters." So I squared myself against the wall, drew up my legs, cantilever-like, and straightening them out quickly, kicked Ben out of the bed. He did not wake up till he landed, and from the sound his head made as it hit the floor, I feared I had cracked his skull. He awoke swearing like a trooper; he was so mad his oaths were not intelligible; but they were warm. I was too convulsed with laughter to respond to his inquiry, "What in the h—— do you mean?" He threatened to kill me on the spot, but I persuaded him to desist until after breakfast—and he desisted; but we never spoke again—never, till I gave him the mumps, which is referred to in another chapter.

VIII.

In the winter of 1860 Frantz went with the sheriff's posse to arrest a fugitive named Gardner, who lived between Brandon and Jackson. Gardner fired from his house as the posse approached and Frantz was seriously wounded in the shoulder and groin, the latter wound almost proving fatal, keeping him in bed several months, and on crutches over two years. He never entirely recovered.

Frantz boasted that he never missed an issue of his paper before, during or since the war. He anticipated Sherman's raid, and moved a small press and two or three cases of type to the woods, and got out his paper on time in spite of all drawbacks.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

**Frantz Lived Like a Prince and Entertained Like a Sovereign.
He Goes to Jackson to Fight Editor Whipple.—Beautiful
Brandon Girls and Fatality Hanging Over Them.
One Big Event.**

When I went to Brandon in the fall of 1868, it was a beautiful and prosperous town, having an intelligent and progressive citizenship, surpassed by no place in the country. There was an air of culture and refinement there that impressed itself upon all visitors. On every hand were evidences of enterprise and prosperity. The people were of the better class, kind, generous and lovable, many from old aristocratic families of the wealthy, ante-bellum type, but all, regardless of caste, were sociable, happy and contented, forming a homogeneous population, among whom it was a great pleasure, a never ending delight to live.

I felt that my lines were cast in pleasant places, when I learned I was to become an inmate of the Frantz home—a home presided over by a pure, sweet Christian wife and mother, whose influence was wholesome and ennobling; for while Col. Frantz belonged rather to the worldly set, having been a Bohemian of extensive travel, he had great respect for the religion of his wife, who exercised wonderful influence

over him, and had been to him as a beacon light, casting its rays of beneficence across his pathway in life.

Frantz lived like a nabob, having not only a comfortable, well furnished home, but a table "good enough for a bishop." He prided himself on native grown products, both wild and domestic, meat, fowl, fruits and vegetables, raising much of the latter himself, being an expert gardener. His wine cellar was stocked with the best vintage of France, from Mum's extra dry, to sparkling sherry and ruddy St. Julien; with a "wee drop of the crater" from Robinson county for his more democratic visitors.

II.

Frantz loved a newspaper controversy better than any editor I have ever known, and when once started he held on with bull-dog tenacity. Sometimes these controversies reached a very acute point, especially when conducted with a carpet-bag editor.

He became involved in a controversy with Whippel, editor of the old Pilot, the Radical organ published by the firm of Kimball, Raymond & Co., at Jackson. It began very pleasantly, but Frantz became so severe and abusive as the controversy progressed, that Whippel, the carpet-bagger who had been imported here from the North to edit the Pilot, felt that he was warranted in denouncing Frantz, having no idea that he would be called to account; but he was.

There was a council of war held in Brandon attended by Frantz, Lowry, Mayers, McCaskill, Henry, Cole and others, and the decision was that Frantz should go to Jackson, post Whippel, and notify him that he was on hand ready to defend his poster.

Frantz took a position in front of the old capitol, armed with a double barrel shot gun, and notified Whippel that he

was ready for him. He stood there till he was almost frozen, puffing a long black cigar, and Whippel failing to appear, friends of Frantz told him he had done all that was necessary to vindicate his honor, and the whole crowd adjourned to the old Edwards house and had a big blow out. Frantz returned to Brandon after nightfall, and was hailed as the hero of the hour. After that he had no further trouble with the old carpet-bag editor, who had learned to respect him.

An impression had grown that Frantz would not fight, and while I don't think he yearned for the sport, I have seen Frantz in some rather tight places, and I never saw him show the white feather. For instance, he had been roasting a lawless character down in some of the counties south of Rankin, named Pryor. Pryor had written a letter demanding an apology, in default of which he threatened to shoot Frantz on sight; which only called for another denunciation. That induced Pryor to come to Brandon. He reached there about one o'clock, and forthwith called at the Republican office and asked for the editor. I was in the editorial office at the time, and told him Frantz would return soon, asking him to take a seat, having no idea who he was. He told me his name, saying he had ridden up from below to whip Frantz.

Hearing the Colonel's footstep on the stairs, I went down and told him that Pryor was waiting for him. Without answering me Frantz rushed upstairs and approaching Pryor gave him the worst cursing I ever heard mortal man take, abusing him for everything in the catalogue, and ordered him out of his office. Pryor simply smiled, without retorting, and disappeared. He never returned.

I saw much of Frantz the three years I worked for him, and besides making his wood cuts, often assisted in editorial work when he was away. He had his fads and fancies, his bad and good parts, but was of great help to his State and country. He was patriotic, and will be long remembered



Col. J. J. Shannon

for the good work he did in helping to rid Mississippi of carpet-bag rule.

III.

I recall the time when A. T. Morgan, a white renegade of Yazoo, which county had favored him with several official positions, came over to Jackson and married a negro woman named Carrie Highgate, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. Aaron Moore, a blacksmith by trade, and who had been forced to leave Lauderdale county after a riot at that place.

Frantz asked me if I could draw and make a cut of the marriage scene. I told him I would try. He wanted a three-column cartoon for his front page. I had never seen any of the parties, but made a stagger at it. I represented Morgan as a mean-looking white man, Carrie as a comely lady of color, dressed in the prevailing style. I drew her with a long flowing tight-fitting dress, short in front, with large bustle attachment and exaggerated bust, with chignon covering her kinky hair. She held on to the arm of Morgan with a look of grim death upon her dusky face. They were standing before a table decorated with flowers—crudest flowers that every bloomed in the spring—behind which stood a big, burley, rotund, thick lipped negro, holding a book in his hand, presumably the Bible. He was marrying the mulatto and the renegade, for the marriage license was in evidence.

A marriage notice of explanation was printed under the picture, and no picture was ever more in need of explanation, which was followed by a piece of doggerel written by General Lowry, which was exceedingly witty but just a trifle off color.

That was the most famous picture I ever drew, and so pleased was Frantz with the effort that he had hundreds of them photographed by L. D. Greenlaw, who married Dora Runnels, sending them to his friends. I kept one of the photos for years, but like many others, it disappeared.

IV.

Colonel Frantz made piles of money, which he spent with a free hand, living at the top of the pot; but he remained in the publishing business too long, till he got old, poor and feeble. He was forced to the necessity of putting on a patent outside, which he hated above all things. He lost his energy and ginger. Times changed; the people after "turning the rascals out," in which good work Frantz was a leading factor, grew tired of his style of writing, which had lost its savor, and assisted in killing his paper by discontinuing their subscriptions.

New railroads were built, mail facilities improved; local papers sprang up in every county, sapping his circulation and injuring his business; and when he died his paper had become but a shadow of its former self. His son, Ed., tried to continue the publication of the Republican, but, after giving it a fair trial, abandoned the task, having found it to be a losing game. And then the Republican followed the man who had made it, and gave up the ghost. Ed. secured a position on my paper as local and associate editor, and remained with me twenty years.

V.

Another brief reference to dear Mrs. Frantz, and I close the book of memory so far as she is concerned. One dark, rainy Sunday, she came in her library, where I was reading Hume, and said to me, "My boy, I am afraid you are disposed to be skeptical. I fear you are becoming under old Richardson's influence, who is an atheist, and has done much harm in the world. I am really sorry that he is kept in the office." I replied I might be a bit skeptical, as there were so many things connected with religious teachings that I could not understand. Then she argued this way:

"It is a great blessing to me to believe in God and the hereafter. If it be a delusion, it is the delight of my life,

and fills my heart with over flowing joy; and, mark you, if it be a delusion, I lose nothing. But, my dear boy, if you do not believe in the immortality of the soul, and it proves to be a fact, you lose all. So you see, I am on the safe side in either event, while you take chances of losing your soul."

That was the best sermon I ever heard preached, and if I had ever before been disposed toward skepticism, with character unformed, and mind immature, Mrs. Frantz's logic saved me; and I have thanked her thousands of times for her little speech, and the repeating of it, has caused many a wayward boy to stop and think and get right in his heart, soul and mind with God. Should any skeptic read these lines, I admonish him to paste Mrs. Frantz's sermon in his hat or scrap book; it may be the means of saving his soul and enable him to meet dear ones Up Yonder.

VI.

Meanwhile, I had branched out in society, and had become quite a ladies' man. I paid diligent court to half a dozen or so pretty girls who were students at the old Brandon Academy—taught by Miss Frank Johnston, sister of Mrs. Frantz, assisted by Mrs. Julia Jayne, mother of R. K. Jayne—among them Annie Cocke, Anna Lee Maxey, Ella Lowry, Emmie Moore, Margie Cocke, Dora Runnells, Ada Lowry, Marie Stevens, Zella Hargrove, Flossie Jack, Sallie Patton, and last, but but not least, the brilliant Ida Johnson—who got me, to have and to hold, for 50 years and more.

Strange fatality seemed to hang over those beautiful girls; all of whom married except dear Annie Cocke, and she died while in the flower of her youthful beauty. All the others were widowed except her sister, Margie, and the girl who bears my name.

A similar fate seemed suspended over the set above me, Dora Lowry, Mamie Cocke, Mollie Lowry, Bettie Henry and

Laura Johnson, all of whom lost their husbands except the latter two.

VII.

In looking over the names of printers and boys with whom I worked on the Brandon Republican, I find that P. E. Williams and E. E. Frantz are the only survivors. Bob McDonnell, Ben Carroll, Willie Williams, Willie Estes, Jim Ware and P. Richardson, have passed over the river, all dying young, except the two latter. Ware walked off the long railroad bridge at Bay St. Louis and was drowned, while P. Richardson sleeps in an unmarked grave at Port Gibson, having spent his last days in the office of his old friend, Jas. S. Mason, founder of the Reveille at that place.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

**Sorrowfully, But With High Ambition, I Bade Goodbye to
Dear Old Brandon and Went to Newton to Establish
My First Paper.—Met Several Editors
Before It Appeared.**

Filled with the enthusiasm of youth, and ambitious to establish a paper of my own, even in my twentieth year, it was with deep regret and many heartaches that I made up my mind to say good-bye to dear old Brandon and its splendid people, among whom I had passed three happy, delightful years, where I had made many friends and gotten expanded ideas of life.

There I saw the best and most intelligent citizens of the town, for to be a printer in Colonel Frantz's office was an open sesame to the best circles, a passport into good society. I belonged to the literary clubs and societies, where I naturally learned much of history, for which I had a special penchant, even back in my school boy days.

There might have been gambling and clubs of chance, but if so I never found them. Certain it is, there were no progressive euchre or society gambling clubs in Brandon, and while there was some drinking and occasional shooting, the town was regarded as a moral place.

•

I had a settlement with Colonel Frantz, and ordered type, rules, cases, and material sufficient to set up a country printing office. Meanwhile I had been over to Newton, discussed the establishment of a newspaper there and closed deals with merchants and business firms for one year's advertising.

II.

The people of Newton county had been greatly worried by carpet-baggers, scalawags and free negroes, backed up in their murderous designs by the Freedman's Bureau. Swann, Howard and Harvey were the leaders of the negroes, all being imports from the North, who had come South hoping to find good picking; or, as Judge Harris once said of Bill Figures, in the celebrated Hamilton-Gambrel case, "Floating on the surface of an occasion, waiting for something to turn up."

Harvey, a carpetbagger, and teacher of negro schools, held the petty office of justice of the peace and hoping to improve his condition and ingratiate himself more firmly in the esteem of negro voters, disgraced a negro woman by marrying her, a la Morgan-Highgate episode. Then he attempted to lead the negroes into riots, till called down by the stalwart white Democrats of Newton.

Swann had higher aspirations than Harvey. He had been a postmaster at Newton and chancery clerk under radical regime. He was by no means as bold as Harvey. Swann was the greater rascal, but possessed manners more suave and oily than his political partner. He lost his office when the Democrats were allowed to vote, honest old Eugene Carleton being his successor. Swann left Newton for Jackson where he engaged in the very laudable get-rich-quick occupation of counterfeiting. He was arrested, convicted and sentenced to the Federal penitentiary, but by some hook or crook managed to escape, and was last heard from in New Orleans, where he disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up.

After being defeated for sheriff, Howard stole a negro's horse and fled northward, never to return, to the relief of the white people of Newton county.

Several white persons had been killed in race conflicts, some good white men and a number of bad negroes. Harvey's last effort to bring about a collision between the races was played at Decatur, the day that Geo. C. McKee, candidate for Congress, and James Lynch, Canadian negro candidate for Secretary of State, had dates to speak there. Harvey had armed several hundred negroes and marched them into town, saying he would lead them into the court house.

They approached court square, when the white people decided matters had gone far enough and called a halt. The Radical speakers were informed that if a single shot was fired that they would be the first men killed. Having a due appreciation for their hides, McKee and Lynch advised the negroes to disarm, come in the court house if they desired to, but that they must behave themselves.

Harvey was unnerved by the sudden turn of affairs, and knowing that he would be killed should a riot follow, he ordered his negro soldiers to lay down their arms—and peace reigned once more.

III.

In those dark days, leading Democrats of Newton were subjected to all kinds of outrages and insults, and were arrested by order of the commander of the Freedman's Bureau on the slightest pretext.

The negroes and their carpet-bag friends were mortally afraid of the Ku Klux Klan, which had been organized to bring peace and order out of chaos in the South, and to make negroes and their associates behave themselves. It was known that Newton had many Ku Klux, for Robinson rode and had scared hundreds of negroes almost to death.

The white renegades, Harvey, Swann and others trumped up some charges against leading citizens of Newton who belonged to the Ku Klux, and succeeded in having a number taken to Jackson by United States Marshals. Prominent among them was the well known citizen, T. M. Scanlan, sterling old Confederate soldier. He was carried before the Federal Court and when asked certain questions about the order, refused to answer them. He was interrogated time after time, and told he would be committed to jail if he did not answer. He stood firm, refusing to give the Court the names of the members of the Klan or divulge any of its secret work. He was ordered to jail, where he remained three months, when he was released by order of the Court, but never gave away any of the secrets of the Klan. Excitement was at fever heat.

This outrage so fired the people that they expressed a willingness to extend a liberal support towards the establishment of an outspoken, white-line Democratic paper; and amid such exciting scenes the Newton Ledger was born September 14, 1871, in the adjoining county to Jasper, where the Clarion was established in 1837, the two being consolidated at Jackson in 1888 under the name of the Clarion-Ledger.

IV.

Awaiting the material for the paper, I made a canvass of Newton for advertising, and secured from the merchants and business firms of Newton yearly contracts amounting to \$1,080, payable monthly.

I then visited Decatur, while Court was in session, with Judge R. E. Lechman, presiding, Thos. H. Woods, district attorney.

It was there I met the first editor I ever knew in East Mississippi, in the person of Dr. John D. Woods, of the Scooba Spectator.

Dr. Woods was one of the brightest, as well as one of the wittiest editors I ever saw. He came to Mississippi from Kentucky, where he had edited a paper at Glasgow and being fond of writing, agreed to furnish the editorials for the Spectator. With his brilliant leaders and witty paragraphs, he soon made it one of the best known papers in the state.

We discussed "shop" at length, and I got from him some good ideas regarding the conduct of a weekly paper. I remember, he said, "My son, get all the business you can from your merchants the first year, while your newspaper is a novelty, for my experience is that local advertising always drops off in a country paper after the first year." and I found his prophetic words came true.

He remained with the Spectator for several years, and, as I remember, returned to Kentucky and re-established relations with his old paper.

When it is said that Dr. John D. Woods, in gentility and intelligence, was the equal of his brother, Thomas H. Woods, whom Governor Lowry appointed a Supreme Court Judge, all is said that need be said.

V.

Tired waiting for the arrival of the material with which I was to print the Newton Ledger, I visited Vicksburg to solicit advertisements, the latter part of August, 1871.

I called at the Herald office and for the first time met one of the truly great editors of Mississippi, Col. W. H. McCardle, a giant among his fellows, where I was received most cordially by that princely gentleman, the terror to radicalism in Mississippi, for he never let a day pass that he did not slug the carpet-baggers, scalawags and interlopers with all the power of his trenchant pen. He was sometimes arrested for pouring hot shot into them, but that made no difference for he never changed his course.

McCardle was once arrested by General Ord for criticising the arbitrary action of that official. He was confined in a military prison, but released on a writ of habeas corpus. His case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, but never tried, Congress having repealed the law authorizing the trial of civilians by military commissioners.

The radical horde hated McCardle with all the bitterness of their vile natures, and would have been glad to murder him if they had had the courage. He never left his office without a brace of pistols, for he did not know when he might be attacked.

As a writer of pure, expressive English, McCardle never had a superior in this state. He could say harder things about the wolves feeding upon the bleeding carcass of Mississippi, than any man, and say it in the very best language, chaste and beautiful but as hard as steel, and his phillipics against the radicals were as strong as those of Cicero against Catiline, cutting his adversaries into mince-meat.

McCardle could swear more artistically than any man I ever knew. It was almost musical to hear him rip out oaths about the radicals, and they came so thick, so free and so fast, and with such perfect smoothness, that they did not sound offensive, but there was really a charm about them that had the power to chain and delight.

VI.

When I told McCardle who I was, on the occasion of my first visit to Vicksburg, and that I had come over to solicit advertisements for the Newton Ledger, he looked at me in surprise, and said, "Why, I never heard of the paper before; have you a copy?" I replied I had not, that it had not been printed yet. Then he gave me a penetrating look,

as much as to ask if I were crazy, and said, "My boy, do you really come to Vicksburg to solicit advertisements for a paper that is not in existence?" I answered, "It exists in my mind and will be printed in a week or two."

Turning round in his chair he ripped out an oath, as though about to attack me and exclaimed, "Well, of all the d—— cheek and impudence, this excels anything I have ever before heard of in my journalistic experience." That almost floored me, but I held my ground.

"That may be so, Colonel, but if you will give me a notice in the Herald, letting the merchants of the Hill City know I am in town, and what I am here for, I will be grateful to you, and I'll let you know the result when I return." Seeing that I was not to be put off or discouraged, McCardle quickly replied, "Well, I'll be d—— if I don't do it, for I like your nerve, and will add, if you keep it up, and live long enough you will not only succeed, but you'll become the leading publisher of Mississippi."

I thanked the Colonel, for the privilege of the interview and went to work—worked all day, without getting an ad, but the receptions I received did my youthful heart good. All the merchants asked me to call again, just as a matter of form, never supposing I would return; but I was on them again bright and early next morning, and before the sunset I had made contracts for \$125.00, and had the copy in my pocket, for it is usually more trouble to get copy than ads. Just imagine how proud I felt when I called again to see McCardle that night after supper. He heard my story, asked to see the ads, and when I presented the names of Ben. Hardaway & Co., John A. Peale, McCutcheon & Co., Folkes & Co., J. D. Stiles, Lee Richardson, Jos. Podesta, and others, the Colonel said, "Good as gold; my boy you are a wonder; You are bound to succeed." I thanked him, and replied, "I never doubted it."

VII.

Col. McCardle was one of the most agreeable editors I have ever known. He was genial as the sun, companionable and delightful at all times, an inspiration to ambitious young editors, with whom he was always on the best terms.

He had no political ambition or personal interest to serve in the conduct of his paper, which was, therefore, free to express opinions in the most positive manner as to men and measures. While he and other Democratic editors of the state often disagreed, there was little bitterness or spleen in any discussions he might have with them. He was an instructive and interesting writer, and adorned and illuminated every subject he touched upon. His sentences were never involved, but as clear as the tones of a silver bell on a frosty morning, strong but beautiful, chaste but virile, having about them a ring and rattle that few editors could command.

I met McCardle frequently afterwards, and knew him as the editor of several Vicksburg papers, for he cared nothing about ownership and knew nothing about publishing, but gave his whole time to editing, in which line he achieved great success. I met him at Press Associations, political gatherings and public meetings of various kinds. I knew him in his days of prosperity and adversity, and after he had grown old and feeble. When he could no longer run the pace of morning paper work, he turned his attention to history writing, he and Governor Lowry preparing the History of Mississippi, which bears the imprint of R. H. Henry & Co. It was a good work, but a poor financial success, though the proceeds helped to support McCardle the few remaining years he lived.

Like Frantz, McCardle stuck to the newspaper business too long, dying poor in purse but rich in friends. He sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery, Jackson, with only a modest stone to mark his last resting place.

VIII.

Returning to Newton, and finding that the material I had ordered for the Ledger had not arrived, I ran over to Meridian on a soliciting tour, hoping that I might duplicate my Vicksburg experience. I met the leading merchants, who seemed glad to encourage my youthful ambition, and gave me two or three columns of advertisements.

While on that visit I formed the acquaintance of East Mississippi's leading editors and publishers, Col. J. J. Shannon, of the Gazette, and Col. A. G. Horn of the Daily Mercury. I had heard much of Shannon, as he was continually on the go, but I knew little of Horn, who seldom left his office. Both were remarkable men, Shannon a distinguished publisher, while Horn was recognized as one of the greatest editors of his day, one of the few writers of the state in a class with Barksdale and McCardle—and that was to reach the top of Mississippi journalism. Horn was a trained editor, having been connected with a number of papers before he founded the Meridian Mercury, which was regarded as the best edited paper in East Mississippi, which spoke the sentiments of its editor, regardless of consequences. The business office of the Mercury had no strings on the editorial department.

Col. Horn was an able and vigorous writer, and his trenchant pen was never silent when the interest of his country or party was at stake. He was a strict party man, and never flickered one jot or tittle during the dark days following the war, when so many Southern men were ready to go over to the enemy for the loaves and fishes offered them by the radical regime then in power. Horn stood steadfast, firm as the rocks of the mountains, immutable as the law of Moses.

When the Democrats endorsed Horace Greely for President at Baltimore in 1872, after the Liberal Republicans

had nominated him at Cincinnati, Colonel Horn, though no admirer of the Tribune editor, decided to stand with his party, in view of the fact that Greeley had advocated general amnesty for the people of the South, and had signed Jefferson Davis' bail bond. And thousands of other Southern men shared the same views, the writer among them, who cast his first boyish vote for the man who had the nerve to say by his acts that he believed Mr. Davis was entitled to bail, pending his trial, which never occurred.

Horn was a good editor, but paid little attention to the business end of his paper, the result being that he made barely enough to sustain himself and family; and when he passed away, his paper soon followed him, for he had no successors.

CHAPTER NINE.

The Newton Ledger Receives a Hearty Welcome and Cordial Reception.—First Paper of the County.—Visit Decatur and Have as Room-mates Shannon, Cooper and Others.—Night in Memory.

When James Gordon Bennett, the elder, gave to the public the first copy of the New York Herald, May 6, 1835, he felt no prouder of the achievement than did the writer, when he printed the first edition of the Newton Ledger, September 14, 1871. Both were small, unpretentious-looking papers, and would attract little attention in these days of modern journalism. There was one difference, at least—the Ledger was twice the size of the Herald, but there comparisons ended.

The Ledger did have one advantage over the Herald; it was printed on the first floor of an old store building, and had fine ventilation—too much ventilation, in fact, as the approaching winter proved—while the Herald was printed in a close, stuffy cellar, meagerly and poorly furnished.

II.

But the Herald did not receive a more enthusiastic reception on the first day of its publication than was accorded

the Newton Ledger when given to the public; the Herald was not a pioneer in the field of journalism, while the Ledger was. There was no novelty about one, while great curiosity and interest attended the appearance of Newton county's first paper.

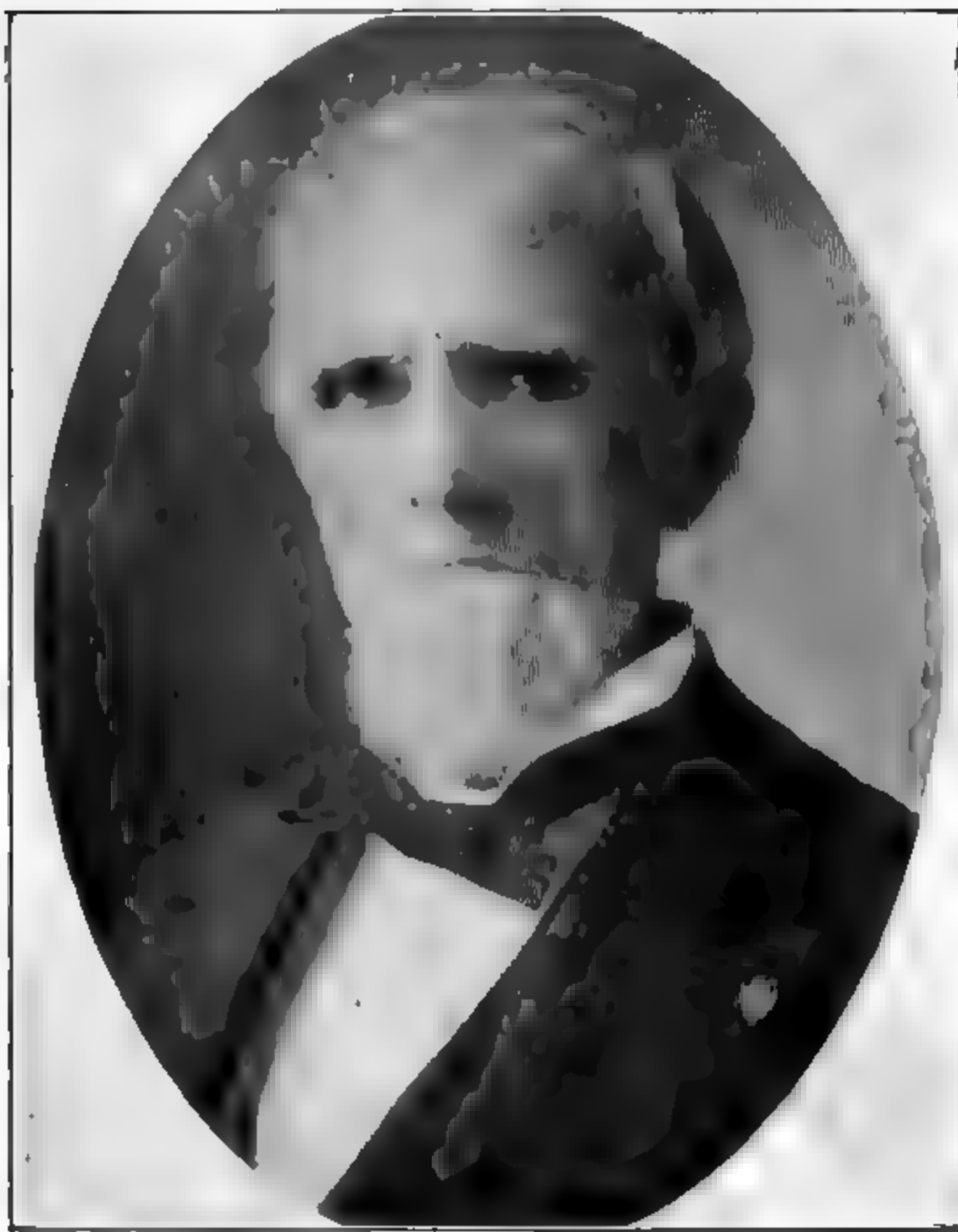
The county was in the throes of carpet baggers and scalawags, and the Democrats had made up their minds to "turn the rascals out," and they welcomed the Ledger as an adjunct in that laudable endeavor, welcomed it as an important factor in the effort to elect Democrats to office.

Democrats of Newton were smarting under outrages put upon their county by Republican leaders, the arrest and dragging to Jackson, to be tried before the federal court, some of its leading citizens, charged with belonging to the Ku Klux Klan, before referred to. They could not forget Swann, Harvey, Howard and other carpet-baggers who had come South to feather their nests, and who had given the white people no end of trouble. So the Democrats held a mass convention at Decatur, just about the time the Ledger was born, and nominated a full county ticket, and passing some stringent resolutions in which they declared their intention to elect the ticket, from top to bottom.

The Ledger espoused the cause of the white-line Democrats of Newton, ran up the county ticket at its mast-head and battled for its election. All of the nominees won, notwithstanding the efforts of Swann, Howard and Harvey to steal the ballots and falsify the election, the management of which was in their hands.

III.

After working several days with the assistance of one printer and two boys trying to learn the printing business, I managed to get the office together, making the stands myself, assisted by Mr. Seth Selby, grandfather of Rev. Robert Selby,



Col. J. L. Power

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now filling the pulpit of the First Methodist Church of Vicksburg, and got out the first issue on the morning of September 14, 1871. In that issue I laid down my platform, gave my idea of the kind of paper I expected to publish, and those who have followed the course of my paper for the last half century, will judge if the promise and pledges made in that first issue have been kept. The salutatory is printed in full below:

To the Public:

In appearing before the public as an editor, it is expected that we should indicate the course we shall pursue in conducting our paper. We know it is so often the case in all vocations that men promise more than they perform, that the world hardly expects of anyone the exact performance of what he promises. It should be the aim of all men to respect their obligations, and discharge them to the letter.

We have had but little experience in the ways of the world, having devoted most of our time to the learning of the printing business. With a desire to do something for ourself, and a determination to use all our energies, and whatever ability we may possess, to succeed, we have seen proper to start a newspaper, relying upon the generous public for its support, and knowing that if we deserve patronage, we will surely receive it.

We hope to make THE LEDGER such a paper, on the score of morality, that no one will refuse it admittance into the family circle, and that if it is not edited with ability, nor interesting to the reader, it will be free from vulgarity and abuse, which too many editors now-a-days like to fill their papers with and which too many people like to read. We shall strive to make it emphatically a NEWS-paper, containing local items of interest and indeed everything interesting to the good people of Newton County, whose favor and assistance we hope to merit and secure.

In politics it will be decidedly Democratic, believing as we do that upon the success of the Democratic party depends the overthrow of Radicalism and the restoration of civil liberty to the people. "Everything for the cause and nothing for men," should be the motto of all good and true men in the present crisis of our political affairs, and they should be willing to lay aside all personal considerations

and unite in their efforts to drive from place and power those who now rule us, and who will soon destroy the liberties of the people, as well as our material interests, if not checked in their career of misrule and corruption.

In discussing political affairs, we hope we shall ever treat our opponents with proper respect, and not subject ourselves to censure for indulging in personal abuse.

We hope to conduct ourself toward our brethren of the Press, that whatever they may think of our ability as an editor, they will have no occasion to treat us as altogether an unworthy member of the "gang." We may sometimes differ in our opinions, but we hope that difference will not make us personal enemies, or convert us into "dirt-daubers."

We shall do the very best we can to make THE LEDGER an acceptable paper to all who may chance to read it, and so conduct ourself as to merit the patronage of the public.

R. H. HENRY.

IV.

Fifty years have rolled away since the above declaration was written, and readers of the Clarion-Ledger will render the verdict, and decide if the writer has not fought a good fight and kept the faith. And though he does not feel that he "has finished his course," he would be happy to know when the end does come, that his life has been such that he had, at least, in some small degree, merited the admonition of St. John, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

The Ledger was well received and was a success from its first issue, its initial number carrying over fifteen hundred dollars worth of contract advertising. It performed its part in life as its editor saw it, helped in an humble way to redeem Newton county from radical domination, and saw the last carpet-bagger, scalawag and alien driven from place of power, and the county named for Sir Isaac Newton restored to its rightful owners.

V.

But I was lonesome over at Newton by myself, and after printing ten issues of the Ledger, and being satisfied that I could maintain it, and also sustain a wife, I returned to Brandon to keep an important engagement; when on November 22, 1871, Dr. A. L. Kline officiated at a marriage in which R. H. Henry and Ida Johnson were the high contracting parties, which Mrs. Virginia Frantz chronicled in verse as follows:

How beautiful it is to see
 Two happy, loving hearts unite,
 And blend in perfect harmony
 Their full sweet chords of pure delight.

Life spreads before them bright and fair.
 May joyous love shine on their way
 And pleasure meet them everywhere—
 And sweet and new every day..

And as the days and years go by
 Let love be tender, still and strong,
 And if they breathe a sorrowing sigh,
 Let it be lost in faith's sweet song.

And oh, remember life was given
 A jewel for our keeping here,
 And when you take it back to heaven
 In perfect light may it appear.

A life of happy usefulness,
 A life of faith and hope and love,
 Be yours upon the bounteous earth,
 And may it be yours above.

VI.

The writer remembers the first court he attended at Decatur after establishing his paper. There he met Col. J.

J. Shannon, and Col. F. T. Cooper. Shannon had sold the Meridian Gazette to Cooper, who had moved up from Summit, having sold his paper, the Times, to Major Croker; and Shannon had established the Homestead, for he could no more live without a paper than a fish could exist out of water.

Cooper seemed a little sore towards Shannon for starting another paper in Meridian after selling him the Gazette; but they tolerated each other. Shannon was at Decatur trying to collect his back subscriptions and Cooper was endeavoring to get new subscribers.

There was only one hotel in the place, the Leslie House, and it was nothing more than a large old country residence. It was packed with court officials, lawyers, editors, and others.

Some of the guests kicked at Leslie's backwoods manner of crowding, but what difference did that make? None at all; it was simply stay with him and submit to his packing methods, walk the streets or roost in the court house, which many countrymen and poor litigants did.

I was scheduled to sleep in the "big room" with Shannon, Cooper and a half dozen lawyers, including S. B. Watts, Thomas H. Woods, T. W. Brame, and others. There were four double beds, one in each corner, with several mattresses on the floor. Did we have a bed apiece? No indeed, two men to each bed! and glad to get it.

VII.

It was a cold winter evening, and by actual count 14 men sat around the fire all of whom were booked to sleep in that one room. Woods and Watts and other lawyers talked law; Shannon and Cooper talked newspapers, with the writer venturing in modestly, for what he did not know about newspaper management would fill several volumes.

Shannon and Cooper told of some marvelous newspaper experiences that greatly interested the writer. Woods, Watts and other lawyers cleared and hung more criminals that night than I supposed lived in the state. The litigants, witnesses and other court attendants had nothing to say—they were simply listeners, forming the audience for the real performers.

One by one the guests began "shucking for bed." I wondered if Shannon and Cooper would sleep together, and where I should "lay me down." It soon became evident that they would not nestle together, for Shannon picked Woods, and Cooper selected Watts as his partner; and T. W. Brame, now of Macon, was my chum for the night. But being modest by nature, I waited till the others had gotten in bed before I retired.

Then I witnessed a performance that was equal to a vaudeville act, and which would have been regarded as a top-notch on any program. Shannon was stripping for his nocturnal rest. He tossed his coat, vest and pants into already overloaded chairs, throwing his shoes and socks right and left. He was soon asleep, snoring to beat the band. It was a sight to behold, for Shannon was a giant in size, large and tall, about 6 feet 3, weighing over 200 pounds, with all the development of a trained prize-fighter.

Cooper was a nervous man, much given to terrible headaches, and could not sleep with "Shannon's sawmill running." He yelled and swore at him several times, but all to no purpose, but to wake every person in the room except the snorer. Then the conversation became general all round, everyone saying hard things about Shannon, all declaring there was nothing to do except to sue old Leslie for loss of a night's lodging, Watts, Woods and Cooper leading the chorus. Finally Shannon gave a snort as though he had hit a knot and overcome an awful obstacle, and then he simmered down gently as though holding his breath, when Cooper yelled

out, "Thank God he is dead." Even that did not wake the sleeper.

Daylight finally came, and there was stirring hither and thither, every man hunting for his clothes and complaining that he felt worse than when he retired. Shannon likewise awoke, and said "Well I hope all have had a good night's rest. I slept like a top and did not turn over during the night."

"Sleep, you old hippopotamus! Not a soul in this room has slept a wink but you. You have kept every one awake with your infernal snoring, and you ought to be outlawed from hotels and boarding houses," declared Cooper with asperity, and rising inflection of the voice.

Shannon answered, "If I were a nervous old maid like you, Cooper, I'd stay at home—you're not built for roughing it, anyway."

VIII.

Shannon was lawyer, editor and publisher, and entertained the idea that he was also a good farmer, a fallacious and costly dream. He was accounted a good lawyer, a fair editor, but a better publisher. He was the owner of the *Clarion*, after it passed out of the hands of the Adams estate, and was one of the charter members of the Mississippi Press Association, being elected chairman of the first meeting held in Jackson, May 15, 1866, and frequent attendant thereafter. He was elected president of the Press Association at Jackson in 1884, dying a few years afterwards, loved, honored and respected by all. He was a most companionable man, and while he towered far above the average editor, in intelligence as well as height, he was always agreeable and entirely at home with the humblest quill-driver in the state. Hence his universal popularity with editors.

After remaining with the *Clarion* for several years till it was merged with the *Standard*, and became the property

of Power, Jones, Hamilton and Barksdale, the old journalist became the owner of the Gazette at Meridian, which he published for several years, till he sold the paper to F. T. Cooper.

Shannon was a thrifty manager, and retired, well fixed in life.

IX.

F. T. Cooper had a varied newspaper experience. The first I knew of him he was publishing the Times at Summit, which seemed to be a success, though he had printed the Journal at Monticello and the Mississippian at Jackson. But he became ambitious, sold his Summit property and bought the Meridian Gazette, from J. J. Shannon, which he published, with indifferent success.

The Republican legislature, under direction of Governor Alcorn, passed what was known as the district printing bill, the purpose being to give aid to newspapers supporting the Republican administration. So Cooper eased his conscience, unlimbered his democracy, and started two district printing organs, one at Brandon and the other at Enterprise, under the name of the Argus. Their lives were short and profits small, for the press of the state made such demand for the repeal of the district printing law, that the legislature soon wiped it off the statutes.

Cooper then started the Comet at Meridian, which proved a very brilliant paper, for Cooper, when in the mood, could write with as much grace and ease as any editor of the state, and his humor was unbounded. He could write as well on one subject as another; but his last Meridian enterprise was not a financial success.

Cooper moved his Comet from Meridian to Brookhaven, where he had many old Lawrence county friends, hoping to get the county printing, which he failed to do.

After remaining at Brookhaven a short while, he moved his outfit to Jackson and resumed publication of the Comet, but could never get a foothold, as his political tergiversations were never forgiven.

The Clarion was the dominant force at the State Capitol, and after Cooper had struggled along a few years, barely making expenses, he was stricken down in 1881 and died a poor, heart-broken man. He stuck to the newspaper game too long. He sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery, Jackson, near his old editorial associates, Barksdale and McCardle.

The Comet was leased to R. K. Jayne, who published it till the material was sold to the writer, and used on the State Ledger, which moved to Jackson, 1883.

CHAPTER TEN.

Meet Henry Watterson and Have a Shop Talk With Him in His Office at Louisville, Ky.—Visit Murat Halstead and John McLean at Cincinnati.—A Good Editorial Story.

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, and make me a child again just for tonight."

While few of us would care to live our lives over again, with their joys and pleasures, their griefs and sorrows, one perhaps overbalancing the other, there are events in every life, bright spots, happy days and glorious hours, that all, regardless of caste or class, circumstance or condition, would be glad to live over again, and sip once more the joys that have fled, but still live in memory green.

You, dear reader, will remember many hours of your life that you would gladly recall, days and nights spent with dear ones, the recollection of which still gives you infinite pleasure. You will never forget the caresses and advice of mother, the evening prayer she taught you as you knelt at her knees; the kind words and admonitions she gave as you kissed her good-night, and the joys and smiles with which she greeted you in the morning.

You will never forget your first sweetheart, or the hour when you asked her the important question. You then felt

like the boy who, when accepted by his girl, was so happy that he could not refrain from saying, "Oh Lord, I feel so good, I 'haint got nothing gin nobody."

But the happiest time in life is when you lead a trustful girl to hyman's altar, who pledges her troth to you, and there comes a time when you are equally happy, when the first child appears. Then you begin to realize that "Life is real; life is earnest," and that you are to assist in the wonderful plan foreordained by the Great Creator of men and évents.

II.

An incident of that kind had happened at my little home at Newton, when my first boy arrived, September 19, 1873. Then I decided I must hustle northward on a soliciting tour, and mapped out a route covering several cities, none of which I had ever before visited. But that made no difference, for men are but men, the world over, and while naturally a very timid and shrinking youth, which newspaper work was wearing away, and finally effaced altogether, I did not feel afraid to tackle business men North or South.

My first stop was Louisville, Ky., and I did not feel that I could begin work till I had formed the acquaintance of Henry Watterson, and gathered inspiration from that great editor, the best writer in the United States. I found Marse Henry in his elegantly appointed offices on the fifth floor of the Courier-Journal. He was comparatively young then, not over 35, and had succeeded Geo. D. Prentice, whose associate he was, as editor of the Courier-Journal..

Watterson was a very handsome man, with pleasant, intellectual face, which indicated decided character and unusual strength. He had rather small but penetrating eyes, overhung by drooping lashes. One eye being defective, entirely gone, as I afterwards learned, he concentrated all his force on the other, which gave him the effect of staring as he

looked at you, or perhaps it were best to say, he seemed to be giving intense attention to your face and words. I thought he would look me through when I first met him, and for the nonce I was embarrassed. But his genial disposition and fluent speech not only attracted but charmed me, and soon set me entirely at ease.

III.

When Watterson learned I was from Mississippi, he became interested and exerted himself to please and make me feel at home, saying:

"From old Mississippi, home of Jefferson Davis? Why I know a good deal about your state; visited it during the war, and since. I was with Forrest and Polk in the early days of the war, but did much more as war correspondent than as fighter, though I was a private.

"I was quartered for a while in the Governor's Mansion at Jackson, where I wrote several articles which were printed in *The Rebel* at Chattanooga, which I had a contract to edit, at long range. Pettus was Governor, and L. Q. C. Lamar was regarded as the coming Mississippian, next to Jefferson Davis, who was President of the Confederate States.

"While the guest of Governor Pettus I happened to see a copy of the Ordinance of Session, as adopted by the Mississippi Convention, which was reported by Lamar, who was understood to be its author. It was not so long as the Declaration of Independence, but it was well phrased and told the story in less than five hundred words, telling it well."

I feared I was taking up too much of Watterson's time, and was preparing to leave, when he said: "No, no; I have more time than anything else. I write my editorials early in the day. I am through for today unless something extraordinary occurs."

I expressed surprise that the editor of a morning paper would write his articles before evening, when he said, "Morning is the best time to write, when the mind is fresh and clear, for you never know what may happen before night. Louisville is a social town, and I am inclined to be social myself. I don't belong to the Sons of Temperance, and believe in the largest liberty of the citizen."

IV.

I asked Watterson if he dictated his editorials to an amanuensis, as Prentice did, or if he wrote them out himself, for in those days typewriters were unknown and stenography was in its infancy.

"No," he said, "I cannot dictate, for I am likely to become too fond of my own voice and draw out my articles too long and thin. I write them out with my own good hand—then I make them short and compact, concise and explicit. I do not believe in printing essays or theses in the editorial columns. You may remember that Alex H. Stephens almost killed the Atlanta Constitution with his long editorials, often writing articles of from three to five columns in length. The owners of the paper were compelled to let Alex go in self-defense. His was a brief but not brilliant career as editorial writer."

Watterson invited me around to his club, where there was eating as well as drinking galore. He was a perfect gourmand and ordered the best on the bill of fare; I noticed he never mixed his drinks. He had a passion for wild game and seafood, and could eat more than Bryan, and Bryan never suffers for lack of appetite himself and needs no vinous or spiritous liquors to wash down his food.

V.

I met Watterson occasionally after my first visit to Louisville, the next time at the National Democratic Convention at

St. Louis in 1876, when Tilden was nominated—Watterson, a great friend of the Sage of Gramercy Park, was elected chairman of the convention.

The suffragets had just begun buzzing, and in some way, I suppose through pure courtesy, Phoebe Cousins was permitted to speak. She occupied the platform, and made a rather pleasing impression at first, which she wore out by her long-winded talk, for there was not a delegate present that gave a thrip for female suffrage, regarding it as a wild fad.

The band was stationed at the opposite end of the hall, and played by instructions from the speaker's stand. There was a push button on a post near the chairman, labeled, "Press once for music." "Press twice for music to stop."

John Fellows of New York, was then in the heyday of his glory. He was chairman of one delegation from New York, while Boss Kelly headed the Tammany braves. Fellows knew that the committee on credentials was about ready to report and that Phoebe was delaying the game. He was wild to get at Boss Kelly, knowing he could outspoke him, and make him look like a school boy in that big convention, for while Kelly could set grates and mantels, and run with the boys, he could not speak.

Fellows was on the stand, and when he read the instructions, "Press once for music," he said to Nick Bell, one of the reading clerks, "Press that button once," and without stopping to consider, Bell pushed the button, as directed, and the band commenced playing a lively air, literally blowing Phoebe off the stage.

Watterson pretended to be worried, and tried to stop the music, but all to no purpose, and before the band had completed one bar the venerable, pioneer, suffraget, had left the stand. I always believed Watterson had a hand in the game,

for he and Fellows were anxious to nominate Tilden, which they did; but Tilden wrote the platform, sending it to the Convention by Lieut.-Gov. Dorshemier, with the understanding that it must not be changed—and it was not. The platform criticised the abuses of power by the Republicans, and demanded reforms in all departments of government, and in the tariff.

VI.

After my somewhat prolonged visit with Watterson, I began looking around for business, first calling on Dr. J. P. Dromgoole, whose advertisements of Dromgoole's English Female Bitters I had set up while working on the Brandon Republican. After making my business known, Dromgoole said he would give me a column for a year, as he did not believe in small, spasmodic advertising. He asked me as to the condition of my better half; I told him she was not well, and that medicine seemed to have no effect on her. Thereupon he said:

"I'll send her a case of English Female Bitters if she will take it, and I guarantee that it will put her on her feet." I thanked him, and went on about my business. The bitters arrived and were promptly consumed. I saw no more of Dromgoole for six years when by chance I met him one night on Vine street in Cincinnati. He recognized me and asked: "How's your wife? Did she drink the bitters?"

I replied: "She's is very well, thank you; your bitters saved her life, but if she ever sees you she will kill you, for since you sent her your medicine three other children have come to brighten and cheer our home." "Will do it every time," the Doctor remarked.

I have told that story a number of times in the presence of men whose wives had not come up to the Napoleonic standard, and straightway they began feeling for pencil and

paper to write down the name of that wonderful bitters. I told it to a state officer, whose wife had been a little backward coming forward. He took down the name of the bitters, and several years passed before I saw him again, when he said, "Look here, old friend, you know you have just about made me a pauper? Why, since you gave me the name of that confounded bitters, four children have arrived, and I am having a h—— of a time supporting them. And we cannot tell what the future will bring. I believe I would be justified in suing you for damage or support." Then I quoted Dromgoole's words, "Will do it every time."

VII.

By way of variety I decided to make the trip from Louisville to Cincinnati by boat, taking passage on a night packet, which proved very delightful, the novelty of the trip appealing to my youthful fancy.

I thought Louisville a big city, but Cincinnati far surpassed it in size and beauty. I took bearings before entering upon a canvass for business. I went out on the Walnut Hills, via the cable car route; visited "Over the Rhine," and became acquainted with Vine Street, where the best amusements were located. I saw Edwin Forest play "Othello" at the Grand Opera House; heard the festival at the Exposition Auditorium; paid three dollars to hear Patti sing, and sold the ticket after hearing two of her songs, for five dollars, and congratulated myself on my financial ability.

VIII.

Next day I called on Murat Halstead of the Commercial and John McLean of the Enquirer; but they were not Henry Wattersons, and had no time to give to a boy editor from the South. They treated me politely, but that was all.

Halstead was a big editor and McLean was a great manager, so great in fact that he afterwards owned both papers, and Halstead was writing books of the United States' possessions in foreign lands.

McLean did take time to say that he cared very little about editorials, and told me the story of his leader writer, getting drunk the day before the 4th of July, after he had written one sentence of his leader, for the next morning's paper, beginning, "This is the Fourth day of July." The editor went off to wet his whistle, and failing to return that day the foreman who handled his copy printed that one sentence as the only editorial in the paper. McLean says it attracted more attention than any editorial he had ever before printed, and he was then and there convinced that the public did not want leaders, and he quit printing them.

McLean afterwards bought the Washington Post, and ran it quite successfully, providing that both papers should be continued in his name after his death. He aspired to be a politician, and attended several National Democratic Conventions as a delegate from the state at large. He was a great admirer of Allen G. Thurman, who had been a United States Senator, but was never able to nominate him for President. Thurman was nominated as Cleveland's running mate in 1888, when the twain went down in defeat, the Democracy being routed that year.

McLean tried to be Governor of Ohio, and when defeated, waxed sore and sour, and his politics became of very dubious quality. He tried to run his brother-in-law, Admiral Dewey, for President, but the boom died before it bloomed.



Col. A. J. Frantz

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

**Meet P. K. Mayers Enroute to Press Convention and Impression
Made Upon Me.—Attractive Man.—He Had Killed
Orr at Pass Christian in Self-Defense.**

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Never did the plow boy of Scotland pen a truer sentiment, a wiser thought, than is expressed in the above, which embraces sound sense and true philosophy, which all must appreciate as the milestones of life are passed and shadows lengthen.

We see the absurdities of youth as we grow older; how ridiculous we made ourselves by words and acts in our younger days. None see this with more force than the men who have devoted their lives to journalism from youth to mature manhood.

The writer is no exception to the rule. Beginning newspaper work when a boy, with immature mind and scant

knowledge of men and public affairs, and ready to shoot off his mouth on all subjects, he often wrote and printed editorials that now appear foolish. Having scaled the apex of the mountain, and descended far down on the other side, he now sees the absurdity of many thoughts that he penned and expressions he uttered.

As we grow older, and become better acquainted with the ways of the world, and look back over the vista of years and down the lane of life, and recall the silly things said in youth, we are comforted by the wisdom and consoling words of St. Paul: "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away childish things."

II.

I had heard so much of Press Conventions that I was anxious to attend the annual meeting of editors at Columbus, June 5, 1872; but seeing that I could not possibly spare the time, as I had only one printer and two cubs, I did not feel that I could go, especially as my little business was growing, and needed all the nursing I could give to it.

I had the program before me, in which the name of Kinloch Falconer, Holly Springs Reporter, appeared as president, with B. F. Jones, Winona Democrat, as secretary; and at that early date they looked as big and grand as did the names of Woodrow Wilson, president, and W. J. Bryan, secretary of state.

When I decided I could not attend the Convention at Columbus, I sent my proxy, and "Constitutional Dollar," to W. H. Worthington, of the Columbus Democrat, requesting that he represent me. I was a great admirer of Worthington, who was regarded as one of the ablest editors of the state, and represented the Lamar school of politics, towards which I lent, in opposition to the Barksdale school, which was always

antagonistic to Lamar's political ambition, and favorable to the promotion of Barksdale and friends.

III.

While I regreted I could not attend the Columbus Convention I was compensated, in a measure, by meeting P. K. Mayers, of the Handsboro Democrat, who stopped off at Newton en route to the Press Convention, to visit his sister, Mrs. Dr. G. G. Everitt, and did me the honor to call at my poor office. Asked if I was going to the Convention and upon being informed that I could not get off, because of short force, he astonished me by saying, "Why, I never pretend to publish my paper during Press Convention week. I take a whole week off; give my printers a rest as well as my readers, visit relatives and friends, attend the Convention taking in everything offered in the way of amusements and am back home in one week to a day. If I have an extra day on hand, I spend it in New Orleans or Mobile, depending entirely on the route of travel, going one way and returning another. That's been my rule for many years and I never intend varying it."

He urged me to adopt this plan, but I could not make up my mind to do so—I never had the time.

IV.

I was very glad to meet P. K. Mayers, of whom I had heard so much.

He was a large and handsome man, and carried himself like an athlete.

He was tall and well built, and next to Shannon and Shands towered above any editor in the state. I was much pleased with his strong individuality and attractive mannerisms. He had a prominent Roman-like face, and while genial

and pleasant, had an air of imperious superiority that never failed to impress itself upon all with whom he came in contact. He had a good opinion of himself, was positive and self-assertive. He talked big about his paper, his business and himself. He was a successful publisher, and was conscious of the fact. He published the only paper between New Orleans and Mobile and thoroughly covered the field that he had developed. He was proud of his home-print paper, which he published for home people and was really "monarch of all he surveyed" for many years, the people of the seacoast country literally swearing by the Democrat and its owner, welcoming it every Thursday as their text-book.

Mayers was as well groomed as a bank president, carried a large gold-headed cane, and showed every indication of prosperity, which proved a valuable asset, for the public admires a successful-looking man, and will give him business when it will not hesitate to turn down a seedy individual. Mayers forcibly reminded me of Hancock "The Superb."

He had his ups and downs after returning from the war, when the Freedman's Bureau was doing incalculable harm in the South. With his fiery nature and Rebel heart, Mayers often roasted Freedman Bureau Commanders in his paper. He had an especial dislike to a Gulfcoast Commander named Orr, who had done much to incite trouble between the races, and Mayers lost no opportunity to "skin him."

V.

In those early days, the only method of transportation was by boat, packets running to New Orleans and Mobile, and stopping at intermediate Gulf points, notably Pascagoula, Ocean Springs, Biloxi, Mississippi City, Pass Christian and Bay St. Louis. There was no Gulfport at the time.

Mayers frequently made visits to coast towns by boats, as he did to New Orleans and Mobile, for Morgan had not

then completed his railroad connecting the two cities, now known as the L. & N.

The tragedy I am about to relate occurred in the summer of 1867. P. K. Mayers had as his guests, over at Handsboro, Mrs. A. G. Mayers and children of Brandon. Accompanied by his wife and guests, he took boat at Mississippi City for Pass Christian, to spend the day with Col. J. J. Thornton, an old friend of the Mayers family.

Mayers was informed, during the day, that Orr felt outraged at his last article, and intended attacking him at the boat that evening. Mayers had been provided with a double-barrel shot gun, having no pistol, and returning to the boat, saw Orr, his son, and others standing on the wharf. Orr, informing Mayers that he would no longer take his abuse, began drawing his pistol; but Mayers was too quick for him, and shot Orr dead on the spot. Orr's son then fired upon Mayers and shot him through the wrist. The Orr crowd dispersed and Mayers went back to town to secure the services of a doctor. The wound being dressed, Mayers and party returned to the boat, and resumed their trip homeward.

The news of the tragedy had reached Handsboro and renegade white men and negroes were organizing to march on the place and mob Mayers; but a few old Confederate soldiers, under the leadership of Capt. Charles Humphreys, met the leaders of the mob and forced them to disperse.

When well enough Mayers returned to Pass Christian and gave bond, but was never tried.

VI.

For several years Green Chandler was judge of the Seacoast district. Mayers freely criticised him, denouncing some of his decisions. A son of the judge seeking to redress

his father's wrongs, attempted to kill Mayers at Bay St. Louis, firing upon him as the train stopped, but missing him and killed a newsboy.

Though taken unawares, Mayers drew his pistol but was prevented from shooting young Chandler by passengers and others who surrounded him. The boy was taken to the court house where his father was holding court. Mayers attempted to follow him into the court room with a drawn gun, but court officers interfered. Young Chandler was tried and released on the plea of insanity.

After the second tragedy, Mayers was allowed to live in peace, and say what he pleased, but he gave the Republicans no rest.

In 1878, Mayers moved his paper to Pascagoula, consolidating it with the Star, owned by M. B. Richmond, the title being the Pascagoula Democrat-Star. Richmond sold out to Mayers after being associated with him for several years and moved to Texas.

VII.

As one of the charter members of the Mississippi Press Association, Mayers lived many years longer than any of the original incorporators.

He had occupied all of the places of honor in the Association, president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, being re-elected to the latter office time after time, until he became so feeble he could not attend the meeting of the Association. He never missed a meeting till too old to attend, his last convention being at Hattiesburg ten years ago.

I shall never forget his expression and remark, after I had concluded reading the report of the Committee on Necrology, when he arose with a sad, withered face and

trembling voice, said, "Well, Henry, I suppose my name will be included in your next report."

He was then over seventy-five and never attended another convention, but lived several years thereafter, and suitable tribute was paid to his memory after he had passed away.

P. K. Mayers had been a successful publisher, and made a good deal of money. He owned a good home, lived well and had one of the most complete printing offices in the state, while his paper was typographically perfect, and well filled with home news. He invested his earnings, amounting to several thousand dollars, in a local bank, which failed, through incompetency or cupidity of its officers, and his accumulations for years were swept away.

Mayers tried several partners in his old age without success, for the old war horse could never adapt himself to the ways of his younger associates, and he bought them out. Losing his vim and vigor, pep and push, and with bad health creeping on with old age, Mayers saw his paper passing with himself, and before he died the Democrat-Star had lost much of its prestige and power to earn money.

VIII.

Mayers had some peculiar characteristics, and never attempted to curb his feelings and restrain his opposition towards matters or events that he disapproved. He never made a speech, and held in supreme contempt long-winded talkers and wind-jammers. He always looked bored at banquets or social functions where toasts were proposed or responded to. He would often be heard to say, "Oh, Lord, will he never stop?" And then he would do more talking in an audible conversational tone, than the speakers, and attract equally as much attention. He was dogmatic to an extreme, very dictatorial and never hesitated to express his positive contempt for any proceeding that grated on his nerves. But

with all that, he possessed a charming manner, a manly bearing, that made him extremely popular with the "brethren," as he called his editorial associates, who overlooked his idiosyncracies, for Mayers had carte blanche to do and say whatever he pleased.

IX.

For many years Mayers was the oldest member of the Press Association, all his early associates having passed over the river.

Sitting upon the stage with other officers, many of whom were boys in years compared with Mayers, I used to think he looked lonesome, among his young associates, and wondered if he was not thinking of other days, of his old chums; or who might become his successor, never dreaming that the honor would fall to me, as it does by virtue of the fact that I am the oldest member of the Press Association in regular attendance. I trust I may wear the honors as well as did Mayers, as worthily, if not as long.

Like his old confreres, Frantz, McCardle, Cooper Horn and others, Mayers remained in the newspaper field too long, losing his hard-earned money through unfortunate investments, and dying a poor man.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Some of the Celebrities I Met at the Meridian Press Convention.—Big Meeting Made Up Almost Entirely of Weekly Papers.—Miss Johnnie Hunt Reads Her Beautiful Poem, "Happy."

When I took my seat in the Press Convention at Meridian, June 4, 1873, saw my name enrolled as a member and full-fledged editor, I felt the honor and dignity of the position, felt it mightily, for from that time henceforth I would be in the editorial swim.

I had before met several of the editors present, but many were there I had never seen. F. T. Cooper was president; W. H. Worthington, vice-president; R. Walpole, secretary; J. J. Shannon, treasurer. There were big guns there, and a number of young men whose pin feathers were just sprouting, and to the latter class I belonged.

I had long anticipated the pleasure of the meeting at Meridian, and while I was prepared for a great convention, it far surpassed my expectations. I had heard of the fine times editors had at their annual outings, and while I had not personally met many of the quill-drivers, I knew the most prominent editors by name, for in those days all the papers

exchanged, and more attention was given to state than to general news. Publishers read their exchanges, and each knew what was going on in every part of Mississippi where a paper was printed.

I had never met H. D. Money, "Uncle George" Harper, G. D. Shands, "Saw Mill" Jones, J. L. McCullum, W. H. Worthington, Wm. Ward, John Armstrong, H. S. Bonney, Kinlock Falconer, J. A. Stevens, and many others present, but I had read their papers and formed an opinion as to their personal appearance and mental make-up.

The Meridian Press Convention was called to order by President F. T. Cooper, who made a pleasing welcome address to the editors, whom I found a social lot. There were no lines or caste, all meeting on common ground, on terms of perfect equality.

We had few dailies then, none that I remember except at Vicksburg, Natchez, Meridian and Jackson for the Capitol was the headquarters of the Republican party, and Ames, then in the U. S. Senate, who had his eye on the gubernatorial office, felt the necessity of keeping alive the Pilot. He was canvassing the state against Alcorn that year, and was right in predicting he would defeat him; which he did after the disbandment of the Democratic party at Meridian, in the fall of 1873.

II.

The Press Convention was well attended, and citizens of Meridian exerted themselves to please and entertain the members, welcoming them to their city and homes in real old Southern style, giving them so many entertainments, receptions, musical recitals, etc., that the Convention had little time for business, though that seemed to be its mission.

Many resolutions, plans and suggestions were offered and discussed as to the best method of increasing business.

"Shop" was talked early and late, when the citizens permitted the editors to hold their sessions, which were necessarily short.

I remember one suggestion, which was seriously discussed, that condemning "Deadheadism," as a pernicious practice that should be abolished. Several of the editors could not hold their faces straight, for all had free passes in their pockets, and their hats were either "chalked" at the hotels, or they were enjoying the hospitality of private homes, getting all their entertainment "free, gratis for nothing." Then the old quotation, "Consistency thou are a jewel," came before my mind, and I felt like saying something, but I was too young to buck Cooper, Shannon, Frantz, Horn, Money, Stevens, Shands, Jones, et al.

III.

Miss Johnnie Hunt, of Vicksburg, who had been elected poetess for the convention, had come over to read her poem, entitled, "Happy," and an excellent production it proved. It was divided into four stanzas, representing Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, each beginning "I am happy in the," etc., beautifully describing the four seasons. This poem established Miss Hunt's reputation as a true poet.

The four introductory lines are printed below to show the beauty and smoothness of the verse, the vivid imagination and descriptive powers of the writer:

I am happy when the winter drops the ermine robes of King,
When the birds begin to carol with the gushings of the spring,
How they fly and dart and nestle 'neath the quaint old fashioned eaves
How I hear them coo and twitter in the ever rustling leaves.

There were other poems, also addresses and essays, but nothing to compare to "Happy," which proved the greatest hit of the Convention, in fact, of the year.

IV.

It is a pleasure to recall that when I was elected president of the Press Association, at Pascagoula, in 1879, and when we were making up the program for the meeting to be held in 1880, I appointed Miss Hunt to write the poem to be read at the dedication and unveiling of the Press Monument, at Holly Springs, erected to commemorate the memories of six editors who had died of yellow fever during the great epidemic of 1878, namely, W. J. L. Holland of the Holly Springs South, W. J. Adams of the Enterprise Courier, Singleton Garrett of the Canton Mail, O. V. Shearer of the Vicksburg press, (though one of the editors of the New Orleans Times at the time of his death), Kinloch Falconer of the Holly Springs press; J. P. Allen of the Vicksburg Herald.

When president of the National Editorial Association, I was glad to appoint the author of "Happy" to write and read the poem welcoming the editors to the New Orleans Convention, in 1889, when she surpassed all her former efforts. The Convention gave her a special vote of thanks, and ordered the publication of her beautiful poem in the official journal of the Association, and requested members to print it in their papers.

This gifted poetess lives in New Orleans and is a frequent contributor to the press of that city. So far as I remember, she, now Mrs. Margaret Hunt Brisbane, James A. Stevens, John H. Miller, and the writer are the only survivors of the Press Convention held at Meridian in 1873. All the others have paid the last debt of nature, P. K. Mayers, A. Y. Harper and G. D. Shands being the last to go. Three only of that large body of editors are left, and I often wonder who will be the next to go. The future only will answer the question.

V.

A rather amusing little incident occurred at the Meridian Convention. The more prominent members of the Association

were invited to attend a reception and banquet at the residence of one of the leading citizens, while the younger editors were ignored, and to that class I belonged. We were to meet at the depot at 12 o'clock that night to take trains for our several homes. The young fellows who had not been invited to the swell reception, having nothing to do, assembled long before the appointed hour, and held an indignation meeting, condemning the slight put upon them.

The favored members, those who had been preferred above the "boys," arrived before time, and seeing me in the number, Dr. S. Davis, of the Forest Register, remarked, "High, I did not see you at the reception tonight. Why did you not attend?" I responded, "For three reasons: I had no good clothes; I was feeling unwell, and I had no invitation." Whereupon the "Old Youth" always equal to any occasion, responded, "Well, by George, you might have stated the last reason first and the others would have been unnecessary."

VI.

Jas. A. Stevens, for many years editor of the Columbus Index, was a notable editor at the Meridian Convention. He was as soft and gentle as a woman, with a voice full of music and beauty. He was a perfect type of gentility, and one of the most fluent writers in the state. His sentences were as smooth as a silken ribbon, and they flowed as easily as a mountain stream. He was the Bulwer of the Mississippi press, and his editorials were not surpassed by Dana. I sometimes thought he sacrificed strength for beauty, for his diction was perfect, and his sentences would stand the test of the most skilled grammarian, each finished and ready to be parsed.

Many years ago, much to the regret of his Mississippi associates, Stevens moved to Texas, becoming the editor of the Burnet Bulletin, but he has never forgotten his native state, and correspondence indicates his regret for leaving it.

VII.

There were several editors in the Meridian convention who were afterwards elected to high position, among them H. D. Money, who lead a forlorn hope for Congress in 1875, and was elected, serving several terms in the House and twelve years in the Senate; Kinloch Falconer was elected Secretary of State; G. D. Shands was honored with the post of Lieutenant-Governor, and served eight years;; Walter Acker moved to Texas and was elected one of the Judges of the Lone Star State, while several editors became candidates for state office and were defeated.

VIII.

A most amusing aftermath followed the Press Convention at Meridian. A foreign musician, who called himself Gen'l. von Godasky, or some such name, gave the editors a musical entertainment by his pupils, in which he took a prominent part. It seemed a good concert, but was a bit too classic for most editors, one of whom more in mirth than in malice, criticized in a half-humorous, half-serious way the entertainment, rather burlesquing the old Russian impressario, which so grievously wounded him that straightway he sat down and challenged the offending editor.

He thoroughly advertised the fact around Meridian, and asked Cooper and Shannon to be his seconds. They obligingly accepted, notifying the editor who had given offense of the farce they were playing, and asked him to likewise name his seconds. He complied, naming one second from California and the other from New York, stating that he could not venture upon the sanguinary business till his seconds arrived, promising that when they came, he would forthwith hie himself to Meridian and clean up the town, and prepare Gen. von Godasky's body for the undertaker. It is said the old man, after waiting a reasonable time, watched the trains day and night for the arrival of the editor and seconds, making himself appear so ridiculous that he was literally laughed out of town and compelled to give up his music class.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I Offend Major Barksdale by Criticising Coalition of Clarion and Pilot to Control State Printing.—We Afterwards Became Staunch Friends, and I Supported Him for the United States Senate.

For many years Power and Barksdale were the editors and publishers of the Clarion, Shannon, Jones and Hamilton having sold their interests in "The Thunderer," as the Clarion was known. With all the state printing in the hands of the Republicans, the Clarion, which, in those days had little advertising, was hard pressed making both ends meet.

The Pilot, owned by Kimball, Raymond & Co., had long been the official Republican organ, and had grown rich on state printing, and other work that naturally followed.

The Leader, the opposition Republican organ, edited by Dr. W. M. Compton, superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum, was a candidate for state printer against the Pilot, and bade fair to give that paper a hard race.

There were a few Democratic senators and representatives in the legislature, and somebody suggested the idea of Democratic members voting for the Pilot, provided some of the patronage was given to the Clarion. The owners of the Pilot,

being hard pressed, agreed to the deal, and the Pilot was elected.

II.

A number of the Democratic papers of the state reprobated the coalescence. As a boy editor, much given to saying whatever I pleased, I condemned the Democratic members for voting for the Pilot and criticized the Clarion for going into the deal with its old Republican enemy.

Barksdale took umbrage at my remarks, and cut whatever acquaintance we may have had, and resorted to his old method of rebuking papers that said unkind things about him, by cutting me off his exchange list. He was very autocratic, dogmatic and intolerant, and could not brook criticism, opposition or familiarity. He seldom replied to editors having the temerity to criticise his acts or editorials, his plan being either to cut them off without a word or denounce them outright in the fewest possible words, never using more than two or three lines to dispose of the offending editor.

As a result, Barksdale had many enemies among the editors of the state, and barely escaped several duels, one with Fleet T. Cooper, whose principal method of attack was by the employment of burlesque and ridicule. He disliked Barksdale, and had several disagreeable controversies with him, but he crossed the dead line when he once referred to him, in a semi-burlesquing manner as "Ethel," which so offended Barksdale, that it was all that mutual friends could do to prevent a fight between them.

There was an estrangement between Barksdale and myself that lasted for several years. He never replied to what I said, but irritated my boyish pride by entirely ignoring me, the most effective weapon that can be employed, the most complete answer that can be made to a little offensive



Col. W. H. McCardle

editor who imagines he is annoying you, and whom you do not consider worthy of notice. Barksdale taught me a valuable lesson, which I have never forgotten, and which I have often used, for no one, however obscure, or great, rarely forgives the editor who ignores him.

III.

I met Barksdale face to face at the Brookhaven Press Convention in 1874. He stared at me with his cold, steel-grey eyes, but spoke not a word.

I felt the slight keenly, my sensitive nature rebelling against his silent but awful insult; and then and there I made up my mind that the next time we met he would be the first to speak, or silence would reign supreme. The opportunity came a few years afterwards, and in the same town. Barksdale was a candidate for Governor in 1881. He had an engagement to speak in Brookhaven; I went out to hear him. He met me more than half way. We exchanged the usual compliments of the day, both forgetting, apparently the offense of 1874.

I had employed Oscar Crosby, brother of George Crosby of the Brookhaven Echo—a bright little weekly—a stenographer of some local repute, and afterwards assistant secretary of the United States Treasury, to report Barksdale's speech for my paper, the Brookhaven Ledger. There the hatchet was buried, and ever afterwards we remained good friends.

IV.

Barksdale failed to receive the nomination for Governor in the State Convention, 1881, but holding the balance of power, he performed the unusual feat of transferring all his votes to Gen. Robert Lowry, whose name had never been before the Convention, and with votes that Lowry could get on his own account, had him nominated.

Barksdale had his followers and the supporters of Col. Robert Taylor, assemble in representatives' hall. He announced his purpose to withdraw, but pledged his support to any man the caucus might name, the roll call showing a majority of the delegates present. He made a speech, thanking his friends for their support, and asked them to vote for General Lowry. A vote was taken, Lowry leading Taylor by a good majority. Thereupon the Taylor men resolved to stand by the caucus nominee, and on returning to the convention hall, Lowry received every Barksdale and Taylor vote, winning on the first ballot with votes to spare.

Barksdale was hailed as the Warwick of the occasion, for by his skill and genius he had united the opposition, had defeated his old political enemy, Governor Stone, and nominated his personal friend, General Lowry—an unparalleled victory, the like of which had never before been accomplished in Mississippi.

V.

Barksdale was an extraordinary man, a great editor, an able and artful politician, and but for his ability to make enemies among his editorial brethren, and public men of the state, he would, doubtless have won not only the governorship, but a seat in the United States Senate as well. He had little control of his temper, less of his tongue, and being as bold as Julius Caesar, never failed to pay his respects to men who opposed him. He never tried to placate, and it will be recalled he insulted both Marion Smith and Thos C. Catchings at the State Convention of 1881, before which he was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. He was always aggressive, and his plan was to run over men if he could not control them.

He disliked many editors of the state, and cherished a bitter hatred towards W. H. McCardle, F. T. Cooper, C. E. Wright, W. H. Worthington and others; and could always

expect their opposition when he aspired to public office, as he often did. He defeated Col. Chas. E. Hooker for the Congressional nomination in 1882, and served four years in the National House of Representatives, but Hooker defeated him for renomination after allowing him to serve two terms and Barksdale never held another political office.

VI.

Barksdale was by all odds the ablest editor of the state, and dealt the Republicans more sledge-hammer blows than any editor of his time. His writing was heavy, strong and powerful—not bright, brilliant and cheerful, as was McCardle's; but it had the force of thunder behind it. Aside from his great ability as a leader writer, he held a position of vantage as the editor of the official journal of the Democratic party of Mississippi for many years; and wielded more influence than any editor of the state. He was regarded as an authority on political questions, and whatever Barksdale said in his editorial columns was accepted by the great mass of his readers as the "law and the gospel."

He lead the fight to impeach Ames in 1876, and by the power of his wonderful ability and the force of his genius, he compelled other Democratic leaders to accept his views. Though not a lawyer he was well acquainted with forms and legal procedure, and mapped out the plan that lead to the drafting of articles of impeachment against Ames, Davis and Cardoza, on the assembling of the legislature in 1876, the most memorable legislative body meeting at the State Capital since the war. In its membership were such distinguished men as Gen. W. S. Featherston, Col. R. O. Reynolds, Judge Amos R. Johnston, J. W. Fewell, Col. H. M. Street, Col. J. M. Stone, Col. T. B. Graham, Gen. W. F. Tucker, Col. W. A. Percy, T. C. Catchings, Gen. J. R. Chalmers, Judge J. B. Morgan, R. H. Thompson, G. D. Shands, H. L. Muldrow, R.

H. Taylor, Thomas Spight, Col. W. R. Barksdale, J. P. Carter, G. B. Huddleston, Hon. W. H. Sims, and a host of others.

VII.

Barksdale was a leader of men—at home, in State Conventions, in National Councils, in the editor's room, on the rostrum—being not only a great editor, but a strong speaker and an able debater. He could be very sociable, but being a hard student, he thought more of his editorial office than the public. He knew more political history than any man in the state, and the *Clarion*, under his editorial management, was regarded as the compendium of political history, especially of Mississippi.

Barksdale had his enemies as well as his friends, one of the foremost being Gen. Reuben Davis, of Aberdeen, who in his Mississippi book makes mean references to Barksdale as a good "paragraphist," when, in fact, leader-writing was his forte. Davis says Barksdale "had a smile that partook more of malice than of mirth." They were never friends, and Davis never said anything good of an enemy. Like Barksdale, he rarely forgave and never forgot.

Major Barksdale had a way of doing things after his own plan with no fear of imitators. He perhaps made more editors and public men mad than any politician in the state, and rarely was there a reconciliation, for, as a rule, when Barksdale crossed the Rubicon he burnt his bridges behind him.

VIII.

I remember an act of Barksdale's on a Yazoo train one morning thirty years ago, when the editors were going to the Press Convention at Yazoo City. He was passing through the rear coach and shook hands with all who spoke to him, but not in the effusive manner of O. R. Singleton or Anse McLaurin.

He had had a little brush with E. P. Thompson, editor of the Aberdeen Weekly, whom he had never seen. As Barksdale neared Thompson, the Aberdeen editor, arose, extended his hand and said, "Good morning, Major; I am glad to see you." Barksdale, not knowing who he was, returned the salutation, and passed on.

Reaching my seat he said, "Henry, who is that fat little fellow, in that blue suit, sitting over there to the right?" I replied, "That is Ed. Thompson, editor of the Aberdeen Weekly." He looked annoyed and asked, "Are you sure?" I replied, "Dead sure; I know him well."

Without a word, but with a flash of hatred in his eye, Barksdale turned around, and going back to Thompson's seat said, in a loud tone of voice, "I understand you are Thompson. I did not know who you were when I spoke to you. Had I known you, I would not have permitted you to speak to me, sir, and I now withdraw any recognition of you, and my civil remarks. Don't you dare speak to me again in the future."

Thompson discreetly kept his seat and made no response. A number of editors looked for a fight or footrace, but neither occurred. Can you imagine any other man of your acquaintance doing such an act, except Barksdale? Though regarded as a good politician, he seemed to take no thought for the morrow in the lexicon of politics, though frequently a candidate. About the severest criticism made upon him was that he edited his paper with an eye single to his own political advancement.

IX.

When Barksdale became a candidate for the United States Senate against Senator J. Z. George, in 1892, I gave him the support of the Clarion-Ledger, and did what I could for him. He conferred with me freely, and one day called

attention to the fact that Money was canvassing the state for George, that he had an appointment for a joint debate with him, saying, "I have agreed to meet Money at Oxford, in joint debate, and intend firing his old record at him, about Huntington of the Union Pacific, loaning him \$50,000 on some Lincoln county sawmill and pine land securities, when Money was chairman of the House committee on post office and post roads, the security having been wholly insufficient. What do you think of it?"

I replied, "Burkitt made that charge when he was opposing Money for Congress, a few years ago, Money resented it and denounced Burkitt as a liar and challenged him to mortal combat, which friends prevented."

That seemed to fire the old Democratic leader up, and he replied, "Well, I am going to meet Money at Oxford on Monday; and I'll make the charge to his face, and if he denounces me, I'll take care of myself."

He kept his word, and Money jumping up denounced Barksdale as a liar, when the Major grabbed a law book, and hurled it in Money's face with all the strength he could command, leaping from the stand and rushing towards Money. Friends interfered and prevented a fight, for the courage of both men was well known.

Later in the day an agreement was reached through the intercession of mutual friends, by which all offensive remarks were withdrawn, and the men were to speak as they passed each other, but they were not required to shake hands or refer to the unpleasant incident.

That broke up the Barksdale-Money joint debates, and following close thereon, the joint appointments between George and Barksdale were cancelled, as serious trouble was feared if they were continued, for Barksdale bored into the Old Commoner's record without mercy, in a most irritating and annoying manner.

Each knew the other for they had served together while working with legislative committees in devising plans and securing evidence to impeach Ames and his two negro associates, Davis and Cardoza.

I tried to get Barksdale to tell me which side made the advance looking toward cancelling the joint debate dates; when he said it was understood that no such information would be given out; that the arrangement was mutual and that was all that need be said.

X.

After returning from Washington, Barksdale sold his interest in the Clarion to his partner, Colonel Power, and retired from active journalism, though he frequently wrote for agricultural papers, and edited a farm department for the Clarion-Ledger, for some time, but finally retired from journalism altogether, devoting himself to his farming operations in Yazoo county, where he suddenly died while on a visit to his farm, when passed one of the best writers known to the country.

Barksdale never reached the goal of his ambition, Governor and Senator, and died with bitterness in his heart towards two of his former close friends, Governor Robert Lowry and Col. J. L. Power. Lowry had appointed Walthall as Senator Lamar's successor in 1885, when Barksdale was an applicant for the place; and Barksdale never forgave Power for favoring George over himself for the United States Senate.

He had his faults and his virtues, but never in its history has Mississippi had a man who has done more to clear its political atmosphere and advance its material developments than Major E. Barksdale.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

**The Press Handsomely Entertained at the Brookhaven Meeting.
There Met S. H. Stackhouse, Who Became Famous
For His Great Buffalo Speech.—Never
Delivered.**

I was much impressed with Brookhaven, during the sitting of the Press Convention in that city June, 1874. Especially was I attracted by its intelligent, social and hospitable people; by its church and school advantages, its progressive and business-like men, its beautiful and charming women—its social life appealed to me strongly. The citizens extended every hospitality to the representatives of the press, throwing open their doors and entertaining them in their homes, feasting them on the fat of the land, giving them three hot square meals a day, which was more than the average editor got at home.

Few editors are alive today who attended the Brookhaven convention, but who among them will ever forget the beautiful girls who assisted in their entertainment? That was a long time ago, but I still see in my mind's eye, the beautiful Storm sisters, the attractive Ferguson girls, the handsome Hardy sisters, the stately Misses Bowen, and the queenly Mary Millsaps, just married to the wealthiest and most

prosperous business man of the community, Major R. W. Millsaps.

Mrs. Millsaps joined with the girls to assist in entertaining the editors. She was bright and vivacious, of charming and entertaining manners. She was young then, and a handsomer woman did not live in the state; and she was as good as she was beautiful, believing in living not only for self but for others.

Major Millsaps and wife kept open house to the editors, favoring them with special dinings, to which all were welcome. They spent their last years in Jackson, Millsaps College attesting their generosity; and today they are sleeping in a granite mausoleum on the crest of the college campus.

II.

At the Brookhaven convention Major George W. Harper, of the Raymond Gazette, was elected president of the Press Association. No man could have appreciated the honor more, and never was the distinction more worthily bestowed, for "Uncle George" was a veritable Chevalier Bayard of the press.

We all remember "Uncle George," either personally or in history, for he occupies a prominent place in Mississippi life—in its journalism, its legislative, religious, business and political activities; for Major Harper was no drone, and must, perforce, take part in everything calculated to elevate, benefit or ennoble the people of his state.

Major Harper became a citizen of Hinds county over 75 years ago, and with others, established the Raymond Gazette, which, under his management, became one of the best papers of the state, conservatively Democratic, but clean, newsy and reliable. He had few equals as a writer and newspaper manager. Like himself, his paper was always neat, clean, tidy, well dressed and ready to go to church.

He was esteemed at home and abroad and greatly beloved by his brother editors, for "Uncle George" was a man of ability, and could shine on any occasion, able to make speeches or write papers on any subject. He was a man of deep religious convictions, believing in the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man,

"He was a man, take him for all in all—
I shall not look upon his like again."

III.

There was a quiet looking fellow at the Brookhaven convention, who seemed to be moving around in a somnambulant condition, who attracted my attention. Speaking to no one, hearing no one, and apparently seeing no one, I wondered who he was and what he was doing. It occurred to me that he must be representing some deaf and dumb journal, for I could see he was not blind. I made inquiry as to who he was and was informed that he was S. H. Stackhouse, who had been connected with several papers at Crystal Springs, for it should not be forgotten that forty-five years ago Crystal Springs was a veritable newspaper grave yard. As one gave up the ghost another was born and Stackhouse, having a penchant for the editor's chair, hitched on to one paper and another as time went on.

Stackhouse was known as the quiet man of the Mississippi press. He rarely spoke to any one, never bothered about convention business and if he was ever seen to smile, there is no record of the happy event. Still he seemed to enjoy himself, though he never opened his mouth to discuss or refer to any business coming before the convention. Nothing disturbed his deep serenity or had the least effect in limbering up his tongue. The only thing Stackhouse did in Press Conventions was to answer to his name and pay

his dues, and that was done as though an irksome and tiresome task.

Editors commented on his presence and wondered what pleasure he was getting out of press meetings; but he never missed a convention or excursion. I met and liked him, becoming his life-long friend. "Stack" as he was familiarly called, went on the press excursion to Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Louisville, and other points north in 1875. The usual courtesies were extended the press brethren, but Buffalo excelled all other cities in hospitality. After showing the editors the sights of the city, and giving them a grand banquet at one of the leading hotels, the whole party adjourned to meet at the Grand Opera House, where a big reception was to be tendered by the mayor, city council, local papers and others.

IV.

It was a great affair, and many were the speeches of welcome made, which were suitably responded to, for there were several good talkers in the party. After hearing from every one who seemed able to talk, the Mississippi editors set up a cry for "Stackhouse, Stackhouse, Stackhouse." Stack looked embarrassed, and arose from his seat to acknowledge the compliment, but was so taken aback that he could not utter a word.

"Take the stand; go on the platform; we can't hear you," came volley after volley. But Stackhouse stood as one transfixed. He could not move; neither could he speak. He was urged to respond to the call, and two thousand Buffalonians united in the cry, "Take the stand; go on; let's hear something about Dixie."

Stackhouse stood as still as the boy on the burning deck. He was terribly embarrassed; he was frightfully mad; he was, indeed, livid with rage, and held his own till the

meeting adjourned. His friends crowed around to congratulate him on the honor of being called to speak; but he made no response; he ignored them, and his looks indicated his feeling. He went to his room and refused to see anybody during the night, though several reporters called who had been spurred on to devilment by some of the Mississippi editors.

Stackhouse was mad the night of the big reception, when he was called on to speak. But, oh, my, that madness was as a spring breeze, compared to the way he felt the next morning, when, in the account of the meeting, the Buffalo papers, with wonderful unanimity of thought, printed Stackhouse's response to the hearty calls, covering two columns. That is, it was what purported to be his speech, but he could not remember delivering it. It was a great speech, and glowed with sparkling wit, rich humor, pathos and historic facts about the South, but more especially of Mississippi.

V.

It was such a speech as Grady or Henry Watterson might have delivered. As one of his friends, he called at my room, early, before I knew what had transpired. He held copies of all the Buffalo papers in his hand, and yelled out, "Read that, and be ready to help me, for I intend killing the man who perpetrated that joke, who has made me appear ridiculous before the world. I want you to act as my second."

I read the speech, laughing as I read and roaring when I finished. Stack asked, "What do you see so d—— funny in the piece? You seem to enjoy it immensely." I replied, "Stack, that is one of the most humorous productions I ever read. Mark-Twain, Bill Arp, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward—all of them put together, never wrote anything half as good. You should not be mad about it, but hunt up the reporter and thank him, for he has made you famous."

"Thank him, h——. I'll kill him. No reporter wrote that speech. It contains too many local references. Some of this crowd wrote it, and I'm going to find out who it was, and hold him responsible."

Seeing that Stackhouse was desperately in earnest, I advised him to quiet down and laugh the thing off, enjoy it with the boys, for he would never have such an opportunity again. He finally said he would consider what I said, but did not feel that he could accept my suggestion. "Then go ahead and make a fool of yourself, and have all the Mississippi crowd laughing at you."

We went to breakfast together. I saw Col. Fleet Cooper and Judge A. G. Mayers in the dining room, and was satisfied they had perpetrated the joke. I went over and told them of my suspicion, remarking that Stackhouse suspected them also and he was in no laughing humor, and threatened to shoot somebody. They neither denied nor affirmed, but said they would tell the boys not to tease Stack, and suggested I get him quiet. He looked over at them. They bowed to him, but he did not return the salutation.

VI.

That ended the matter for the time being; but low and behold, when we reached Louisville, Ky., a few days later, we found that Henry Watterson had received the speech, and printed it in the Courier-Journal the morning of our arrival, with glaring headlines, and florid introduction. Cooper or Mayers had "turned the trick" a second time, and Stack was mad again.

I was called in conference, and told Stackhouse the best way out of the trouble was to claim the speech, and offer a prize to any Mississippian who could do as well. He accepted my suggestion, and the event was soon forgotten.

But when Stackhouse reached home he heard so much about his Buffalo speech, and saw how well it had been received by the public, that he really began to believe he made it and gracefully accepted all the compliments bestowed upon him. After that, he was introduced as the man who made the famous Buffalo speech, and he was really proud of the distinction.

Stackhouse was a fine fellow, and deserved a larger field than Crystal Springs in which to exhibit his talents; for he was a good writer, a high-class gentleman, and was greatly beliked by all who knew him. Peace to his ashes.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Emmet L. Ross Reads His Great Poem, "The Sock That Baby Wore," Which Established His Fame as a Human-Interest Poet.

One of the most talented editors of the state was Emmett L. Ross, of the Canton Mail, which he changed to the Canton Picket when he started his little daily in 1880.

He early developed literary ability, and wrote many memorial articles to be read at Confederate reunions, some in prose, but often in poetry. He was in great demand, and frequently attended reunions of his old army associates, and addressed them in fluent and eloquent terms.

He was a gentle, likable man, and to know Emmett L. Ross was to love him. He was a Chesterfield in manners, and very popular with the editors. He loved poetry better than prose, and frequently gave to the public the thoughts of his poetic mind.

In the olden days the Mississippi Press Association elected an orator, a poet and an essayist, and their productions were delivered on what was known as "Literary Nights," interspersed with talks, recitations and musical recitals by local talent.

Ross's best effort was at the Kosciusko Convention, June, 1875, the year of the great political revolution in Mississippi, when he thrilled an immense audience with his famous poem, "The Sock That Baby Wore," delivered with all the force and fervor of a skilled actor. His poem described a scene between an old farmer and wife, sitting before their country hearthstone on a winter evening. The good wife while rummaging through an old basket found a little sock that her first born had worn, and its discovery brought back old and hallowed memories, which formed the basis of the poem that was to make Ross famous. Its tender sweetness has rarely been equalled. It struck a responsive chord in every heart, and had the run of the state. It was read in entertainments and declaimed in the public schools, was set to music and sung in many households.

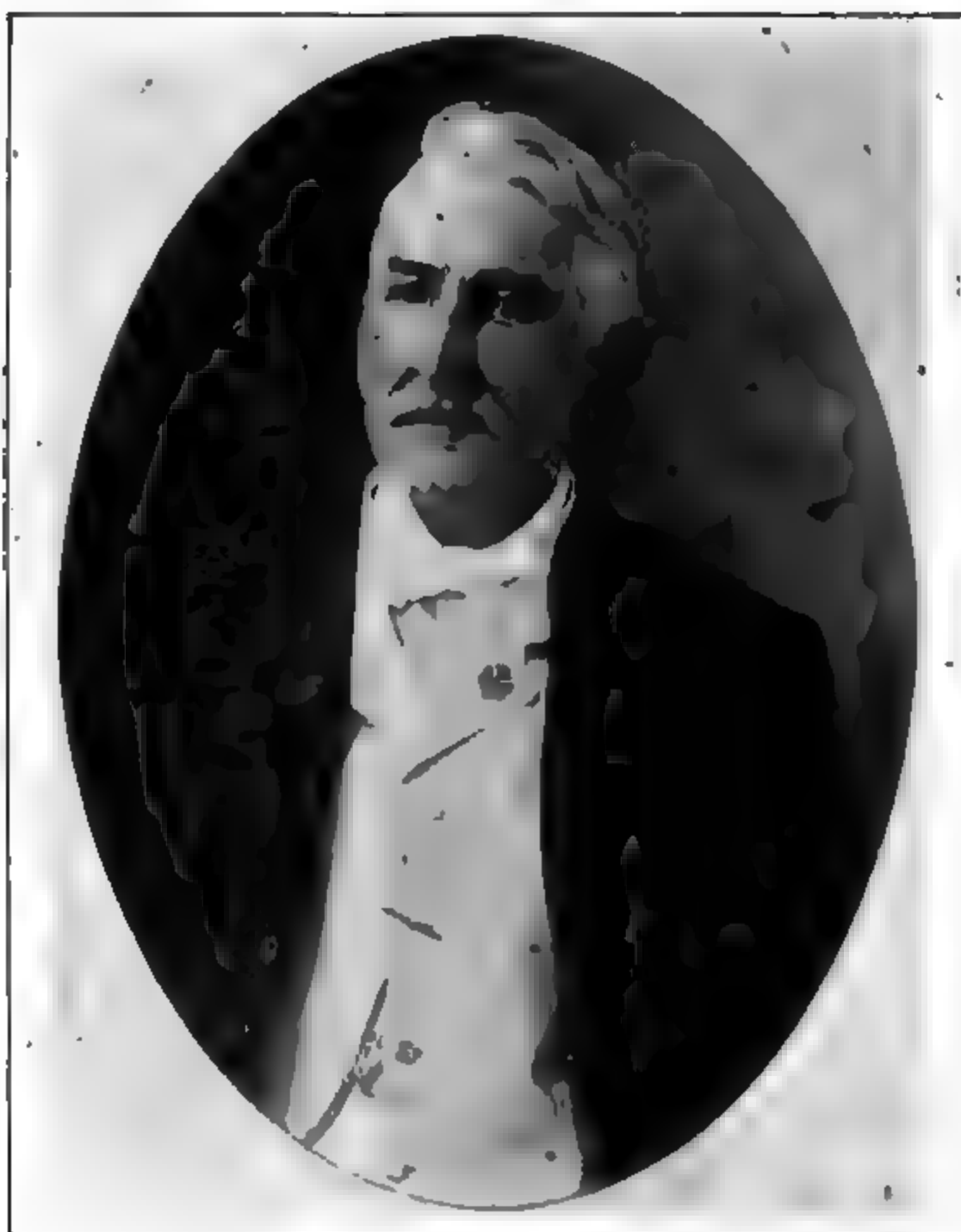
Ross at once became the hero of the hour, and received more invitations to attend entertainments and deliver his poem than he could accept. He afterwards included it in readings of his own composition, and gave entertainments in many of the towns of the state.

II.

As "The Sock That Baby Wore" has not been printed for forty years or more, and few of the present generation have read it, I feel warranted in giving it a place in my memoirs in full, satisfied that readers will be glad to peruse and preserve this gem among their poetic collections. It is therefore printed in full below without apologies for the space it occupies.

"The Sock That Baby Wore"

Before a crackling fire's blaze a matron drew her chair,
And turned the kettle from the crane that sang its evening air,
Responsive to the good dame's will, who waited all alone
The sound of distant rolling wheels that brought her husband home.



P. K. Mayers

A moment more, the great yard gate swung wide to John and team,
 And soon his face popped in the door, with happy smile a gleam.
 He drew his old wife to his heart, his bride of long ago,
 And kissed her cheeks of cherry red, her brow so like the snow,
 Forgetting Time had left its trace and made its furrows there,
 Nor knew that raven locks and curls had turned to silver hair.
 To him it was enough to know her heart beat just as true
 As it had done back forty years, when first they 'gan to woo.

He led her to her low-back chair, and drew his by her side,
 And told her all the news in town,—the latest death and bride;
 How 'Squire Dyke, from "rheumatiz," had taken to his bed;
 How Dolly Dill had caught a beau, and very soon would wed;
 How Sarah Smith and Polly Green, and lots of other "wimin,"
 Wore flaming feathers on their hats and piled on ribbon "trimmin'."

In fact, how all the girls put on their hi-fa-lu-tin ways,
 And wore their dresses all hitched up with patent straps and stays;
 And how their precious little cheeks were smeared with paints and
 dyes,
 And how they wore their hair all crimped or pulled down o'er their
 eyes.

And how they sang their opera tunes, and banged piano keys
 As if they owed the thing a grudge, and wanted to appease
 Their wrath by pulling off its hair or scratching out its eyes,
 Until the "critter" fairly groaned beneath a weight of sighs.

And how the boys put on the swell and wore their nobby clothes,
 But where they get their money from Old Harry only knows;
 And how they stand upon the streets and twirl their little canes,
 And twist the down upon their lips with most exquisite pains;
 And how they talk of blooded stock, horses and dogs in turn,
 And how they mix their talk with drinks, and all took sugar in their'n.

How times were tight and money scarce and growing worse each day;
 How many merchants had "bust up" cause people would not pay;
 How meat had "riz" and cotton "fell," how taxes had grown bigger;
 How black the white folks all had got, how white had grown the
 nigger,
 And how the State was in a mess—its little credit gone—
 And how its bonds were scarcely worth the paper printed on.

In all this time the good old wife kept busy as a bee
In getting for her dear old man his meal of toast and tea;
And as he chatted, laughed and ate, she drew beside her chair
A basket full of half-worn socks, and with the tenderest care
Began the work of darning up each worn out toe and heel,
Till John should finish out his talk and eat his evening meal.

This done she set the things aright, and gave the fire a poke,
While he filled up his corn-cob pipe and fixed himself to smoke.
Again she took the work in hand, and searched the basket o'er,
While he had fallen off to sleep and now began to snore.

Among the pile of socks that lay about her here and there,
She spied a tiny little one her baby used to wear.
Long years had passed since last she saw this precious little thing;
It had not been on baby's foot for thirty years last Spring;
But oh, the memories that it brought of sadness and of joy;—
Oh, how it called up in her mind her blue-eyed baby boy—
The toils, the pains, the anxious cares that she had 'round him
thrown—

How watched him through his boyhood's years until a man he'd
grown—

How her fond heart, his father's, too, had centered all in him—
How kind, how gentle in return that boy to them had been.

How proud he looked that April morn, in eighteen-sixty-one;
They saw him with his gray suit on, with knapsack and with gun:
They never saw him after that. The day he went away,
"As long as country needs an arm," he said, "I mean to stay."

One day they got a letter from his Captain, and it said,
In the fight before Atlanta he was numbered with the dead,
And on the crimson hillside they had laid his form away,
With a score of other heroes from ranks of blue and gray.

No useless coffin held his form; his blanket was his shroud;
The twinkling stars watched o'er his grave from skies without a

As if in joyous welcome to another spirit borne
Unto the glorious Prince of Peace from battle's smoke and storm.

And here the mother's heart-strings loosed in bursts of sobs and
cries

That drove the heavy slumbers from the old man's drowsy eyes.
He crossed the room to where she sat, and knelt beside her chair,

Just as their boy had, years ago, to lisp his evening prayer.
She told him of the little sock she'd found upon the floor,
The many memories that it brought back from the days of yore.

He said to her: "Dear wife, grieve not; in yonder far-off skies
There is a fountain at whose brink all pain, all sorrow dies;
And high upon a pearly throne, Jehovah, King of Kings,
Dispenses to the sons of men, from out its crystal springs,
The healing drops in amplitude, while angels voices fill
The gladsome air with songs of love; Peace troubled soul, be still."

He raised his face to gaze on her's. Her eyes could ope' no more,
While to her heart she pressed the sock, the sock that baby wore
Next day the friends and neighbors came and bore her form away,
And laid it 'neath the churchyard mold—gave back the clay to clay.

That night the old man had a dream: He thought the angels came
And bore his old and shattered form up into God's domain;
And as they passed the golden gates, there on the pearly floor,
He saw the sock, the little sock, the sock that baby wore.
And just beyond, at Jesus feet, there stood his wife and child;
And joined their songs with seraph hosts, while God and angels
smiled.

Ross wrote many good poems, but none had the ring
and the rattle, the sweet sentiment, the human touch, the soul-
inspiring heart-throbs that "The Sock That Baby Wore"
imparted.

While he was a pleasing and correct writer, for he had the
advantage of a classic education, Ross was too idealistic, too
visionary, too poetic, to be a very strong editorial writer,
though in the dark days of reconstruction he did valiant
service with his pen for the Democracy.

He remained in editorial harness till stricken by illness
which forced him to lay down his polished pen forever, when
his press brethren felt the loss of one of their knightliest
members, and mourned the passing of the peerless editor.

III.

W. J. L. Holland, of the Holly Springs Reporter, was an ideal editor, and under his management the Reporter ranked as one of the best papers of the state. His style was dignified, his sentences clear cut and incisive. He took high standing as an editor, though he served only a few years, the great yellow fever epidemic of 1878 carrying him away, with five other Mississippi editors.

When the dreaded scourge broke out in Holly Springs, Holland remained at his post of duty, administering to the stricken, and comforting the dying. He lived to see many of his most intimate friends, the flower of his town, pass away, and when there seemed little more for him to do for suffering humanity, he too fell a victim to the terrible plague, and was laid to rest in the Holly Springs cemetery, where so many of his friends had preceded him.

The Press monument, erected to commemorate the heroism and courage of the six editors who gave up their lives while ministering to the afflicted, stands at the head of Holland's grave, which will be referred to more at length in another chapter.

Richard Walpole, who had owned and managed several Mississippi papers in his time, the Goodman Star, the Kosciusko Star and the Yazoo City Herald, was another beloved member of the Old Guard; and while not a great editor, was decidedly one of the best publishers of the state. As a manager and solicitor he was a pastmaster. He was an indefatigable worker, and succeeded far better than many of his brother publishers. Dick Walpole was a gentleman of high character and lofty impulses, and his paper was but a reflex of his real life.

He moved to Florida some years ago, bought out a newspaper, and worked himself to death, losing most of the money he had made in Mississippi. He might have retired with a competency when he decided to leave his native state, but like most publishers, he stuck to the game too long, and died poor, and sleeps in the sands of Florida.

J. L. McCullum, who had been connected with several papers, was a professional editorial writer. He thought of nothing else, and did nothing else. If he ever owned a paper I never heard of it, but he was connected with the Mississippi press for many years, writing leaders for papers in a half dozen towns of the state, including Jackson and Vicksburg. He never aspired to public office, but was always a hard party worker, writing scores of editorials in favor of Democracy.

McCullum was a well educated man, and wrote with equal facility on any subject, furnishing the editorial brains for many papers. He edited R. Walpole's several papers, first the Goodman Star, then the Kosciusko Star, and later the Yazoo City Herald. He also wrote the leaders for the New Mississippian, owned by Edgar S. Wilson, and had been connected with the Vicksburg press. But years ago, much to the regret of his friends, McCullum moved to El Paso, Texas, where he died, his body being returned to Mississippi for interment. He was a courtly, dignified gentleman, modest and quiet in his intercourse with men; rarely expressed an opinion, except in his editorials, and never engaged in controversies, unless forced to do so with his pen, when he "made the fur fly."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

Many Editorial Abuses Practiced in Olden Days.—Captain Frank Burkitt, Who Opposed Me for Many Years, Finally Became My Steadfast Friend.

The Mississippi Press Association had within its membership real and near-editors, men who devoted themselves to the newspaper business as a livelihood and men who wrote for the press for pleasure and to accommodate publishers.

This class of near-editors was made up of lawyers, politicians, school teachers, students and Handy-Andys, who were always ready to help out their newspaper friends for however humble and obscure the home journal, it possesses an influence not to be despised.

Editorial abuses became so great that the railroads finally stepped in and demanded certified lists of names before granting transportation to Press Conventions. While this cut off a large number of dead-heads who had been regularly attending the conventions, sharing all the courtesies and hospitality intended for legitimate newspaper men, the evil was not entirely abated until the Interstate Commerce Commission put a ban upon all free transportation, and railroads

were ready to make the ruling applicable to intra as well as to interstate transportation.

I recall the name of one near-editor who took his family to a Press Convention and remained not only during the session, but for several days after adjournment, and when ready to leave was confronted with a bill for several days entertainment, remarked with contemptuous sangfroid, "Charge it to the entertainment committee." If old Peter Montrose were alive, he could supply the name, as he gave it to me, but I am not telling any secrets out of school.

II.

While in my earlier days I never cared for Capt. Frank Burkitt, for many years editor of the Chickasaw Messenger, because he disliked and always opposed me, I must admit that he was really a valuable "balance wheel," though I could not see it in that light at the time he was criticising the Democratic state administration, and laying the predicate to run for representative from Chickasaw county on a "Wool Hat," non-progressive platform.

Burkitt was elected to the house of representatives of 1886, his father being in the senate. At the same time I was a candidate for state printer, and the father and son distinguished themselves by opposing my aspirations, one undertaking to lead the senate and the other the house against me, without success, as the vote of the joint session stood 91 for me and 51 for my opponent, Col. J. L. Power.

Failing to defeat me, Burkitt, as chairman of the appropriations committee, sought to have the appropriation for state printer, (a mere bagatelle to what it is now), cut down in every way possible, always meeting with defeat, a majority of the committee being opposed to Burkitt's parsimonious methods in dealing with departments of the state government,

the State Colleges, Lunatic Asylum, Deaf and Dumb, Blind and other eleemosynary institutions.

Burkitt continued to pursue me, as I thought. He opposed me for state printer the third time, and I was compelled to make a hard fight to defeat him. He was never an announced candidate himself, but supported others for state printer—J. L. Power, Foster & Kemp, and Banks & McNeily, all of whom I defeated.

III.

After that I became a bit vicious towards Burkitt and made it my duty to lint him daily through my paper, and I will not deny that I enjoyed the exercise, for I believed I was drawing blood every time I hit him.

My friends often warned me against Burkitt, saying he would attack me unawares some day, and that I had better get ready. I got ready; which was wholly unnecessary, for instead of annoying Burkitt, many years my senior, I was adding to his daily pleasure. While I thought I was worrying him almost to death, he was really laughing at and enjoying my criticisms.

Finally it dawned upon me that possibly I was going too far, that I might be making a gump of myself in the eyes of the public, and I decided to hold up, and let Burkitt alone. So I ignored him severely for several days.

Meeting him one morning in front of the Hook and Ladder Hall, which stood on part of the lot now occupied as the Dr. Hunter residence, Burkitt, with his big stick in hand, and which he would use if necessity required, as had been shown before and since, thus addressing me:

“Well, you have had nothing to say about me for several days. What’s the matter?” I responded, measuring

the distance between us with my eye, "I have already written more of you than you are worth, and don't intend to print another line about you, for it is a waste of ammunition to shoot at a dead duck."

I did not know what effect my speech might have, and kept my eye on Burkett's big stick, planning my defense if he should attack. It had no more effect on him than pouring water on a duck's back, for instead of being offended, he put his hand on my shoulder, looked me squarely in the eyes, and in a kind, fatherly tone, said, "Praise me, if you can, my boy; abuse me if you must, but for God's sake don't ignore me."

Then I discovered his weak point—anxiety to be constantly before the public, either by praise or abuse, so he could be kept in the limelight.

IV.

I knew I should have no more trouble with Burkitt and decided then and there never to mention his name again in the Clarion-Ledger, a resolution I did not keep, for in after years, I learned to know him better. He had his bad and good qualities, the good doubtless predominating.

We were thrown much together in the George-Barksdale campaign. We looked into each other's hands, understood each other's moves, wishes and desires, and I must confess I had misunderstood the man.

While Burkitt was lacking in party convictions, which caused him to waver around rather recklessly, going from one party to the other, he was at heart a man of the people, and believed in the rule of the common masses in contradistinction to the classes.

He was a proud and selfish man, but just and honest as he understood the terms. He was as careful with the funds of the state as with his own money, and spent nothing foolishly.

V.

I saw much of Burkitt as a member of the World's Fair Commission, and while he was rather fond of Vardaman, who had become chairman of the board of directors, after Governor Longino's term had expired, he would not follow him in his opposition to me, Vardaman's purpose being to force me to resign as Commissioner, though he did not have the power to remove me.

Burkitt always stood by me when he believed I was right, and did not hesitate to oppose Vardaman when he knew he was wrong, in the fights he made upon me; and in discrediting the Mississippi exhibits at the Exposition, which I would remark in passing, took two Grand Prizes over all competitors, one on cotton and the other on timbers, and various Gold Medals, Silver Medals and prizes on 69 other exhibits. I expected to capture the Grand Prize on cotton, but hardly hoped to win on forestry, as the North Carolina exhibit had taken the World's Prize at the Paris Exposition, a few years before, and had been carefully preserved in tissue paper and woollen wrappings. I won this Grand Timber Prize for the State by having selections of the best merchantable timbers from the forests of Mississippi, and in securing the aid of the Pullman company in preparing and installing the exhibit.

I cannot close this paper of the memoir series without thanking Captain Burkitt for his just and fair treatment of me when serving as the Mississippi Commissioner to the World's Fair. He could have made life very unpleasant for me in that thankless position; but he did not. He did what he conscientiously believed was right, though in doing so he ran the risk of offending an official whom he had always liked and supported.

Burkitt was a clear and emphatic writer. He spoke his convictions with his pen. No one could misunderstand his

meaning. Courteous as a rule, he at times wrote with a pen of fire, and never hesitated to speak his mind of public men or those aspiring to public office. He made many enemies, but friends he had by the score and bound them to him with hoops of steel. He was a successful publisher, and general were the regrets of the press when he announced he had sold his paper and had retired from the field of journalism with enough of this world's goods to sustain himself and family through life.

VI.

A good friend of mine read the above remarks when printed in the Clarion-Ledger and said, "Your generous tribute to Burkitt both astonished and delighted me, knowing how far part you two had been. It shows a magnanimous spirit, and convinces me that you do not harbor malice towards your fellow man."

I am grateful for the above kind expression, and trust my friend is not mistaken in his analysis of my mental make-up. This leads to the suggestion which I make deliberately, that keeping alive the fires of malice is the poorest asset in the world. Get mad, as all do occasionally; disagree with and "curse out the other fellow;" get the bile out of your system, and forget about it. The man who harbors malice, and abuses those who disagree with him, does himself more harm than the men he dislikes. We are often our own worst enemy, but never more so than in cultivating malice towards a fellow man. Some men we cannot love or like—some men are born to be disagreeable—but in such cases there is no need to dissemble, no reason to practice a fraud; but to dislike a man is one thing and to bear malice towards him is quite another. Cardinal Wolsey had the right idea and begged that he might be spoken of as he was, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." But how few of us follow his wise admonition?

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

**Simeon R. Adams, Who Made the Eastern Clarion, Was the
Greatest Publisher of the State.—B. F. Jones
Marries a French Widow Who Bequeaths
Him Her Family Portraits.**

While I did not know Simeon R. Adams personally, I knew a great deal about his history and methods, as I have intimately known several men who were printers in the Eastern Clarion office, among them the late Judge J. B. Christman, P. K. Mayers, James A. Chambers, James P. Dement and others; all of whom have related to me incidents and sketches of his life, showing his peculiar characteristics, his wonderful ability to organize and conduct the most remarkable paper of his time.

His paper was what was known as a "bed-blanket sheet," usually of four pages, but frequently double size, and was filled with advertisements, from first to last page, for in those days the first page was not considered as sacred as now, and carried columns of ads.

II.

Simeon R. Adams was Mississippi's greatest publisher of his day. He did not edit but managed his paper, and made

frequent trips to New Orleans and Mobile. If he could not get cash for his advertisements he would trade them out, and accumulated many odds and ends in that way, believing with Mrs. Toodles that they would come in handy some day. He solicited an advertisement from an undertaker, so the story goes, in New Orleans, and with such persistency that the keeper of the place, in order to get rid of Adams, proposed to swap him a coffin for an advertisement, never imagining that his offer would be accepted, but he did not know Adams. Space and price were agreed upon, and casket was selected. Adams ordered the coffin shipped at once, hoping to be able to dispose of it during the season, for people sometimes, but rarely, died in the piney wood town of Paulding.

In due course of time the casket arrived, and was ordered placed in the loft over the Clarion press room. The town was all agog, but Adams was not disturbed, and on the death of the first person in the community whose family was able to buy a fine coffin, Adams sent his foreman over to the house of mourning, and disposed of the casket at a good price. The story sounds fairy and fishy, but an uncle of mine, who worked for Adams, vouches for it.

III.

Adams had two editor sons, Will J. and Frank Adams, and a son-in-law, Walter Acker, who was also an editor, who published the Paulding Messenger, while the Adams brothers published the Enterprise Courier, most of the work being done by Will, Frank being a lawyer with fair practice.

Will Adams had inherited some of his father's genius, and bid fair to distinguish himself in journalism, when in 1878, death knocked at his door and claimed him while he was nursing friends suffering with yellow fever, being one of six editors to die of the dread scourge that year.

After the sale of his father's paper to J. J. Shannon, W. J. Adams secured a position on the old Picayune, and remained in New Orleans several years, doing newspaper work. But

tiring of city life, he returned to Mississippi and purchased the Courier at Enterprise, making of it a first class local paper. It had an able editorial department, and never hesitated to express opinions on the current thought of the day, for Adams had the courage of his convictions. He was also a good publisher with limited opportunities.

Will Adams was intended for a broader sphere, and when he had about perfected arrangements to move his paper to a larger city he was stricken down with yellow fever in 1878, and fell at his post of duty while ministering to the afflicted.

IV.

S. R. Adams was not the only Mississippi publisher who would accept trade advertisements. We have had several of that kind, but next to Adams came B. F. Jones, who had published and been connected with a number of papers, in this State, the Clarion, the Winona Democrat, the Greenwood Flag, Winona Advance, and others; he also believed in taking advertisements on any terms and at any price.

He was known as Sawmill Jones, as he had attempted to run a sawmill and newspaper at the same time.

Jones was one of the charter members of the Mississippi Press Association, and one of the most genial publishers of the state. He attended all the meetings of the Press Conventions, and never missed an excursion. He was always in evidence, and being a ceaseless talker, with pleasing manners, was known by all the editors of the state. He mingled with all classes, and was as much at home with the little country editor as with the nabobs of the daily press. He played no favorites, and was as agreeable as a politician.

He was not a great editor, but a good publisher and incessant solicitor. He let no opportunity pass to solicit business, and Col. Shannon, one of the oldest publishers of the

state, said Jones was the best advertising solicitor he had ever known, and he had encountered many; that he had known Jones to leave home with a dollar and a quarter in his pocket, railroad passes and hotel due bills, and return with enough money to pay off his printers, meet weekly expenses, and have a nest egg left over for next week.

He had no pride of opinion, and never crossed his patrons, or run counter to their ideas. He did not care what they believed or said, it made no difference to him, so he got their advertisements. He devoted very little time to obtaining subscriptions, and never stopped a subscriber, his idea being to get business along the lines of least resistance. Jones' energy knew no bounds, his effort no limit, his enthusiasm no terminals.

He united his paper with the Winona Advance of H. D. Money, and a good team it proved, for Money was a fine writer while Jones was an indefatigable worker in the business department. They pulled harmoniously together till Money was elected to Congress in 1875, leading a forlorn hope. Jones remained his steadfast supporter, and saw him landed several times; but a coolness grew up between them when Money failed to provide Jones a good government berth.

V.

Jones sold his paper, and turned his attention to local politics, succeeding but indifferently. He spent a good deal of his time in Jackson, the latter years of his life, during the winter season, being one of the officers of the legislature, though he never entirely severed his connection with the press. While on a trip to New Orleans he formed the acquaintance of a well-to-do buxom French widow, Mme. Janet Yale.

The admiration was mutual, and after a brief acquaintance they were married. The widow needed some one to

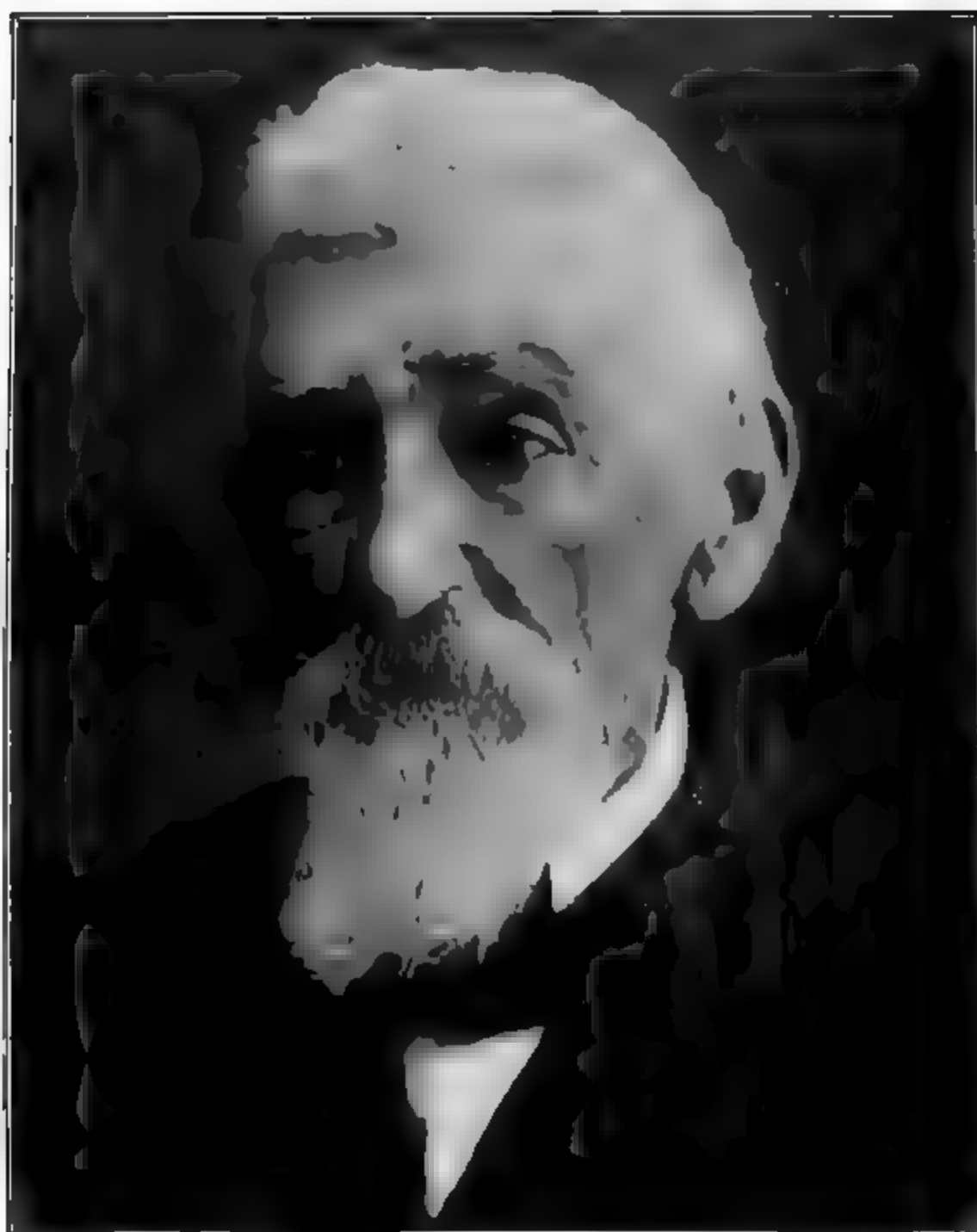
look after her property interest in New Orleans and on the Gulf Coast, and Jones needed a wife, a companion to sooth and comfort him in his old age; and he used to boast that it was the best business deal he had ever made in his life.

When his friends would joke him about the obligation he took at the marriage altar to raise up any children of the union in the Catholic faith, Jones would say "The priest smiled when he delivered the admonition, for he knew I was over 60 and the madam owned up to 58. I was satisfied the priest's smile and the age limit absolved the obligation. It was like betting on a certainty."

VI.

I knew Jones many years, and under different circumstances, but never saw him mad or out of sorts. He was one of the few "old editors," that I could get along with without some occasional friction. He always treated me as an equal, and when I was elected state printer in 1886 he was the first man to offer congratulations, not of a perfunctory sort, but real, genuine, such as he really felt, for with all his effusive nature, he was sincere and square and could be depended upon.

Jones lived very happy with his French wife for a few years. They had a residence on Esplanade street, New Orleans, and a summer home across the bay. The widow, so the story goes, imagined she was marrying a rich editor, and Jones felt certain that his French wife would be able to take care of him handsomely. The madame passed off first, and Jones had her put away as became her station, straining his personal account to meet funeral expenses, expecting to recoup after the will was read. The day after the last sad rites had been paid his wife, relatives assembled at the family residence to hear the will, and then there were some surprises, indeed.



James A. Stevens

The will gave to nephews and neices all the real estate; money, jewels, and other chattels, and bequeathed to the sorrowing husband all the FAMILY PORTRAITS, covering several generations. Jones was terribly disappointed, for the "blow almost killed father." Having no use for family portraits of people he did not know or care a rap for, he tried to dispose of them to old Armand Hawkins and other curio dealers of New Orleans, who refused to buy at any price. Utterly disgusted, old "Saw Mill" presented the portraits to Mrs. Charles G. Moreau, of the Sea Coast Echo, next of kin, as he could not figure out how he could use them in his business or make them an available asset.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

My Old Partner, Col. J. L. Power, the Humanitarian of the State.—I Cast My Lot With the Lamar Faction in Mississippi Politics.—Names of Several Editors Figure in This Chapter

I have heretofore referred in a general way to Col. J. L. Power, with whom I was several years associated, but have not given him the extended mention he deserves, for if Mississippi ever had a real humanitarian, J. L. Power was the man. He was a tireless worker, was at his desk before breakfast and remained till late in the night, with slight intermissions for meals.

There was no romance in his make-up; no fun in his composition; he had no time for the frivolities of life. He took no rest, except on Sundays and when he was visiting the numerous secret orders to which he belonged; and I have known him to return to his desk after attending lodge meetings, and "make up time," as he would say, till midnight.

He paid no attention to Christmas, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July and other holidays, saying he could do his best work on such days, when there were few visitors. He devoted

Christmas day to getting up his Masonic work, that he might have all his reports ready for the Grand Masonic Bodies, for he was grand secretary of the four orders of York Rite Masonry, serving for over thirty years, without a break, till death released him from labor.

II.

Colonel Power came from Ireland when a boy, locating in Jackson as a journeyman printer before the Civil War, when he began publishing the Daily News. He served during hostilities as a member of Withers' artillery, being adjutant of the regiment. He returned home after the war and engaged in newspaper work, establishing The Standard, with Major E. Barksdale, which was afterwards merged with The Clarion. He looked after the publishing department, while Major Barksdale did the editing, the firm being Power & Barksdale, after they had bought out the Shannon, Jones and Hamilton interest.

In addition to his newspaper, book, job and printing business, Colonel Power did more than the work of one man, giving much of his time to his Masonic duties, to charity and humanitarian labors, not to mention the various secretaryships he held. He was always at his post of duty during yellow fever or other epidemics, and was secretary of the Howard Association during many years. He helped to organize it, kept the books, looked after the distressed, as far as possible, and disbursed thousands of dollars in alleviating the afflicted, handling over \$100,000 during the awful epidemic of 1878.

He was also the friend of the orphans, and largely through his individual efforts was the Protestant Orphan Asylum, at Natchez, kept alive, and his work of charity did not end there, for he assisted orphans in many parts of the state, from funds that he had quietly raised for that purpose. Much of the work he did for charity will never be known.

He was a strict churchman, and for many years had been an elder in the First Presbyterian Church at Jackson. He was honored with the post of Secretary of State, being re-nominated without opposition, holding that office at the time of his death.

III.

Having been associated with Colonel Power for several years, I am free to say I knew him well. While at times he appeared austere and indifferent, the result of constant and excessive work, he was kind-hearted and generous; was easily influenced by those whom he esteemed, and was always willing to go his length for his friends. He was not only generous and just, but brave as the bravest. While he sought to avoid difficulties, he never shirked them, and was always ready to share responsibilities such as all editors and publishers must assume.

When we were getting together as partners in 1888, he named the firm and I named the paper, the firm being R. H. Henry & Co., and the paper the Clarion-Ledger.

Colonel Power was laid to rest in his lot, in Greenwood Cemetery, at the close of an autumnal day, September 24, 1901, the Grand Officers of the Grand Commandery of Mississippi officiating at the funeral services. His last resting place is marked by memorials erected by the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and Woodmen of the World; and there sleeps one who has done as much for the relief of suffering humanity as any man or woman who has claimed Mississippi as home.

IV.

In my youthful days as publisher, I had no enemies among the publishers of the state; but they soon came, for we have always had factional politics in Mississippi, as far back as I remember, and the editor who took sides with either faction made enemies of the other.

L. Q. C. Lamar, professor of law at the State University, when I began the publication of a paper, was my ideal of the public men of the state, next to Jefferson Davis. Lamar had much less experience in public life than Davis, having only been a representative in Congress before the war, while Davis had been Representative, U. S. Senator and President of the Confederate States. Lamar was by love and instinct a politician, and often left the class room to make political speeches. But they were the speeches of a statesman.

It will be remembered when General Robert Lowry, who seemed to be the only Democrat in Mississippi willing to meet Alcorn on the stump, broke down while speaking at Oxford. Lamar came forward, took his place, and finished the debate with Alcorn as though he had been scheduled for the canvass, completing the series with the Sage of Coahoma; and winning so much fame, that the Democrats of the Northern District forced Lamar to become a candidate for Congress. He was elected, and soon became the South's greatest leader in the House and afterwards in the Senate.

Remembering Lamar's famous canvass with Alcorn, I drifted naturally toward him, and became one of his warmest advocates, which caused resentment by the opposition press, under the leadership of Barksdale.

Then factional lines were drawn in Mississippi. McCardle leading the Lamar forces, while Barksdale and his political and newspaper friends opposed Lamar, seeing no good in anything he did, and criticising unmercifully his eulogy on Chas. Sumner and his disregard of legislative instructions on the silver question.

I stood by Lamar, believing he knew what he was doing, and that he was doing the best he could for his state and country as he saw it. His offense, if it deserved to come under that head, was condoned by his people, who re-elected and kept him in the Senate till President Cleveland named

him as his Secretary of the Interior and afterwards appointed him a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

V.

Thus casting my lot early with the Lamar forces, several papers that followed the lead of Barksdale did not fail to express themselves against the views of the humble paper that I printed—mild in terms, and never discourteous, in comparison with editorials now printed by factional papers of the state.

Thirty years ago editors were shot and killed in Mississippi for much less than they tolerate from each other today. The past quarter century has developed a class of editors never before known in this state, not numerous in number, but loud in coarse vituperation, who would not have lived fifteen minutes in the days of Edward M. Yerger, E. Barksdale, W. H. McCardle, Giles M. Hiller, and editors of that class. They say what they please and allow others to reply in kind, neither apparently taking offense at the billingsgate of the other. This may be regarded as modern, progressive journalism; but the writer has never been ambitious to be enrolled in such membership.

In the olden time editors frequently disagreed with each other, but seldom resorted to personal abuse—unless being promptly “called,” and that was seldom; for in the good old days when the Democratic papers were united in opposing radicalism in Mississippi the liberty of the press was not perverted into licensed abuse, as is too often the case now-a-days.

VI.

While I had no personal acquaintance with Edward M. Yerger—Prince Edward, as he was called—I do remember him as one of the editors of Mississippi who stood at the top

of his profession. He was a finished writer and made the Jackson News a great paper. During the dark days of reconstruction, he had some trouble with a Yankee mayor of Jackson, named Crane, and felt justified in killing him. I remember hearing the story that Yerger's lawyers told him that they had only one chance to clear him, by setting up a plea of insanity, when "Prince Edward," as he was known, became enraged, and cursed out his attorneys, saying he had rather be hung than proven insane.

Yerger was carried before a military court for trial, where many stormy scenes were enacted, as he had the best lawyers of the city as counsel, including Wiley P. Harris, Amos R. Johnston, Wm. Yerger, Geo. L. Potter, Fulton Anderson and others. Yerger's counsel contended that a military court had no right to try the prisoner, and applied to the United States Court for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted. The court decided that the imprisonment was lawful, and remanded the prisoner to the custody of the military, whereupon Yerger appealed to the United States Supreme Court; but before that court rendered its opinion, the military government came to an end, and the Yerger case went before the state court, and finally wore itself out.

VII.

Mr. L. P. Brown, of Meridian, but resident of Jackson till grown, has given an account of an early morning fight between Barksdale and Yerger, which occurred just after the war. He said, Barksdale, editor of the Mississippian, was an early riser and went to his office before breakfast in order to get his copy ready for the printers. He was returning to his home to get breakfast, reading Yerger's paper, the Daily News, which contained some offensive allusions to himself, when it had been understood between the two editors that no other personalities would be indulged in between them.

The editors met as they turned Spengler's corner, and Barksdale, exasperated with the personal notice in the News, struck Yerger in the face with the paper, exclaiming, "It was understood there was to be no more of this." Yerger returned the blow by striking and breaking his cane over Barksdale shoulder. The men clinched, and Barksdale, shorter than his antagonist, ducked, and caught Yerger's wrist in his teeth, biting him with all his strength. Yerger was helpless and called on bystanders to "Take the terrier off, he is biting my wrist."

The men were separated, but Barksdale, unsatisfied, mounted a curb post and denounced Yerger in terrific terms, saying he would not keep his word and could not be believed. "The Prince," as Yerger was known, pulled his pistol and informed Barksdale, "If you don't stop your abuse of me I'll shoot you off that post like a bird."

Mutual friends interfered and prevented further hostilities.

VIII.

William Ward, the elder, editor of the Macon Beacon, published by P. T. Ferris, was one of the most popular editors of the state, but had only a local reputation. He was classic in style and could write anything needed in the make-up of a newspaper, from leaders to poetry. He was modest in manner, but "wearing his heart on his sleeve," was a friend of every one. Nothing of a questionable nature, or in the slangy class was ever admitted to his columns. Being unable to attend the Press Convention held at Kosciusko, in 1875, Mr. Ward sent his brother editors the following catchy poetic greeting:

Greeting To Editors.

From the North, from the South, from the East, from the West,
The Press of the State sends its strongest and best;

And no truer a Council, go search where you will,
Can be found than this conclave of "Knights of the Quill."
From his home near the Capital, earnest and true,
Comes the Nestor of children and editors, too,
With the gavel of office and honor in charge,
Here's a health (in cold water) to thee "Uncle George."*

A health to McCardle, the knightly, whose pen,
Like the lance of a Bayard, ne'er glitters in vain;
From the city of heroes he comes, with the glow
Of a true heart for friend, and a true hand for foe.
Here's a bumper for Mayers, free and fresh as the breeze
That blows o'er his home by the fetterless seas;
And Falconer, gallant, and true to the cause,
Whose glance is as swift as the falchion he draws.

Here's to Hollard, the manly, to Money whose speech
Has a scholarly touch with a logical reach,
With a greeting to Frantz, the jolliest editor
That ever shook hands with a moneyless creditor;
The life of conventions, and dinners—and here
Let us drink to his health in the best lager beer.

Cold water for Stevens, poor fellow, his case
Is distributed, set, and locked up in a chase.
Here's to Bonny, and Adams, and Henry; indeed,
We can scarcely forget gallant Capers, and Mead,
McCullum, whose sentences clear cut and bold,
Are set in an arabesque frame-work of gold,
And Barksdale, whose motto, when duty may call,
Is "semper paratus"—a health to you all.

*Maj. George W. Harper.

IX.

Kincloch Falconer, was one of the best known editors of the state. He was one of the earliest members of the Press Association and one of its leaders when I joined it. He was always prominent both in newspaper work and in state affairs, and made himself felt in every sphere of activity

in which engaged. He was for many years editor of the Holly Springs Reporter, and with thorough newspaper training made that one of the best papers of the commonwealth. He was fond of politics, and was Secretary of State at the time death came to him during the awful yellow fever scourge of 1878, he having died while endeavoring to alleviate sufferers who had been prostrated in his own town.

J. L. Meade, of the old Westville News, helped to put Westville on the map. He was an aggressive writer and one of the boldest in the state, saying whatever he pleased about people, regardless of consequences. While managing his paper at Westville he studied law, and began practice before Judge Mayers, and spoke so loud and with such earnestness whenever presenting a case, that the witty Judge was once heard to say "If noise would win a case Joe would succeed every time, for he makes more noise than all the other attorneys practicing at my court combined."

He moved to Birmingham, and secured a connection with the Age-Herald, but the court room claimed him, and he returned to the practice of the law, in which he succeeded fairly well.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

**Personal Incidents.—Duel Between Col. Jones S. Hamilton
and Roderick Gambrel on the “Old Bridge.”—Gen.
Wirt Adams and John Martin Kill Each
Other on the Streets of Jackson.**

The three largest towns of the state, Jackson, Meridian and Vicksburg, have been such a fertile field for newspapers, have seen so many come and go since the Civil War, that it is utterly impossible to enumerate even a fair percentage of the number. The cities named have been veritable newspaper graveyards, especially Meridian, while Jackson and Vicksburg have not been far behind the Queen City of the East in newspaper funerals, they have maintained stable and reliable papers all along.

I will not attempt to name the papers in the three cities that have budded and bloomed in the spring and withered with the frost of winter. Many reasons may be assigned for this unusual death rate among the newspapers of the tri-cities—desire of ambitious, inexperienced men to enter the field of journalism, on the idea that they were especially fitted for the newspaper arena, or were better qualified for newspaper work than E. Barksdale, J. L. Power, E. M. Yerger, Kimball, Raymond & Co., and others at Jackson;

J. J. Shannon, A. G. Horn, Fleet Cooper, Chas. N. Dement and others at Meridian; W. H. McCardle, Swords & Spears, Charles E. Wright, James Sullivan, Thomas C. Campbell, and others of Vicksburg.

II.

When, in 1883, I decided to move the State Ledger from Brookhaven to Jackson—where I had published it successfully for eight years—my friends generally advised against it, predicting ultimate failure. One of my most intimate associates insisted that “Barksdale will not allow another paper printed in Jackson. He will seek some way to destroy it, resorting to personal methods, if necessary.”

I paid no attention to the false alarm, entirely discrediting it; and it now gives me pleasure to announce that Major Barksdale treated me with the greatest courtesy after I moved to Jackson.

We became close friends, the relations lasting till his death.

III.

I recall two tragedies growing out of newspaper criticisms over thirty years ago, resulting in three deaths and the serious wounding of a fourth party.

The Sword and Shield, published by Roderick Gambrell, was an earnest advocate of the prohibition cause and did not hesitate to criticise those who opposed its views, editor or layman. It published a very severe article about Col. Jones S. Hamilton, who was opposed to statutory prohibition.

After its publication Roderick went over to Vicksburg on business for his paper. Colonel Hamilton and friends were outraged at the publication. It was learned that Gambrell would return on the night train; and whether by accident or design, Hamilton and Roderick met on the old

wooden bridge over town creek, on Capitol street, and the shooting began that ended the editor's life, who fired several shots at Hamilton, and would have killed him but for the small pistol he used.

Both men were shot down on the bridge, the young editor being carried off dead or dying, while Hamilton was borne home seriously wounded, where he lingered for weeks. When able to appear for trial, he secured a change of venue to Rankin county, where he was acquitted after a long trial, in which District Attorney Green B. Huddleston, John M. Allen, L. Brame and C. H. Alexander were the principal prosecutors. Hamilton was represented by W. L. Nugent, S. S. Calhoun, A. J. McLaurin, Hiram Cassedy, Walter White and other prominent lawyers.

An amusing incident occurred during the trial, in which the somewhat celebrated Matt Burns acted as special deputy for Colonel Hamilton, escorting him to and from his rooms at the Shelton House to the court building. Hamilton being allowed to remain in the hotel at his own expense, rather than go to jail. He was guarded by Matt and others, which distinction Matt regarded as one of the greatest honors of his life. He has since told me that he allowed Hamilton to carry his pistol during the trial, as a matter of protection against a possible assault, excitement being at fever heat.

A drummer entered the court house while the trial was in progress and asked to have the prisoner pointed out. Some wag said "That tall, raw-boney man near the district attorney is the prisoner." "Guilty, by gosh," said the drummer, "for no man with that face could be innocent." Dr. J. G. Gambrell, father of the dead boy, had been pointed out to the drummer as the prisoner.

IV.

The other tragedy resulting from editorial criticism; was enacted on President street, in front of the old Cadwallader

home, about midday, between Gen. Wirt Adams and John Martin. Martin had conceived a dislike to Gen. Adams, postmaster, intimate personal friend of Colonel Hamilton, and who shared his views on prohibition questions.

Martin's office was next to the old Clarion-Ledger building. He had a small plant, and a crazy old Campbell press that was noted for getting out of order. He was printing his last side, when the press bucked and he could do nothing with it. He sent for me to help him out. I sent my pressman over to set the press going. While he was working on the machine, I picked up one of Martin's papers, the New Mississippian, and glancing over its editorials, saw a rather savage attack on General Adams, in which he was practically charged by Martin with holding up his paper in the postoffice.

I called Martin's attention to the item, and cautioned him against such publication, telling him that General Adams was a gallant old Confederate soldier, that he was an honorable, high-mettled gentleman, suggesting that unless he was courting death he had better let up on his criticisms of the postmaster, who was likely to surprise him some day.

Martin laughed at the warning, saying there was nothing in the article to produce a fight. But the surprise came within less than an hour afterwards, while returning from dinner, Martin met General Adams and Ned Farish on President street. With little ado and few words so far as the public knows, Adams drew his pistol and fired upon Martin as they neared each other. Martin fired also; several shoots were exchanged.

Thinking that convicts were escaping from the old penitentiary, I hurried downstairs and up President street, to find Adams dying and Martin gasping for breath.

V.

That was a sad day for Jackson, and as each man had strong partisan friends, it was feared that other difficulties might follow, as there was a deal of wild talking; but better judgment prevailed and there was no more trouble.

John Martin was one of the most brilliant writers of his day, and gave promise of a life of great usefulness. He was his own greatest enemy—he wrote whatever he pleased and was always ready to take the consequence. Though possessing an amiable and lovable disposition, with malice in his heart towards no one, he often wrote with the bitterness of a Bran, though as a rule his editorials were mild and often enlivened by brilliant flashes of humor, and at times sparkled with the fire of genius.

He had no idea of newspaper management, but as a writer stood close up to the top of the best. But he died too young for the state to have full appreciation of his merits as an editor.

VI.

Few daily newspaper in Mississippi have had a greater number of distinguished editors than the Natchez Democrat, among them, Paul A. Botto, Thomas Grafton and Douglass Walworth. "The scene of their drama has shifted; they have slipped from our presence away."

I had slight acquaintance with Paul A. Botto, for though one of the early presidents of the Mississippi Press Association, he seldom attended the annual meetings. He was accounted one of the best editors of the state.

Thomas Grafton, for several years editor of the Natchez Democrat, belonged to the old school of journalists and had few equals in this state as a leader writer. His editorials, while somewhat "heavy," were always couched in the best

language, and no interpreter was needed to explain their meaning.

Douglass Walworth, one of the editors of the Democrat, possessed literary ability of a high order, and gave to the world some exceedingly fine productions. His editorials were always pitched in a high key, and for pure, clear-cut English were never surpassed in Mississippi journalism.

VII.

After the passing of all the above editors, James W. Lambert assumed editorial control. He had long been connected with the Democrat, as publisher and manager, and though having little experience in the editorial department, he had so much good sense, combined with sound, practical ideas, that he dropped into the editorial chair easily.

Captain Lambert, courteous gentleman that he was, was one of the most popular members of the Mississippi press. His manner was natural and pleasing, and he made friends without appearing to do so. He died in harness, and his going was a source of grief to his brother editors and intimate friends, for he was a prince of men. He had lofty ideas, lived a correct life, and by his superb deportment, won the love and esteem of all. His equal we seldom see; his superior, never.

He is succeeded by his son J. K. Lambert, who maintains the reputation the Democrat has long enjoyed.



Bishop Charles B. Galloway

CHAPTER TWENTY.

In Which Reference is Made to Col. W. Lee Patton, J. D. Burke, James L. Magee and Robert Stowers.—Love is Pursued Across the State and Killed by an Outraged Father.

One of the most pleasing editors of the state was Col. W. Lee Patton, for many years editor of the Summit Times. He came from a fine old Southern family, who believed first of all in the education of sons and daughters. He looked and acted like a prince and wrote with a polished pen. Leaders were his long suit, and in an intelligent way Col. Patton discussed the questions of the day.

He did not write a great deal, but what he said was accurately phrased and properly expressed. He maintained the dignity of the editorial column, and left to his sons the local and miscellaneous work. He was always well groomed and carried his age better than 99 per cent of his associates, looking many years younger than he really was. He had a pompous, dignified air, was quite soldierly and stilted in his appearance, but genial and agreeable to all.

He was the father of three sons, Charles, Farar and Sam M., all of whom became distinguished. The oldest and

the youngest, Charles and Sam, were connected with Col. Patton in newspaper work till he retired. Charles afterwards became president of the University Publishing Company, with headquarters in New York; Sam studied architecture, and was burned to death in a hotel at Chattanooga, which he had planned, proving not only the Mississippi boy's monument, but his mausoleum as well.

Dr. Farar Patton settled in New Orleans and became one of the famous doctors of the Crescent City.

II.

I became acquainted with three editors, Jas. L. Magee, Brookhaven Citizen, J. D. Burke, Mississippi Democrat, and D. L. Love, West Point Citizen, about the same time, the two latter meeting tragic deaths, while the former, just about starved to death.

James Magee was a good country publisher, and made a readable paper of the Brookhaven Citizen, which he was induced to sell to a local Republican organization with Major R. W. Millssaps as president—which I afterwards bought to get rid of. But like most men who have worn newspaper harness, Jim was never satisfied till he returned to the tripod. He moved over to Meadville and established the "Rip Saw," and a rough ripper it proved, for its editor was much disposed to say rough things in his paper, some of a semi-humorous nature, while the others were intended to be taken in their literal sense.

Jim was induced to put on a patent outside, and a sight it was to behold, with one side printed in small, new type, while the other side was set up in worn-out small pica and looked as though it might have been printed on a wheel barrow.

Jim had been poking fun at me for some time, and considered himself licensed to say whatever he pleased about

my poor efforts. I had been laying for opportunity to get back at him—and it will come to every man who has the patience to lie low and wait. It came when the Rip-Saw donned its patent outside.

In noting the historic event I said editorially: "The Rip-Saw of Meadville, has greatly improved its appearance by the addition of a patent outside. It would be still further improved by the adoption of a patent inside."

That made Jim so mad that he cut me off his exchange list and died never forgiving the offense.

III.

Capt. J. D. Burke had been connected with several papers of the state, at Brookhaven, Magnolia, Hazelhurst, and other towns. He had served in the Civil War with credit to himself and country, and when mustered out bore the commission of captain. He was editor of the Brookhaven Citizen when I bought it from Millsaps and others and merged it with the Ledger of Brookhaven in 1877. He became my local editor, remaining with me till he secured an interest in the Magnolia Gazette. Meanwhile Burke's wife died, and he was never entirely himself afterwards. And one day his lifeless body was found in his room; a Smith & Wesson with one exploded cartridge, by his side, told the story better than pen can describe it.

Burke had been with me several years and a more agreeable man I have never known. He was of quiet disposition but when the war was mentioned he became talkative and eloquent of the days when he had followed the fortunes of the Lost Cause.

The press of the state paid deserved and just tribute to the memory of J. D. Burke when he closed the last page of his life, which I am attempting to do after a lapse of over forty years.

IV.

Rarely has the Mississippi press had within its membership a more brilliant editor than D. L. Love, of the West Point Citizen and afterwards of the Columbus Dispatch. He had a rich, vivid imagination and a florid style that always entertained, especially when spoken from the rostrum, for he was a most captivating speaker.

He edited the West Point Citizen with success, and his peculiar composition and splendid diction, attracted most favorable attention from brother editors. But his life, which promised so much, was destined to end in a most deplorable tragedy.

He was a very imprudent man, and made the mistake of his life when he broke with a young lady friend whom he hoped to marry. His insulting letters to the young lady so outraged her father that he swore to have Love's life.

Love offered to apologize and marry the girl he had slandered, but the father would have none of it—the insult could not be wiped out. He sent Love word he intended killing him on sight—advising him to get ready for the worst; that he would follow him to the end of the world if necessary to vindicate the honor of his daughter.

The race began, Love going from one place to another, only to discover his nemesis upon his track. The end came after several days of pursuit, at Greenville, Love's purpose evidently being to cross the Mississippi river, hoping to escape in the great west. But he was too slow. The father of the girl located Love and running him into a stable shot him down in one of the stalls without a dog's chance for his life.

And there the brilliant writer and eloquent speaker died like a beast while poisonous flies sang their requiem over his dishonored remains, no friend near to speak a word of com-

fort, to lighten his spirit over the dark waters, or staunch the blood that flowed from his side and mingled with the filth of the stable.

It was an awful death for a young man of good parentage, and high social standing, to die; the act seemed brutal and heartless, and crushed the poor widowed mother, but the offense was great and called for condign punishment.

Love had only a short while before shot and killed Col. Louis A. Middleton, editor of the Columbus Sentinel, having moved from West Point to Columbus. Some of the editors acquainted with the circumstances declared the killing of Love by an avenging father, was but an act of retributive justice.

V.

I recall another editor's troubles, Robert Stowers, of the Oxford Eagle. Stowers was one of the most charming members of the Mississippi press. He was a hale fellow well met—the friend of all; the enemy of none. Universally popular, Bob was always welcomed among editors, lawyers, politicians and others. He published a fairly good local paper.

So popular was Bob with the public, that he was induced to run for State Treasurer, and was elected with Longino for Governor, twenty years ago. He was wholly unfitted for the office, for he had no business training, and he allowed others to put it over him, and to bring about his undoing.

He had as his deputy and confidential man an ex-editor, Raiford, of Senatobia, who really ran the Treasurer's office, and with the assistance of Phil. A. Rush, of Senatobia, an ex-member of the legislature, succeeded in running it into the ground and causing the removal of State Treasurer Stowers, with a scandal thereto attached.

There was a good deal of idle money in the Treasury, several hundred thousand dollars. Raiford and Rush, or Rush with the assistance and connivance of Raiford, the latter being the only person having the combination of the treasury vaults except the State Treasurer, conceived the idea to take one hundred thousand dollars of the state's money to Memphis and loan it out at small interest on call, Rush and Raiford to be the beneficiaries.

The scheme was carried out and the hundred thousand dollars packed up to Memphis in a suit case, and negotiations effected. But the "get-rich-quick" twain had overlooked the fact that the Governor was authorized to call upon the State Treasurer at any time and demand the right to count the money. And that is exactly what Governor Longino did, and then he discovered a shortage of one hundred thousand dollars or more.

This exposure led to investigations, when the fact was developed that Rush and Raiford had carried off one hundred thousand dollars to Memphis for the purpose of making a little speculation on the side for their sole use and exclusive benefit.

Stowers insisted he knew nothing of the questionable transaction but that did not satisfy the Governor, who suspended the State Treasurer and caused suits to be instituted. Raiford turned state's evidence; Rush was tried, and by the skillful handling of his case by Bob Miller, he was acquitted.

All the money was returned; Stowers was allowed to resign and George W. Carlisle was appointed to succeed him. Ill health caused the resignation of Carlisle shortly afterwards and Thad B. Lampton was appointed treasurer.

Bob Stowers was much beloved by the editors of Mississippi, and few of them believed he knew anything of the slick work of Rush and Raiford—he had been over-reached by two smarter and less scrupulous men.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

**Col. A. Y. Harper Cowhides W. H. Kernan at Vicksburg
While Enroute to a Press Convention.—Old Time
Editors, J. Augustine Signaigo and S. A.
Jonas.—Soon Forgotten.**

It was intended when the thought first occurred to me to give these memoirs to the public, to write them in chronological order, but that rule has not been wholly observed, as I frequently find characters and events crossing each other as I introduced, and decribed them.

Chronological history is regarded as the best, but it often becomes tiresome and stupid, lacking in spice, life, and incidents to brighten its pages. Therefore one who would entertain must weave in with his facts human interest stories to claim the attention of his readers; and every man has done or said something worth relating if memory, which, like a field, must be cultivated, can recall them.

I had known Col. A. Y. Harper for many years, as soldier, lawyer and editor, in all of which he excelled. We entered upon newspaper work about the same time, though he was several years my senior. While a practicing lawyer at Okolona he established that very unique and original paper,

the "Southern States," which because of its extreme radicalism and denunciation of Republicanism, its principals and leaders, had a large circulation at home, and better outside the state, for every Republican politician in the North wanted to see the "Southern States," and subscribed for it through curiosity, and filed it away as a sample of Southern intolerance.

It was a red-hot sheet when conducted by Colonel Harper alone, but when he secured W. H. Kernan as co-editor, it was indeed a hummer, the like of which had never before been known in Mississippi.

Both men had poetic temperaments, rather emotional and somewhat sensational, and together they produced the most remarkable paper of the state. Harper wrote solid leaders and bitter invectives against Northern Republicans and home scalawags, whom he denounced in the strongest language, such as might have been applied to thieves and cutthroats.

Kernan, a man of decided genius, had a Pat Donan style of breaking up his articles in short paragraphs from one to three lines each, afterwards somewhat employed by the Hearst papers, but never with the poetic euphony that characterized Kernan.

Harper and Kernan were unreconstructed Rebels, though Kernan was a Northern man by birth, who came South after the war that he might be near the South's Grand Old Man, Jefferson Davis, at whose shrine he really worshipped, regarding Mr. Davis as the greatest statesman of his day.

Harper and Kernan made a great editorial team and had they possessed less dreamy idealism, and more practical common sense, and had given more attention to the business department than fashioning odd, fantastic phrases, to catch the ear of the masses, they would have had a veritable

"tubmill," for in those days of reconstruction the people were fired up to white heat and wanted just such a paper which spoke its sentiments freely, with force and without fear.

II.

I shall never forget a scene enacted at the Press Convention at Pascagoula in 1879. Jefferson Davis lived at Beauvoir, only a few miles away. The Convention extended him an invitation to attend and address the editors, and a committee, headed by Major Barksdale, was appointed to convey the invitation to the Old Confederate Chieftain.

Mr. Davis visited the convention and was handsomely presented to his admirers by Major Barksdale, in the little brick court house still standing at Pascagoula.

The speech was befitting the occasion and at its conclusion, Colonel Harper and Kernan rushed upon the rostrum, congratulated Mr. Davis for his patriotic talk and fell upon his bosom and wept for joy, embracing him from his head to his feet, holding on to his legs and caressing them as a mother would caress her baby, till they were utterly exhausted and the distinguished visitor wearied with the unusual performance.

III.

The next year there was a disagreement between Harper and Kernan and their relations were severed, Harper being outraged, so far as I could learn, with Kernan for something he had said about his family, warning him that should he ever cross his path again he would cowhide him.

The Mississippi editors were rendezvousing at Vicksburg in the spring of 1880, waiting for a steamboat to take them to the Press Convention at Yazoo City.

We had several hours to wait for the boat, scheduled to leave at 5 o'clock, and amused ourselves as best we could,

looking at the sights of the city. We had headquarters at the old Washington Hotel, the leading hostelry at the time.

Going down Washington street about midday, I noticed quite a crowd assembling and hastened on, wondering what the excitement was about. I saw A. Y. Harper, very much excited, flourishing a cowhide over his head, and yelling out, "I have cowhided that d—— rascal, Kernan, whipping him like a negro, and I will cowhide him again if he dare go upon the boat this evening for Yazoo City!"

Being president of the Press Association and a special friend of Colonel Harper, I approached and requested him to give me his cowhide, which he reluctantly did, repeating that he would whip Kernan if he came upon the boat. He insisted that accommodations be denied Kernan, which was not done, for I told Harper one editor had as much right upon the boat as another, and if Kernan desired to go I would see that he was not molested.

IV.

Both men were arrested—in a way. I knew Mayor Worrell quite well, and calling at his office, explained matters, telling him how much he would embarrass the Press Association if he held Harper and Kernan for trial, offering to go bond for both, and agreeing to pay any fine he might assess. He treated me like a white-head, and remarked, "That's all right. Just see that the men are kept apart, that there will be no other altercation, and if I want them I will send for them on their return."

I thanked the mayor, in the name of the Press Association, assuring him his kindness was greatly appreciated.

Worrell, Harper and Kernan have long since passed from the walks of man, and as I write of so many of my old friends who have gone forever, I wonder how long before I shall

follow them, and who will be my chronicler, and if I will be remembered as kindly as are those of whom I write.

V.

After the exhibition at Vicksburg, in which Kernan not only made no effort to resent the insult put upon him, but ran like a turkey when assailed, he lost his standing in Mississippi, moving soon thereafter to Missouri where he drank himself to death.

After submitting to the cowhiding, Kernan rushed into a telegraph office and wired a friend named Merriwether, Memphis, "Send me a gun, for I am going to kill A. Y. Harper." Some of the press boys saw the telegram and gleefully spread the news around with more than Marconi swiftness. Harper heard of the telegram and sent Kernan word he would loan him the money to buy a pistol.

Kernan did, however, go on the boat to Yazoo City, but took no part in the proceedings of the Press Convention. He soon left the state, and what became of him I did not know till I met him several years afterwards in St. Louis.

VI.

I was attending the National Democratic Convention that re-nominated Cleveland at St. Louis in 1888, enjoying a suite of rooms at the Southern Hotel with my intimate friend Jas. F. McCool, also a delegate. Kernan, looking around for some acquaintance to prey upon, saw my name on the register, and lost no time in getting up to my room, where the Judge and I were supposed to be discussing matters of state and politics.

A loud rap on the door indicated that a friend or acquaintance was near. I opened the door and there beheld

the discredited and disgraced Will Kernan, the erratic genius whom whiskey had prostituted in the dust. He had never met McCool and I introduced them, seeing at a glance that Mack did not feel honored at the presentation.

Kernan went over the old stereotyped expression, "Happy to meet you; hope you are well," etc., and sniffing around soon made his wants known, which were in liquid form—first a highball and then a beer; then a beer and a Manhattan, with more beer.

McCool tried to keep up with Kernan on the beer route, but failed, and becoming disgusted with the intruder, Jim looked at me and I looked at Jim, and with sardonic smile Jim asked, "Can such things be?" and as I answered, "They can," Jim went for the poetic visitor in voluable words more forceful than polite, and what he said would have dazed Ah Sin, who did "not understand," but it phased not William H., who with a smile that was child-like and bland, replied. "Just one more bottle as an evidence of good faith and no hard feelings."

Then Jim did really go for William, not in words, but in manner calculated to impress the incident upon his befuddled mind. He grabbed Kernan by the collar and gable end of his pants, and the last I saw of the poet-beer-ate he was describing geometrical figures through the doorway, as though some impelling motive was accelerating his hasty departure.

VII.

Another distinguished editor of the state was Major S. A. Jonas of the Aberdeen Examiner, having few equals among the writers of Mississippi. He was a peculiar man, and kept himself aloof from Press Associations, never attending them. He did get caught at the Press Convention in Jackson in 1884, being there on business, and seeing that he could not

escape the press banquet, and having been invited to respond to one of the sentiments, he dashed off a little poem of two verses, which he was too timid to read, requesting the writer to perform that duty for him.

For many years Jonas published the Examiner as a weekly and semi-weekly made up almost entirely of editorials, locals and farm articles. Real news items were ignored unless treated in local or editorial departments, written almost entirely by Jonas, for he allowed no one to write for him when at home, and while residing in Washington, either as Senator Lamar's private secretary, or filling some federal position, he wrote all his editorials from the national capital.

Jonas had a peculiar, effusive, double superlative style, all his own, magnifying and beautifying everything that he touched upon. His office was a curiosity shop, having more the appearance of an agricultural museum than newspaper establishment. He had on hand carefully labeled samples of all the grasses and grains grown in Monroe and near-by counties.

He was a most optimistic man, always seeing brightness, beauty and prosperity ahead. It made no difference how dark the cloud there was always a silver-lining for Jonas.

VIII.

Jonas had served through the war and while a prisoner wrote for a young lady the well-known poem on the "Back of a Confederate Note," which had the run of the country and made Jonas famous.

He wrote good political editorials, and attracted the attention of well known public men like Lamar, Lowry, George, Stone and others, the acquaintance proving a valuable asset to Jonas.

He continued the publication of the *Aberdeen Examiner* to a few years ago, when he passed away in his eightieth year, leaving an honored name as a rich legacy to his family and friends.

IX.

Another old-time editor, with whom I had slight acquaintance, but who made his mark as a high class journalist, was J. Augustine Signaigo of the *Grenada Sentinel*, which he published with marked success for several years, his paper being one of the neatest and best in the state. His editorials were always good, possessed none of the element of crankism, and made fine impressions where read. He was very popular with his editorial friends, who had honored him with the highest office within their power to bestow.

At the death of Signaigo, his beautiful and accomplished wife succeeded him as publisher, finally selling the paper to a printer in her office named J. W. Buchanan.

To show how soon we are forgotten, I recall the fact that when going up from the depot to the business part of Grenada last year with a citizen of that place, I was attracted by an old-style two-story building and asked concerning it. The gentleman replied "It was built by an old dago editor, who settled here years ago. I believe his name was Singario, or something like that. I don't know what became of him."

Alas, alas, "A dago editor named Singario," indeed, when J. Augustine Signaigo, though he may have had a strain of Italian blood in his veins, was a gentleman of the finest culture, and of the best social standing, who graced and brightened any company, of which he was a part.

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones." Would it were not so for vices should be forgotten and virtues remembered.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

J. M. Norment Had Published 23 Papers.—His Daughter Lillian Dies While on Press Excursion.—Editor S. W. Dale Killed in Monticello Cyclone, 1882.—An Afterclap.

A dear little woman who read my memoirs as they appeared in the Clarion-Ledger, evidently sees nothing beyond the circle of her own family, lives wholly within the sphere of home, and thinks only of "me and mine," attaching no importance whatever to "thee and thine;" one of a class who is always quoting what Johnnie said, what mamma wants, what papa likes or sister thinks, has asked the writer, through the medium of a note, "Why have you overlooked my father so long? He is an editor, and one of the best in the state, and still you have ignored him entirely in your memoirs."

Dear girl, it is nice of you to think well of your father, and be anxious to see his name in print, but you must remember that the "elder statesmen" come first, and that so far only those who have "answered the roll call" with slight exceptions, have received notice in these memoirs. Your father is not dead, in the flesh at least, though some editors, like Poke Miller's turtle, are dead but don't know it.

II.

At one of the Press Conventions I met an editorial curiosity in the person of Col. J. M. Norment, who claimed to be the oldest editor present, and who had printed 23 papers in as many places. He bragged that he had never lived in any one town more than one, two or three years, and established a new paper at each; that he was a Methodist and believed in the system of moving around. When tired of a community, or when living in a place that failed to appreciate his efforts, he pulled up stake, including his printing outfit and moved to pastures new and fields more inviting. He had printed papers in almost every town of any size in northeast Mississippi, including Booneville, Corinth, Tupelo, Starkville, West Point, and others.

Norment was not a great, but was indeed a miscellaneous editor, having started, starved, stranded and buried more papers than any dozen editors of the state.

He was the father of sweet Lillian Norment, who published the Citizen at Starkville, with her brother Jim, long after her father's death, and made some reputation as a writer, her poems being especially pleasing. She married "Clip" Wise, the old Picayune representative who put Brandon on the map, by referring to every town of which he wrote as being so "many miles from Brandon."

III.

Rev. W. S. Dale of the Southern Journal, published first at Monticello, and afterwards at Brookhaven, and later the editor and owner of the Monticello Advocate, seems to have been a man of parts, as he was publisher, editor, lawyer, teacher and minister of the gospel and as was often said of him, he "trotted well in any harness."



Capt. J. S. McNeily

He was of Northern birth, but came South before the election of Lincoln, from Illinois, but when war was declared between the states Mr. Dale was one of the first to enlist and carried to his last day a wound he received while fighting for the South.

The war over, he returned to school teaching, followed by practising law and preaching, drifting back into his old business of publisher. When the Southern Journal left Monticello, Bro. Dale established the Advocate, and published it several years.

Parson Dale, as he was known to the older members of the press, was one of the charter members of the Mississippi Press Association and continued in the publishing business till the morning of April 22, 1882, when he was killed in the terrible cyclone that swept over Monticello, destroying court house, churches, stores and residences, leaving many citizens dead and injured in its wake.

His three sons learned the printing business in their father's office, the eldest, whom I never knew, going to Texas and embarking in newspaper work, while the others, Steve and Joe, located at Columbia and Monticello, where they are today printing creditable papers.

IV.

While it may sound a bit sacreligious, I give an amusing little story of the aftermath of the Monticello cyclone, as told by Gov. A. H. Longino, then a resident of the town. After the storm had swept over the place, Sylvester Gwin, Billy Butler, George Carlisle, Jake Myers, Longino and others who had escaped personal injury, went over the scene of damage and destruction.

Myers was a merchant, and it made his heart bleed to see his store levelled with the ground, his dry goods, groceries,

furniture, crockery and willow ware scattered in every direction, some of his best fabrics flying from the limbs of trees. He was inconsolable, and his lamentations heart-rending. It required no stretch of the imagination for him to see that his earthly goods had taken wings and flown away. Dear old Gwin remarked by way of consolation, "This is awfully bad, Jake, but it might have been worse, and we still have much to be thankful for."

Myers could not see it in that light or take Gwin's philosophical view of the case, and blurted out in the most profane manner: "Jesus Christ, God Almighty, h——l and d——nation to the devil, how could it be worse when everything I had is gone to h——l."

Awful but expressive language. Can you beat it!

A year thereafter, to the day, April 22, 1883, Beauregard and Wesson were destroyed by a cyclone with great loss of life and property.

Myers moved to Beauregard and opened a general merchandise store, and had just gotten started well in business, when his place for the second time was blown away, and his goods and wares scattered to the four winds. He was rescued from the debris with some difficulty, injured, but not seriously hurt, and when released was found clutching a paper bag containing a dozen eggs, with not a broken one among them. That ended Jake's mercantile ventures, and he spent the balance of his days in quiet retirement; but he never forgot his two cyclone experiences and was always ready to describe them to willing listeners.

V.

One of the most original editors of the state, was R. M. Brown of the Mississippi Central, which he started at Water Valley when that city was taking on its first big boom, over

a half century ago. It was a large, readable, paper, somewhat after the free lance order but was well edited, for Brown was a man of decided ability. He was not only a good editor, and evidently well up in the printing business, but had some knowledge of wood engraving, and illustrated his paper every week with wood cuts, appropriate to the times, of local and political character.

The Mississippi Central was to North Mississippi what the Brandon Republican was to Central and South Mississippi, though the papers were as wide apart in policies as are the poles. The Republican was sound politically, being Democratic to the core, while the Central was constructed on independent lines, thinking more of local questions than of political matters.

The editor was known as Central Brown, and as a controversialist, had none to surpass him. He was always ready for newspaper tilts; in fact, invited them and never quit as long as he could induce an opponent to reply.

He published the Central several years, but finally gave up the ghost and his brother, Capt. S. B. Brown, in 1875, succeeded to the management of the paper, changing the name to that of the Progress, which he conducted till his death.

VI.

Capt. Brown was lacking in the striking characteristics that distinguished his brother, but a more splendid gentleman, a more agreeable companion, never edited a paper than Sam Brown. He was universally popular with the press brethren.

His son, Garland, became manager of the Progress on the death of his father, but his health was so poor that he could give little of his time to the paper, which prospered only fairly well under his management.

All the Brown family have passed away except the only daughter, Miss Pearl, and she lives in the old home at Water Valley. For many years she accompanied her father to the Press Conventions where she had many friends and is most affectionately remembered. She is now an invalid, faded and broken, patiently awaiting the summons to join loved ones in the "Land of the Leal."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

The Memorable Pascagoula Press Convention, First Held on Coast.—Reception to Jefferson Davis.—Gen. J. H. Sharp Presides.—First Boy Editor. Elected President.

It is an old and true axiom that poets, painters and orators are born, not made.

A tutor cannot carve from his pupils a poet or painter, no more than an orator, but may give instructions as to finishing touches; for without inborn genius, poets, painters and orators are impossible.

One may be taught to write rhymes, but such composition is not poetry, unless inspired by the divine afflatus, nor is declamation oratory, unless fired by the spark of genius.

The pot-house politician, the blatant demagogue, who memorizes beautiful extracts from great writers and speakers—is not an orator. He is only a declaimer, one who memorizes and speaks the thought of others, as an actor, or like a school boy on commencement day.

Men of the type of Prentiss, Jefferson Davis, Lamar, Hooker, Galloway, Whitfield and Walthall, were orators, not

declaimers, speaking their own sublime thoughts and presenting their great creations.

It has also been asserted that soldiers and editors are born, not made in the field or in the office, but this is a debatable question, and each man will settle it in his own way. Certain it is, however, that the boy who has an aptitude for a pursuit or profession, will succeed better therein than one who enters upon such duties as an irksome task.

II.

Gen. J. H. Sharp, for many years a citizen of Lowndes county, where his honored remains now rest, was a born soldier. He had a martial air, a soldierly bearing and looked the part of a military man in uniform, or in citizens dress.

Being peculiarly adapted for military life, both by education and inclination, he enlisted at the beginning of the war between the states, and arose rapidly till he became a Brigadier General, the commander of Sharp's High Pressure Brigade, one of the most famous in the Confederate army, and which has to its credit a line of achievements that would fill a book.

General Sharp made a gallant soldier, and his deeds are written down in the history of the great conflict.

With his property wasted at the end of the Civil War, Gen. Sharp had hard sailing and staggered under the blow. With insufficient funds, and lacking in the fundamentals so necessary to successful farming, he did not prosper as a planter, finally giving up farm life, and moving to Columbus, where he opened an insurance office, with perhaps other agencies on the side, none of which suited him or earned a living for his family.

III.

James A. Stevens of the Columbus Independent, offered General Sharp a position on his editorial staff, but his newspaper career was brief and somewhat brilliant. Being an educated man, his editorials were well prepared, were smooth and graceful and made some impression upon the public mind.

As president, General Sharp held the memorable Press Convention at Pascagoula in 1879, one of the largest in the history of the Association, for all the editors of the state were anxious to attend the first press meeting given on the Gulf Coast, where P. K. Mayers had promised them the "earth, the sea and the air," and he kept his word, peace to his memory.

Aside from the unusual and extraordinary entertainment given the editors, two important events occurred at the Pascagoula meeting, the visit and reception to President Jefferson Davis, alluded to in a previous paper, and the capture of the convention by the "boy members." Up to that time the old heads had controlled the Press Convention in the most autocratic manner, always electing the president from their own numbers, or clique.

Some of the "boys" decided to make an inroad upon the past custom,—the election of old members as presidents—to break the rule and elect one of their own number as presiding officer. They held a meeting, perhaps a "secret caucus" counted noses and decided to elect a young man president; and the honor fell to me, an honor I could not make up my mind to decline, though I had but little more than completed my quarter century of existence.

The old men, whose names I will not call, thought it an outrage that a "boy" should presume to become president of the association. They put up Saw Mill Jones to beat the "nominee"; but he didn't.

The leading "boys" engaged in the movement to turn the "elder statesmen" down were: G. D. Shands, J. H. Neville, Ira D. Oglesby, W. H. Powell, R. K. Jayne, J. W. Buchanan, Wm. Ward, Walter Birdsong, W. H. Seitzler, J. K. Almond, S. H. Stackhouse, E. H. Dial, J. J. Haynie, S. D. Persell, Hunter Sharp, Sam Patton, W. H. Kernan, Nellie Bonney, R. A. Bonner and others whose names I do not recall.

The old members soon got over their disappointment and disgust, and the Pascagoula incident was forgotten.

IV.

Gen. Sharp went from editorship into politics, and was elected to the house of representatives in 1885. He became a candidate for speaker and was elected in 1886. He was one of the boldest politicians I have ever known; but he was not a politician, for he said what he pleased on all occasions. He even advocated my election for state printer while he was a candidate for speaker. Just imagine a candidate opening his mouth now-a-days in favor of another running for public office.

If Gen. Sharp had been a politician in 1903 he would have been nominated for State Treasurer. His friends induced him to become a candidate for that office, but could not get him to make a canvass of the state. He said he had no money; his friends offered to provide his campaign fund, but he declined the offer, saying solicitation for a state office was undignified, and that he could not do it; that the people knew him and would elect him if they wanted him to serve them. He was defeated by a small majority.

He was later elected to the legislature again and was afterwards appointed a trustee of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. It was one of the greatest pleasures of his old age to attend the meetings of the board and come in contact with

the afflicted little girls and boys of the institution, who loved him as a father.

V.

I often think that the army being the real sphere for such men as Gen. J. H. Sharp and Gen. J. A. Smith, where men of the soldier class belong, that some provision should be made to keep them with the colors.

Gen. J. A. Smith was a graduate of West Point and spent many years of his life in the regular army in the west. At the breaking out of the Civil War he resigned his commission in the U. S. army and cast his lot with his own people. When the war was over in 1865 he was wearing the insignia of a Major General; but he had no training in business, and was at a loss what to do to make a living.

Col. A. J. Frantz was in bad health and engaged General Smith to edit the Brandon Republican for two years which he did in a scholarly, dignified way. But his editorials were entirely different from those of Colonel Frantz. They were well written, but cold and lacked the snap that the readers of that paper wanted.

At the end of his contract with Col. Frantz. Gen. Smith became a candidate for State Superintendent of Education, and was elected, and to him is largely due the many important changes made in the educational system of the state.

Just after the war Gen. Smith was frequently requested to serve on educational examining boards, to examine applicants seeking appointments to West Point, Annapolis, etc. The boys were submitted a lot of questions which they were supposed to answer in writing to the best of their ability; and it is said that the General never failed to include in the list, "What was the most notable event in James K. Polk's administration?" A wagish boy knowing that General Smith

had been appointed to West Point by President Polk, wrote underneath the question, in a bold hand, "The appointment of J. Argyle Smith to West Point." It is needless to say that boy received the appointment, for genius and humor generally go together, and should be rewarded.

VI.

Some families have developed a number of editors—some fathers and sons, others brothers, among them the Garret family of Canton, which produced three good newspaper men, namely:

L. M. Garrett, the senior, made a strong paper of the Carthage Carthaginian, as did J. W. Garrett of the Kosciusko Leader.

Singleton Garrett, of the Canton Mail, was stricken with yellow fever in 1878 and died before having opportunity to fully develop his editorial powers. His brother, Jos. W., also died young, while just ascending the ladder of successful journalism.

L. M. Garrett, who established the Carthaginian, was a writer of force. His leaders were really classics. He was the author of many editorials printed in the Times-Democrat, being a regular member of the staff of that paper, and the writer of many of its best editorials.

His daughter, Miss Singleton, succeeded to the publication of the Carthaginian, continuing to edit and manage the paper till she had opportunity to improve her condition in life—and then she got married and retired.

VII.

At a Press Convention held at Meridian, I was down for the oration, and worked weeks in getting up and memoriz-

ing it. The subject was "Types, Animate and Inanimate." The exercises were held in the Meridian Opera House, and it was packed and jammed. Jefferson Davis and his daughter, Miss Winnie, were on hand, as were Gen. E. C. Walthall, Judge Thomas H. Woods, Col. T. R. Stockdale, and other prominent citizens of the state.

The press people occupied the front rows of seats, editors and wives, and guests of the association. The preliminaries were long, taking in a wide range of vocal and instrumental music, addresses of welcome and responses thereto, the audience being surfeited before I was introduced.

J. W. Buchanan, who never enjoyed a good speech or intellectual address in his life, sat immediately in front, showing his contempt for the whole proceedings by frequently yawning, and making sotto voce remarks to those near him.

I began with the birth of Adam, so to speak, and when I had been talking about thirty minutes, I said, "We now come to the Christian Era," when Buchanan in an audible voice that could be heard all over the auditorium, drawled out, "Thank God; he has only eighteen hundred years more to travel."

The laugh that remark produced can better be imagined than described. It was an awful interruption, a terrible staggerer, and would have thrown me entirely off my cue if I had not thoroughly committed the address to memory, and knowing I was dead-letter-perfect in the text.

I was at first disposed to quit, but after allowing the laughter to subside, which I tried to make the audience believe I enjoyed, but confidentially did not, I wandered on, but Buchanan had taken the starch—pep they now call it—out of the address, and I felt as though I would like to attend his execution.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

**When I First Saw Charles B. Galloway—Took Him to Be
Some Big Actor.—His Rapid Development.—Great
Speech He Delivered Before National
Press Association.**

While Dr. Charles B. Galloway did not gain his livelihood in the editor's office, he had, in his earlier years, been the editor of two or more papers, the Temperance Banner and New Orleans Christian Advocate, and was a voluminous contributor to the secular press.

With a University education, a born orator, and careful theology training, Chas. B. Galloway, as soon as licensed as a minister, shot forward like a meteor across a cloudless sky, astonishing and charming large audiences by his eloquence and learning. He was regarded as a marvel and wonder of his day, and friends predicted for him a brilliant future; and their predictions were more than verified.

II.

When courting the black-eyed girl I afterwards married, I sometimes visited the old State Fair at Jackson, when Capt.

Tom Green, as president, and Col. J. L. Power, as secretary, were at the zenith of their glory. Then the star of Charles Betts Galloway was in the ascendant.

I had heard much of the man but had never seen him. Promenading one evening with my best girl on the broad walk, at the top of the grand stand, at the fair grounds, where lovers and others delighted to stroll, my attention was directed to a tall and extremely handsome man, wearing a beaver hat and a Prince Albert coat, buttoned all the way up. His stride was majestic, his carriage superb, his manners courtly, his dignity great, but not stilted, while his intellectual face beamed with radiance and kindness that attracted passers-by, an inspiration and benediction; I had never seen a handsomer man.

As he impressively marched down the broad promenade, I stopped to admire him, and wondered who he was, taking him to be some prominent actor, for he "suited the action to the word and the word to the action," as he swept along, talking and gesticulating to a friend.

My girl companion remarked, "That's Galloway, the new star that has arisen in the Methodist firmament, and they say that as a preacher he is the equal of Dr. Charles K. Marshall of Vicksburg," then regarded as the greatest orator and preacher of the Mississippi conference.

III.

Several years rolled away before I saw the handsome preacher again, meeting him at a Press Convention when he was editing the Temperance Banner. While not what we would call a "regular" editor, the brilliant minister had much to do with newspapers, dating his membership in the Press Association beyond my connection therewith.

When I first became acquainted with Chas. B. Galloway he was not a Bishop, neither was he a D. D., but simply an

itinerant Methodist minister, likely to be moved around from place to place with each annual conference, at the will of the presiding Bishop, to be sent wherever it was believed he could do the most good working in the Lord's Vineyard.

IV.

Dr. Galloway's best editorial work was done on the New Orleans Christian Advocate, his genius and ability to write readable and religious editorials lifting the paper up and making it again a power in the land, which had greatly run down since the retirement of its old publisher, Robert J. Harp. His editorials had a freshness and brightness about them which had been a stranger to the Advocate for years.

He continued to edit the Advocate with increasing ability, for mental faculties develop the more they are used, till he was elected Bishop, when he resigned to give his whole time to the duties of the high office to which he had been called.

But the Bishop did not stop writing for the press after being elevated to the Bishopric. He was a great traveler, a close observer, and often furnished the secular press with accounts of his travels in home and foreign lands, and impressions made upon his mind from time to time.

He was fond of writing, which he did with his own good right hand, for he never used a stenographer in his sketch or editorial work; and furnished more "copy" for the state and local press than half its editors. He wrote upon all kinds of subjects, religious, travel, political, church and state affairs; and for vividness of description, beauty of expression, clearness of thought and smoothness of language, there were none to surpass him. As a writer and descriptive word-painter, with ability to make his readers see things as he saw them on the mountains, in the valleys or on the sea, Bishop Galloway stood in a class by himself, on a towering

peak which he entirely covered, where there was no room for another.

V.

Bishop Galloway not only wrote of his travels, his impressions of men and events generally, church and social matters, state news and local affairs, but was not adverse to touching upon politics occasionally, for he took great interest in national and state questions, feeling that he had as much right to express himself upon public matters as others, regardless of the high office he held.

In fact, Bishop Galloway was looked upon as a pretty good politician himself, and dearly loved the game, and indulged in it as much as he could afford; and it was common talk and general belief that had he turned his attention to politics rather than to the ministry, he would have distinguished himself as a party leader, ranking with such able statesmen as Jefferson Davis, L. Q. C. Lamar, J. Z. George and E. C. Walthall,—and what greater honor could anyone desire?

The writer knows that Bishop Galloway was often solicited and urged to become a candidate for United States Senator, but always declined, being opposed to mixing affairs of church and state, and regarding the position of Bishop as being higher and greater than that of United States Senator.

When reminded that Leonidas Polk of Louisiana laid aside the Bishop's robes to don the uniform of a Confederate General at the beginning of the Civil War and winning undying fame as the Bishop-General of the Confederacy, Bishop Galloway replied that was different, that Polk was educated at West Point, was a soldier by instinct and training and besides it was right and proper for a minister to fight for his country when it needed his services; that Polk's advancement

was not a political preferment, but the performance of a patriotic duty, in which the Bishop-General lost his life, falling gloriously on the field of battle while fighting for his country, for a cause he believed to be just.

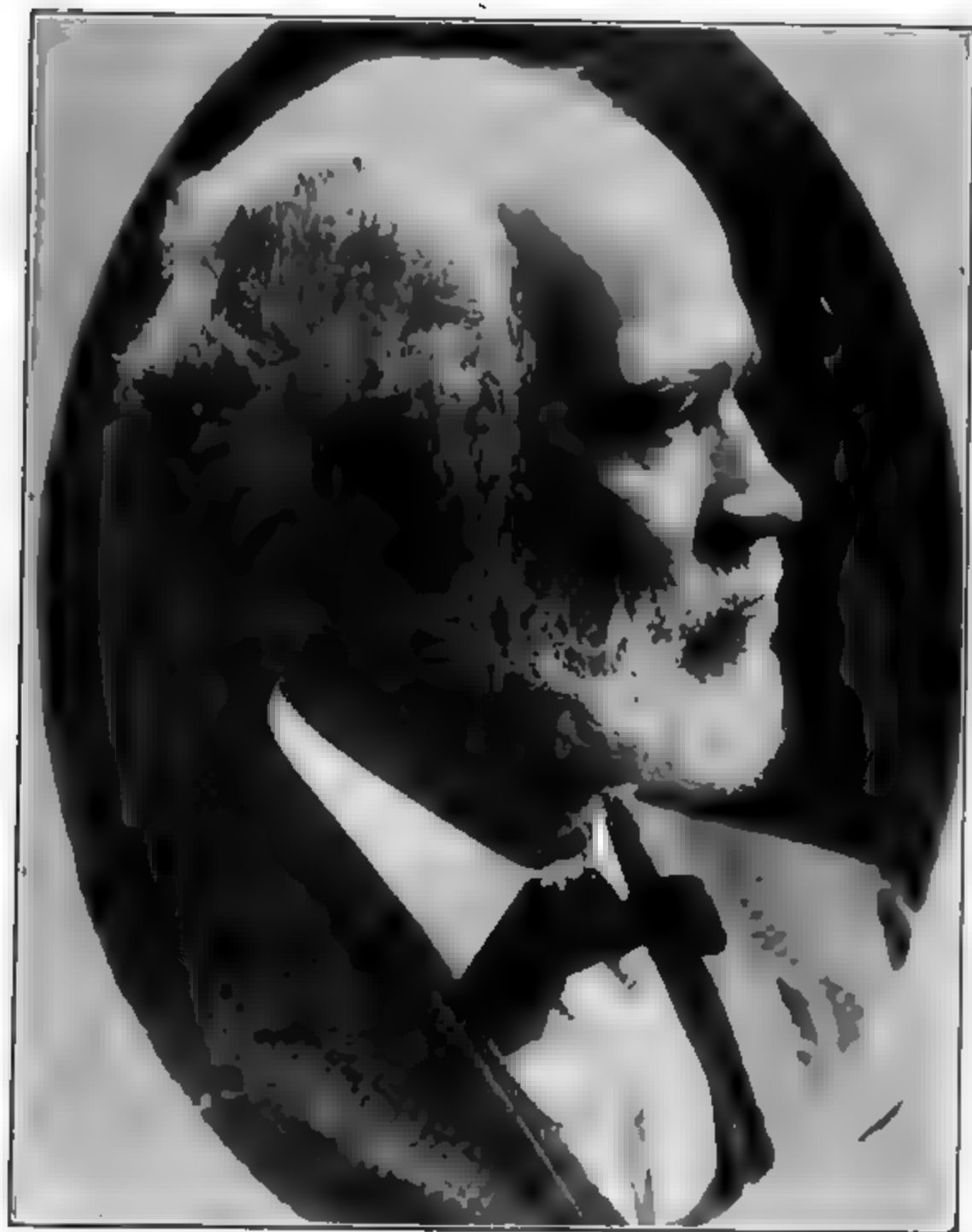
VI.

When the National Editorial Association held a meeting in Jackson in 1899, the writer, as president of that organization, requested Bishop Galloway to deliver an address before the national editors; and those who heard his great speech on "The Ethics of Journalism," will never forget the electrical effect it had on that body of distinguished newspaper people. It was pronounced the greatest oration ever delivered before the National Editorial Association. It made such a profound impression upon the press representatives that a resolution was adopted requested the Bishop to furnish a copy for publication in the official journal of the Association, and all papers represented were requested to print the speech in full, an unusual request, an extraordinary honor.

In the address Bishop Galloway discussed "Journalism in its ethical relation to the public," "Journalism in its relation to language and literature," "Journalism in its relation to public morals," "Journalism in its relation to private character," "Journalism in its relation to journalists."

To give some idea as to the sublime beauty and wonderful power of the address, the following paragraphs are given, which readers must admit have rarely been equaled.

"The history of journalism is a perpetual marvel. Its growth has been phenomenal. But a few years ago, comparatively, the art of printing was invented, and the crude newspaper was issued from a cruder press. Its aims were unpretentious, and of its mighty destiny there was not the faintest conception. Now they have multiplied to thousands and become the most potent factor in every civilized land. Along with the family, the church and the state, and not inferior to either because affecting each, it ranks as a dominant



Dr. J. B. Gambrell

force in all civilizations. Its lines have gone out to the ends of the earth. We may lament its abnormal development in certain directions, grow restless over its pretentious boldness, rebuke its audacity and deny its influence, but the fact remains that the press is

“The mightiest of the mighty means
On which the arm of progress leans.”

“It is the magic wand which strikes the diapason of human thought, and evokes music from every chord. It is the fabled touch of Midas that turns everything to gold for the world’s enrichment but keeps itself poor. It is the swarthy Hercules, to whose mighty muscles society looks for sure defense. It has the eagle eyes of Argus from which nothing escapes, and the hundred defty hands of Morarius whose grasp is well nigh exhaustless. All lands and people, all agencies and inventions, all commerce and discoveries, are brought under tribute to its daring enterprise and sublime conquests. It gathers news on the lightning’s fiery wing and sends it out over the land with all the speed of steam. Everywhere its influence is felt at home or abroad, on land or sea.

“As noiseless as the daylight comes when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean’s cheek grows into the great sun.”

“So quietly and gently in all the homes of our people its influence is a work furnishing instruction, moulding opinion, formulating principles, arousing dormant energies and guiding a nation’s destiny. From the home newspaper, and amid the quiet evening hours, is gathered the intellectual and political pabulum on which nine-tenths of our people feed. Of it are born the convictions and inspiration that kindles enthusiasm in all great public questions. The newspaper of today is the phenomenal orator of the early republic. What the eloquent tongue of Tully was to Rome, and the impassioned periods of Demosthenes to Athenian patriotism, the modern press is to American citizenship.”

VII.

Bishop Galloway, as a writer of pure, terse, expressive English, had no superior in his day. He was the Addison of his time. His language was chaste, his meaning clear, his presentation forceful, his sentences well rounded.

As an orator he stood at the top, and when he passed away he was by common consent and general acclaim, the greatest orator of Mississippi.

It was said that Demosthenes dreaded only one public speaker of Greece, Phocion, the Athenian orator, who had always opposed him, and to whom he referred "As the cleaver of my periods," meaning that Phocion's words, rough and to the point, would destroy the effect of his logic and eloquence. Bishop Galloway had no occasion to make such acknowledgment, for he had no Phocion to fear.

There were many things about the Bishop's writing to attract special attention, not the least of which was his wonderful power for alliteration which has never been surpassed, even in Burchard's classic, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," which sealed the fate of James G. Blaine when a candidate against Grover Cleveland in 1884.

Bishop Galloway was the author of many valuable works, his most noted being his "Trip Around the World," while in the performance of the duties of his sacred office, whose honors he wore worthily and well.

Galloway retired to his studio when getting ready to make a speech, and wrote out every word of his address, which he committed to memory, word for word, as written, and he never transposed a sentence or substituted a word in delivery. Galloway had a wonderful memory, possessing a faculty that few men had been favored with, to be able to memorize whatever he had written, regardless of length, after two or three readings. I have known only one other man who could do likewise, the cultured and classic Hon. Thomas A. McWillie, of honored memory.

VIII.

I recall a pleasing incident in the life of Bishop Galloway. He had been selected to deliver the opening prayer at the

convening of the Constitutional Convention in 1890. When the convention was called to order, the Bishop arose, approached the speaker's chair and delivered one of the most sublime, one of the most beautiful, one of the most impressive and inspiring prayers that ever fell from the lips of mortal man, and its magnificent delivery could not have been improved by Forrest or Booth. It was the key-note speech of that gathering of the state's intellectual giants.

When the last word had been uttered, I rushed forward, anxious to get the invocation in my paper that evening, and requested the Bishop to retire to one of the committee rooms and dictate the prayer to a stenographer. Swelling up with pride, he asked, "Did you like it?" "Indeed I did, for it was one of the best addresses I ever heard." Stepping aside he unbuttoned his Prince Albert, and running his hand inside, drew forth the precious document, remarking, "Here it is," thus enabling my paper to scoop creation, for there was only one copy in existence, and no duplicate proofs were given out.

I carefully compared the copy with his prayer as I remembered it and found it to be just as the eminent divine had spoken it.

IX.

On another occasion, at the dedication of the new capitol building, June 3rd, 1903, Bishop Galloway delivered the first address, and as master of ceremonies, I was about to present him to the audience in the rotunda, when he handed me a type-written copy of his speech, which he requested me to hold, and prompt him if he made a break. I did not prompt him; there was no occasion to do so, for in that address of seven thousand words, he did not make a bobble, improvise, or substitute one word for an other, transpose a paragraph, clause or sentence. He was dead-letter-perfect, as the actors say, and spoke every word just as written. I doubt if there is another such instance on record in the state.

When the old First Methodist Church was torn down in Jackson a new house of God was erected on its site, known as the Galloway Memorial. It is a monument to Mississippi's great Bishop, and the suggestion has been made that the mortal remains of the beloved minister whose name it bears should find sepulchre therein.

A great monument it is to the memory of one of the most eminent preachers of the land. It will endure for ages yet to come, but will sink into dust before the name of Bishop Charles B. Galloway will fade from the memory of man.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

**The "Vicksburger" an Innovation in Mississippi Journalism.
John Armstrong Edited One Section and C. E.
Wright the Other.—Barksdale Pays His
Respects to Wright.**

John Armstrong was one of the best known editorial writers of Mississippi, having been connected with several papers of Vicksburg, notably the Herald, which he edited while having a residence in Meridian, where he also wrote editorials for papers of that city. He was a good writer, rather ornate and classic in style and used quotations galore. He must have been a voracious reader, for he seemed familiar with the best authors, as his writings contained liberal and frequent quotations from their writings, which Armstrong had the faculty of working into his editorials most happily, it made no difference the nature of the question under discussion.

He had such a stilted, touch-me-not air about him that I do not remember to have talked with him for five minutes; though I did admire his smooth and graphic writing, especially was I charmed with his poetic quotations, for I was young and impressionable.

II.

Colonel McCardle was succeeded on the Herald by Armstrong, and also succeeded Armstrong when that editor united his fortunes with C. E. Wright on the brilliant but short-lived "Vicksburger."

That each might have equal prominence as editors of the "Vicksburger," a page was set aside for Armstrong and another for Wright. Everything Wright wrote or prepared, went on a page bearing his name—editorials, locals, personals, miscellaneous articles, etc., and all Armstrong's matter of whatever nature appeared on the page carrying his name.

It was an original and unique arrangement and gave entire satisfaction to both editors and readers, carrying a decided personal coloring, without which no newspaper is worth a continental. The "Vicksburger" was a bright and interesting paper, and forged rapidly to the front, and why not? It had two of the best editors in the state, who were well acquainted with the political and economic conditions of the day, with ability to discuss them in a most readable manner.

John Armstrong was an editor of long training, a good leader writer, paying very little attention to paragraphs, his mind leaning decidedly towards politics.

McCardle, who rarely spoke unkindly of anyone, did not admire him, and said Armstrong's quotations did not occur to him as he wrote, but that he selected them in advance and wrote his editorials to fit them, thereby creating the impression that he was well read in the classics.

III.

Charles E. Wright, without journalistic training, and with no knowledge of the arts preservative, sprang full

panoplied into the editor's chair, at one bound and before the state realized it, a new editor was born with ability not only to take care of himself, but able to fence with the best of them, and to let adversaries know, before the bout was over, that they had been in a battle with the new knight of the quill.

His was one of the most remarkable editorial developments of the state. He seemed to know just what to say and how to say it hardest, whenever engaged in a war of words with an opponent.

While Wright could pen strong leaders, his forte was in paragraphing; and I often thought he could say sharper, brighter, keener and meaner things in his paragraphs than any editor of his time. He had no method or particular style, but cut and slashed in a way that made opponents fear him; and could do more damage in a ten line paragraph than many editors could accomplish in a half column leader. His manner, while occasionally tinged with a bit of humor, was direct, incisive and trenchant.

Wright had a way of saying whatever he pleased and naturally that made him a host of enemies. He did not admire Governor Stone, or Major Barksdale, and nagged them frequently.

Barksdale would stand a certain amount of criticism without replying through his editorial columns; but, when he did take up his pen to answer one who dared assail him, he fairly made the fur fly, and in the fewest words. Wright had annoyed him beyond endurance, and desiring to silence him, Barksdale wrote a six word editorial reply, which he printed as the first item on his editorial page, to-wit: "Charles E. Wright is a" with the last word spelled out.

Never did an editorial receive more attention than the above, but it brought forth no response from Wright.

IV.

In those good old days Governors had some respect for the dignity of their office, and did not make fools of themselves getting into controversies with editors; but, they did reserve to themselves the right to ignore or rebuke editors who had harshly criticised them.

Wright had severely criticised Governor Stone for some official act, and perhaps thought no more about it; but during a state convention the two men chanced to meet at the old Edwards House, political headquarters of the state. Wright spoke to Stone, who made a cutting reply, which caused the editor to remark, "Why, Governor, I am surprised; I thought we were friends." Stone, quick as a flash, answered, "I have selected my friends and you are not among them." The remark, overheard by several politicians, caused some sensation at the time, but the excitement soon died out.

V.

Wright afterwards became editor of the Vicksburg Herald, when the paper was sold to a company made up of several stockholders, including himself, Rodgers and Groome, and afterwards, Thos. W. Campbell, of the Commercial. For many years the paper bore the name of Commercial-Herald. The word "Commercial" was dropped when Campbell sold his interest and moved to Rolling Fork, seeking rest and recreation in that quiet valley town, where he bought the Pilot, just to "keep his hand in." He sold his paper a few years ago and recently died. Peace to his ashes.

Under Wright's administration the Herald was one of the ablest advocates of free silver coinage. But the gold-bugs of the state, particularly of Vicksburg, wanted a gold-standard paper, and bought the Herald, and changed its policies over-night from a double-standard to a gold standard paper, putting Capt. J. S. McNeilly in charge as editor.

Mr. Wright then stepped down and out of the editor's chair, presumably selling his stock for enough to support himself and family.

Educated in his father's office, Chas. E. Wright, Jr., became one of the best local editors of Vicksburg, and was night editor of the Herald when he passed away only a few years ago. He possessed rare ability as a newspaper man, and the regret was universal when the news was flashed over the wires that Charlie Wright had written his last news story. No greater compliment could be paid him than when the general manager, Fitzgerald, of the Herald, said: "Charlie Wright was the best local newspaper man I have ever known. He could do any kind of work, and do it accurately; no use to verify anything that he wrote, for he took no chance with facts."

VI.

Some families have given a number of editors to the state, as in cases like the Worthingtons, the Garrets, the Bosworths, the Harrises and others; and in this connection reference to editors coming from the household of the late Rev. H. J. Harris is made.

When quite a young man, H. J. Harris entered the newspaper office of Amos R. Johnston, at Clinton, and served an apprenticeship. After the Civil War he edited the Woodville Republican, being succeeded in that capacity by Capt. J. S. McNeily, now of the Vicksburg Herald.

He edited papers at Hazelhurst and at Crystal Springs, and in the eighties he owned and edited the American Citizen of Hattiesburg, the first paper printed there.

R. G. Harris, the eldest son, edited the Goodman Star; E. H. and J. N. Harris edited the Mirror at Crystal Springs; and also launched the Citizen at Edwards. They sold the Citizen to their brother, C. N. Harris, and went to Texas, but

returned to Mississippi and published several newspapers. Harris sold the Citizen and retired for a time from the tripod. In the eighties he edited the Brandon Democrat, when there were two Democratic parties in Rankin, and is now associate editor of the Madison County Herald, owned and edited by his son, C. N. Harris, Jr.

J. F. Bosworth of the Canton Citizen, was also the head of a newspaper family. He had two bright sons, Harry and Tommie, who continued the paper after their father had passed away, ably assisted by their mother, who was the business head of the paper. Her daughter, Annie, won some distinction as a poet, and so far as I know, is the only member of the family alive, residing in New Orleans.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

**Papers, Like Men, Succeed Best When Possessing Personality.
Unveiling of the Press Monument at Holly Springs
to Six Editors Who Died of Yellow
Fever in 1878.**

The newspaper without individuality, personality, originality, as a rule is not worth a continental. The reserved, dignified paper, so very straight-laced that it refrains from expressing an opinion, has no more influence than a capon in a barnyard.

Newspapers are supposed to be moulders of public opinion, but, unfortunately, too many papers are moulded by public opinion; having no views of their own, they become trailers rather than leaders.

Of course there is a difference between opinions and personal abuse, a la Bran of the Iconoclast, and his insipid followers and poor imitators, papers which have no influence on the public mind.

What would the New York Herald have amounted to without the personality and influence of James Gordon Bennett?

Who would have cared for the old Courier-Journal without the individuality of George D. Prentice and personality of Henry Watterson?

What would the Springfield Republican have amounted to without the personality of Samuel Bowles ruling in its editorial columns?

Who would have cared for the New York Sun without the individuality of Charles A. Dana in its editorials; or the New York Tribune without the dominating writings of Horace Greely?

See what wrecks the Sun and Tribune became after the withdrawal or death of Dana and Greely.

What made the Chicago Tribune and Times of that city? The personality of Medill and Story, who formed, shaped and fashioned their journals upon lines that were never departed from, the individuality of the two great western editors, their impress upon journalism, remaining long after they had been gathered to their fathers.

II.

What made the old run-down New York World, which Manton Marble with all his wealth had barely been able to keep alive, prick up its ears and lead all papers of Gotham? The individuality of Joseph Pulitzer, the best newspaper man of his day.

What gave the Hearst papers their power? The personality of W. R. Hearst, who had the good sense and sound judgment to gather around him the best writers of the day, notably Arthur Brisbane.

Who gave national reputation to Philadelphia's great papers, the Public Ledger and the Record? The personality of Geo. W. Chiles and individuality of Wm. R. Singerly; and

though long since dead, the voice of those great editors still speak through the papers they founded.

Who set the Atlanta Constitution upon a pedestal for the world to behold and admire? The personality of Henry W. Grady, ably succeeded by Clarke Howell; while the personal and fiery editorials of the lamented Carmack made the Memphis Commercial one of the greatest papers in the land, whose mantel fell upon Mooney, a pupil of Hearst.

The personality of Major E. A. Burke made the Times-Democrat, and McCullough's genius started the Globe-Democrat on its road to eminence and power.

The individuality of Major E. Barksdale gave the old Clarion a reputation which won for it the title The Thunderer of Mississippi; and the public read the old Vicksburg Herald just to see what Colonel McCardle had to say each morning, the personality of the men being so interwoven in their respective journals that they were better known than their papers.

Look over the list of papers you read. What do you care for the paper that had no individuality, whose editorials are dull, hum-drum affairs, would do as well for one time as another, being stupid recitals of unimportant matters, lacking pep, piquancy, and personality to commend them; long-winded theses that would be better placed if buried in magazines where one rarely looks for anything bright or breezy.

III.

Papers, like men, possessing personality, succeed best in life—personality in the editorial column, in make-up and in general appearance. Papers largely reflect the character, manner and bearing of their editors or owners.

A paper with clean editorials and neat appearance, which pleases rather than offends by the display of its news service,

must be directed by a man of careful dress and upright bearing, the personality of editor running throughout the paper.

While the writer makes no claim to perfection, his purpose throughout life has been to print a paper clean in appearance and clean in tone. Having his own rules as to the make-up of his paper, he has adhered rigidly to them for fifty years, following the policy of Dana and Bennett never to mix advertisements and reading matter, or to print black-faced lines among news items.

Doubtless this policy has cost him thousands of dollars, which he does not regret, as he has been able to maintain the standard he sought to establish in his youth, and has succeeded fairly well as editor and publisher.

IV.

Few editors of today remember George P. Herndon, former editor of the Tupelo Journal. He left the state many years ago, but in his day he was regarded as one of the leading editors of Mississippi. A model gentleman, his editorials simply reflected his own character.

He was a correct writer, his sentences polished, showing evidence of careful preparation. While he delighted in writing beautiful, soulful articles, he could, when occasion required, as during the dark days of reconstruction, deal in sledge hammer blows, and did much towards arousing the people of the state to the importance of overthrowing carpet-bag government in Mississippi.

Mr. Herndon was not a regular attendant upon Press Conventions, but always took an active part in their proceedings when present. Because of his well-known ability to write beautiful essays and editorials and his ease as a public speaker, he was selected to deliver the memorial address at the unveiling of the Press monument at Holly Springs, June

5, 1880, erected in the city cemetery of that place to the memory of six editors who died of yellow fever in 1878, and well did he acquit himself.

After paying tributes to each deceased editor on that occasion, Mr. Herndon, among other handsome things, said:

"Were it in my power, I would wreath the brows of Shearer, of Allen, and of Garrett, with an everliving crown of flowers. I would add to this the lily emblem of modest worth, and place it upon the brow of W. J. Adams. I would entwine with this laurel symbol of manly strength, and with it deck the forehead of Kinloch Falconer, and I would add to this the bright fillets of gold interwoven therewith and place it upon the brow of W. J. L. Holland.

"It is a beautiful philosophy which teaches that there is no death of anything, only a change from one state to another. That the faded flower rises Phoenix-like, from its ashes to blossom again, when the genial sunshine and the warm breath of springtime woos it to bud forth in all its former loveliness. That the decaying forest trees, which time at last transforms into seeming nothingness, will shoot up again in a new form and become the monarch of the forest as before. That these human forms of ours likewise are changed into dust, but to be rehabilitated in another corporal existence, or, as some believe, to live and move amongst us here in their mental essence, though unseen by us. Lord Bulwer clothes this idea in a garniture of beauty:

"There is no death; the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;

And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forever more."

"I have never looked upon the termination of our existence here in the light that many Christian teachers do. They often speak of this fair world of ours as a dreary abode at best, where man finds but little to cheer him, little to make

him happy, and of death as the great deliverer from a miserable bondage. This is not my idea of life. I love the world in which I live, and I love the noble-hearted beings who inhabit it. I love its frowning hills and its fair green valleys. I love its purling brooklets and its mighty flowing rivers. I love its gladsome spring-time, and its sear and yellow autumn. I love its high-peaked mountains and its far-stretched level plains. I love its dells and wild-woods, and its wealth of creeping vines, I love its storms and tempest and its bright and radiant sunshine, fresh from the realm of God.

"I indulge the wish that the recollection of our deceased contemporaries may burn long and brightly in the hearts of their friends, and cherish the hope that their memories will last as long as the cold marble that commemorates their lives. They lived bravely, they died gloriously. May their noble spirits 'summer high in bliss, upon the hills of God.'"

Miss Johnnie Hunt, then of Vicksburg, now Mrs. Dr. Brisbane of New Orleans, wrote the Memorial Poem, which is one of her best productions. A sample of its beauty may be had from its first verse, as follows:

In the flush of this June-lighted weather,,
An arch without cloud overhead,
We are gathered in sadness together
Unveiling a shaft to our dead.
As fair as their records of glory,
It stainless stands under the sky,
A beautiful, white sculptured story,
Of deeds that we cannot let die.

V.

Reference having been made to the Press Monument, it will be in order to give some details regarding it. The idea of building a monument to commemorate the memory of the six editors who died of yellow fever in the great epidemic



Charles E. Wright

of 1878 was suggested by the writer, in the Brookhaven Ledger in 1879. The suggestion was taken up at the Pascagoula meeting, Major E. Barksdale making the principle speech in favor of the proposition which was adopted.

Subscriptions were opened and the members of the Press Convention made liberal contributions to the monument fund. A committee was appointed consisting of R. H. Henry, W. H. Cochran and J. J. Haynie, to raise the necessary funds, to contract for and build the monument. Numerous designs and prices were examined and the contract was let to the Hollowell Granite Co., for \$1,500.

After canvassing all the papers in the state, the committee found the subscription short over \$500, which the writer offered to raise by soliciting from Metropolitan papers, visiting New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and Philadelphia; John McLean of the Cincinnati Enquirer and Geo. W. Chiles of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, being the largest subscribers, \$100 each.

The committee was given full power to locate the monument in the most available town in the state and two of the editors, whose names it bore—Holland and Falconer—being buried at Holly Springs, selected the City of Flowers as the site for the memorial, locating it at the grave of Holland.

It is a granite shaft, a monolith in design, 20 feet high, with suitable bases, upon which are inscribed the names of W. J. L. Holland, W. J. Adams, O. V. Shearer, Singleton Garrett, Kinloch Falconer and J. P. Allen, with legend showing that the monument was erected by the Mississippi Press Association to commemorate the memory of editors who had died of yellow fever in 1878.

VI.

The dedicatory exercises were held June 5, 1880, the Press Convention having adjourned from Yazoo City to Holly Springs for that purpose.

A special from Holly Springs to the Times-Democrat describes the memorial exercises as follows:

"At 10 a. m., a procession formed on the south side of the Court Square proceeding to the cemetery in the following order:

"First, Holly Springs band; second, Autry Rifles; third, ladies and members of press; fourth, citizens. Arriving at the cemetery, the military formed in a hollow square around the monument, which was extensively decorated with wreaths and flowers. After a prayer by Rev. J. N. Craig, the granite shaft, elegant in its simplicity, was unveiled by the new president, B. F. Jones, and vice-president, C. R. Boyd.

"On account of the absence of Mr. Geo. P. Herndon, the orator of the occasion, Col. A. Y. Harper, had been invited to deliver a memorial address in which he fully sustained his reputation as an orator.

"Mr. R. H. Henry, retiring president, read the beautiful memorial poem written by Miss Johnnie Hunt, which proved a literary gem, that lady being detained at home by illness.

"Vice-President Boyd read the address prepared by Mr. Herndon, who was unable to attend and the benediction was invoked by Rev. Mr. Miller.

"The exercises were impressive and sadly beautiful."

VII.

But let us turn from these mournful proceedings to something more cheerful.

We have had a good many wags among the editors of Mississippi, prominent among them J. W. Youngblood, who wrote for the Oxford Falcon, the Vicksburg Commercial,

Clarion-Ledger, and other state papers. He would go to the end of his tether to play a practical joke on a brother editor or anyone else.

I remember when the editors were rendezvousing in Jackson to go to the Press Convention at Columbus, Youngblood was of the jolly number. In those days old black valises were in use, looking much alike.

We assembled at the depot one night and deposited our satchels in the middle of the room awaiting the A. and V. train. On its arrival, Youngblood deliberately took up my valise and carried it aboard the cars. Presuming he was trying to play one of his jokes, I made no objection, but kept my eyes on the bag. Arriving at Meridian, he took my valise from the train and carried it over to the M. and O. depot, depositing it in a pile with the others.

When the north-bound train was announced, Youngblood took the satchel into the smoker and guarded it all the way to Artesia. There he removed it to the depot, carrying it into the eating station where the editors were given breakfast. I said nothing but kept watch over my property that he was kindly lugging around. When the short little train was ready for Columbus, Youngblood again took charge of the bag and packed it into the smoking car. I was close behind.

VIII.

Arriving at Columbus, Youngblood took my satchel from the train and piled it up with others of its kind, the editors standing around like Methodist ministers foraging for yellow legged chickens, waiting to be assigned to homes. When Youngblood got his assignment he picked up my bag again and started off with it, when I interposed, saying, "Old friend, if you are through with my valise, I will relieve you of it."

"Your valise, h——; why I have been packing that thing around all night. It's my valise," I assured him it was not, and asked that he open it and see for himself. He did so, and was horrified to find none of his clothes therein, when he exclaimed, "Why did you let me pack that bag all the way from Jackson, when you knew it was yours?" "Oh, I thought you were just trying to play off a joke on me." "Joke, h——; I don't see where the joke comes in." "I do; the joke is on you." I responded.

The editors greatly enjoyed the joke, and offered to loan Youngblood shirts, collars, cravats and such other articles of clothing as he needed; but his wants were few, as he could wear a shirt a week, while two collars were sufficient, and as to underclothing—Well, the least said about that the better, for small things like underclothing never disturbed Youngblood.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

I Meet Captain A. T. Wimberly Under Peculiar Circumstances; also Captain Jack Williams of the Grenada Sentinel.—J. W. Buchanan, an Odd Mixture of Strange Contradictions.

Back in the early eighties, when the New Orleans Mardi Gras was attracting most attention, when people were crowding the cars going to the Crescent City to see the festivities that gala event afforded, a large number of young men boarded a passenger train at Coffeeville for the festival Mecca of the South.

They were lead by Capt. A. T. Wimberly, better known as "Gus", who won his spurs and title in the war between the states, and who never "played second fiddle" in any crowd of which he might be a member.

The passenger coaches were packed, and Wimberly, known for his adventurous disposition, led the crowd into the sleeper where they found a number of vacant seats which they proceeded to occupy, against the remonstrance of Conductor Howell. The boys were enjoying themselves, and had doubtless been drinking rather freely, for that was the rule and not the exception back in those old days, when every

place of any size in Mississippi had one or more saloons, and Coffeeville had several.

Conductor Howell demanded that the crowd keep quiet, pay their sleeper fares or leave the Pullman, all demands being promptly refused; Captain Wimberly taking the position that it was the duty of the railroad to furnish seats for passengers, if not in the coaches, in the sleepers.

Howell insisted on the sleeping car fares. He and Wimberly were well acquainted, one from DeSoto and the other from Yalobusha county, and it is said there was no good feeling between them. Howell upraided Wimberly for bringing his boisterous crowd into the sleeper, which brought forth bitter words from Wimberly. A published report said that Howell, outraged at Wimberly's conduct, notified him that when he reached New Orleans, where he had a brother, he would make him apologize for what he had done when Wimberly slapped the conductor in the face.

II.

After reaching New Orleans, and while going in or passing a saloon, Wimberly and some of his friends saw Howell and his brother, Seth, approaching. All were armed, and shooting began simultaneously. The conductor was mortally wounded, and died, while Wimberly was also seriously wounded. A number of shots were fired by principals and friends, and as the streets were filled with people, it is a great wonder that several were not killed.

The New Orleans papers printed long stories of the fight, their reports conflicting, some leaning towards Wimberly, and others were friendlier to Howell. Wimberly remained in a hospital some time, till he was able to appear in Court and was acquitted.

The incident created quite a flurry in Mississippi, and as Wimberly had left the Democracy and gone off to the

opposition party, sentiment was against him; and those who read the reports looked upon him as a terror, as a man who was always ready to respond to any call made upon him, with a disposition to urge the call. I had never met Wimberly and felt prejudiced towards him, and rather hoped I would never see him. But I did, and thereby hangs another tale, which accounts for this long introductory.

III.

Back in 1881, I had occasion to spend a night at the old Chamberlain Hotel, Grenada. I requested the clerk to call me early, as I desired to catch the north-bound train for Memphis. Coming down to the office and seeing a half-dozen old black satchels on the floor, all more or less alike, I picked out mine and requested the porter to carry it to the train.

A sharp-featured man, with black-piercing eyes, came forward, and in kind but positive voice, said, "Pardner, hold on; that's my valise." I replied, "I beg your pardon, sir, but it's mine." "No," he said, "it is not yours; it's mine; let it alone."

His defiant manner nettled me, and with some heat, I responded, "But I know it's mine, and I shall carry it with me." Without changing color, but in the most offensive manner, he said, "Young man, don't put your hand on that bag. It's mine."

His words more than his looks, carried a threat, and I said, "I know the valise; it is mine, and it goes with me on to Memphis, as certain as the train arrives." He coolly answered, "I have warned you not to take that valise. It's mine; let it alone."

I was almost beside myself, and without another word, started towards the satchel, when an elderly, sweet-voiced man laid his hand on my shoulder and gently said, "Wait, there is no need to have trouble about a valise. Open it and see to whom it belongs."

The dark-featured man said, "That's fair enough; let's examine it." I replied, "That is satisfactory to me." The examination was made, and the bag proved to be mine, when the man said, "Well, young man, you are right; I was wrong and beg your pardon. I admire your grit."

I told him my name and he said, "Well, I do not suppose you ever heard of me before. My name is Wimberly." I modestly asked, "Are you Capt. A. T. Wimberly, who shot up the Howell brothers recently in New Orleans?" "The same—at your service."

I made a staggering reply: "Well, if you had announced your name before the controversy, there would have been no necessity for an examination of my old valise—I would have surrendered it to you without a word." "Why," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Is my reputation so bad as that?"

I made some evasive reply, when he said, "Well, that's all right. I am real glad to meet you. Where are you going?" I answered "To Memphis." "So am I; we'll travel together and be the best of friends;" as we were for many years afterwards, as long as Capt. Wimberly lived.

IV.

Capt. Wimberly located in New Orleans, where he held some minor office in the custom house. He became an applicant for collector of the port of New Orleans; his name had gone to the senate and was being held up, the Mississippi Senators opposing him. He wired me to come to New Orleans, and asked if I would go to Washington and do what I could to assist in removing the Democratic opposition to him, remarking, "I'll pay all expenses?" I answered, "Captain, I'll go with pleasure; I don't know what I can do, but I'll try. There will be no expenses."

He thanked me almost with tears in his eyes. I went to Washington and while I do not imagine I changed a vote,

Captain Wimberly was confirmed and held office till his death. He was a loyal friend, an honorable foe, a hard hitter, but never striking below the belt.

Senator Walthall, who began the practice of law at Coffeeville, and was in the army with Wimberly, whom he greatly admired, said he was one of the bravest and truest men he had ever known. He overlooked his political estrangement, and spoke of him in the most affectionate manner up to his dying day.

V.

But what has all this to do with editors? asks a hypocritical reader. A good deal, directly and indirectly, and is the first opportunity I have had to pay Capt. Wimberly the compliment due him.

Besides, it served to introduce me to one of the best editorial writers of the state, for the kind, elderly man who laid his hand on my shoulder, and by a soft word stopped me when I might have made a great mistake, was none other than Capt. Jack Williams, for many years editor of the Grenada Sentinel. For a long time he did all the editorial work for the Sentinel, though his name never appeared therein. He was well posted in the general news of the day, and could discuss any subject fluently, intelligently and well. He was simply an editorial writer, like McCallum, Armstrong, Allen, Youngblood, and others who never undertook to manage, control or dictate the policy of a newspaper.

VI.

J. W. Buchanan, the owner and publisher of the Grenada Sentinel, and who never wrote an editorial himself, had great confidence in "Captain Jack" and allowed him to write on any subject he pleased, but suggested many topics.

Buchanan became associated with Mrs. J. A. Signaigo, in the publication of the Grenada Sentinel, after the death of her husband, later succeeding to its ownership, and making of it a profitable paper.

Born in Buffalo, N. Y., Buchanan inherited the Yankee instinct for thrift and money-making. He was one of the strangest men I have ever known, moody, peculiar, and variable as the wind, and I never knew how to take him,—whether he would be pleased or mad with what I might say, whether he would smile or swear at me, and he was as likely to do one thing as the other, reserving to himself the right to say whatever he pleased.

Buchanan was an odd mixture of strange contradictions, a heterogenous mass of contrarieties, and by his emphatic, dogmatic, positive and self-assertive manner often made enemies in his daily intercourse with the public.

Brought up at the printer's case and accustomed to the hard knocks of a printing office, he had never cultivated polished habits, or grace of manners, but had rather affected a rough, rude style that made him appear much worse than he really was; for "Buck" had a kind heart, and could be as sweet and gentle as a girl when his better nature was stirred. Never too complimentary to anyone, he was at times so brutally frank as to offend some of his best friends.

By his energy and own effort, he built up a good newspaper, book and job office business, and had accumulated a good deal of real estate, stocks and bonds before passing away.

VII.

"Buck" seldom attended State Press Conventions; but he went to the annual meetings of the National Editorial Association, where he met friends from different states, whose acquaintance he had formed from time to time.

In his latter years he was a worn-out, extremely nervous man, fretful and unhappy. Seeing his condition, I persuaded him to take a trip with the National Editors to the Pacific coast, which he agreed to do, provided I would secure him a berth in the Mississippi sleeper.

When "Buck" came aboard he had numerous baskets and boxes of edibles, some of which he had purchased from the grocery stores, while the handiwork of his good wife was apparent in others. He had enough "provisions" to carry him across the continent; but he was generous and liberal in distributing his "rations" to the Mississippians, and they ate with a relish.

VIII.

We had been out four weeks, and were returning eastward on the Canadian Pacific, after visiting all the cities of importance out West, when "Buck" came to me and asked if I would let him sleep in my lower berth for a night or two, saying he was all in and was afraid of a nervous breakdown. I gladly agreed to exchange berths with him.

But, "Buck" not only remained in my lower two nights, but several. In fact, he seemed to like it so well that I was compelled to resort to strategy to get rid of him. I called to my assistance Jo Richardson of the Sunflower Tocsin, and Will Ward of the Starkville Times, faithful aids when fun or mischief was contemplated.

So, after a council of war, it was decided that we would "snore" Buck out—I was to do so naturally and Jo and Will by simulation, each to watch opportunity and perform his part when I left off. It was no hardship to them for they sat up all night anyway, and the diversion afforded them a new method of entertainment. They came to my upper frequently during the night, and one or the other snored while I rested. It was a night of great fun—fun to all except Buchanan. He

was astir early next morning and as he pulled his clothes on preparatory to making his matinal ablution, the curses he uttered and the oaths he swore would have shocked a sailor.

Buck woke me up with his noise and profanity. I followed him into the lavatory, where Richardson and Ward had already preceded me, and asking him his troubles, requested that he desist from such loud swearing, many ladies being in the sleeper. He suspected me, suspected the trio, and the more Trampus-like he became, the more absurd became the situation. Who could keep a straight face under the circumstances? I presume I smiled, and it was a dear smile, for then and there "Buck" said things I could not afford to hear, but I do recall he said, "You can take your d—— old No. 6 and go to h—— with it, for I would not sleep in it another night to save your d—— life."

I thought he was most ungrateful and exceedingly unkind, but did not stop to tell him so, for subsequent proceedings in the Mississippi car interested me no more that day, for it took Buck twelve hours or more to run down when he became aroused.

I spent the whole day in the Massachusetts car, with my good friends Ernest Pierce, Joe McCabe, Garry Williard, Luke McHenry, Dr. Jarvis, Dr. Winship and other kindred spirits, where no politics, religion or sectionalism were discussed, for on those big inter-national trips every one was on an equality, with no North, South, East or West known, and politics were entirely eschewed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

A Looker-on at Winona Gives a Candid Opinion of the Personnel of the Mississippi Editors.—Frank Bellenger, One of the Founders of the Jackson News.

We have had a good many freaks and cranks among the editorial brotherhood of the state, men noted for their eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, and some women, equally odd, even back in the good old days, before the short skirt craze had hit the country.

The press membership has not only embraced freaks, faddists and cranks, but wits and humorists as well. A case in point is well-remembered and is recalled as one of the most laughable incidents in the journalistic life of the writer. The press brethren were on their way to attend an annual meeting. The weather was hot and dry, and in those days linen dusters and broad-brimmed straw hats were the rule, with Prince Alberts and beavers the exception.

We had aboard a handsome young editor of long, flowing, raven locks, of statuesque manner and dressy apparel, who liked to pose and air himself on the platforms, somewhat after the order of Buffalo Bill.

We also had the convention poetess, who wore extra large goggle-eyed glasses and swell suit, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, with picture-hat, decorated with birds of paradise, golden berries, purple cherries and other tempting fruits of the vineyard, with all the flowers described by the fair Ophelia in her mad ravings. She looked more like an oriental princess than a Mississippi poetess. But wait!

A long stop was made at Winona, when a number of people came aboard to take in and size up the Mississippi editors, their wives and daughters.

A witty fellow entered the coach occupied by the editors, and scanned the whole "menagerie," as he dubbed the press people. He was not favorably impressed with the linen duster and straw hat brigade; but he was interested in the man and woman described, who were conversing at the time of the visitation. Slowly, deliberately, viewing the field as he left the car, the visitor in a loud voice, said, "Well, the Mississippi editors are a hard looking set, and must have gotten down pretty low, when compelled to carry around as their principal attractions, an Indian doctor and a snake-charmer." The embarrassment of the moment can be better imagined than described, which was relieved by the departure of the train.

II.

Some one has said that eccentricity is an evidence of genius—but not always. I once knew an editor—and his name is not hard to guess—who often forgot to go to his dinners, yet he was no great genius, simply a hard working man who became so absorbed in his duties that he forgot all about his meals, when his faithful old associate, A. B. Lowe, would often ask, "Isn't it about time for you to go to dinner?"

The response would be, "Why, haven't I been to dinner? I forgot all about it. Well, it's too late to go now; besides I am not hungry and very busy."

Here allow me to say that I have had many men in my employ, printers, pressmen, foremen, reporters, news and associate editors, but none to remain with me as long as A. B. Lowe, and none to do more faithful work. He has been with the Clarion-Ledger for 38 years, and is competent to fill any position in the office. He is one man I could always depend upon, regardless of weather or physical condition. He has never failed me, and I have frequently left the editorial and telegraph departments in his hands for months at a time, while absent on trips of pleasure or business.

We have worked together day in and night through for more than a third of a century, longer than the average life of man, and have sustained to each other the love of father and son. He knows me better than any man alive—knows my good qualities and short-comings, my likes and dislikes, the promptings of my heart, the impulses of my nature, and the crotchets of my brain. He has seen me mad as a hornet and happy as a lover; but he has seldom been disturbed, unless he thought that he was personally reflected upon. In that case Lowe's pride asserted itself, and he said warm things himself, which he always regretted and properly atoned for.

Lowe is one of the sweetest-natured men I have ever known, of a kind and shrinking disposition, and will submit to much before showing his temper; but when he does get mad, there are only two things to do—let him blow off or fight him. He is "little but he is loud," and not afraid of Old Harry. I remember a big, burly pressman struck one of Lowe's boys, who was a carrier in the office. There was not much said, but it took two men to pull Lowe off the pressman, who was whipped before he knew it. We had another pressman for several days.

III.

Next to Lowe in point of service is T. M. Hederman, who began in the Clarion-Ledger office as an apprentice twenty-

five years ago. He passed through all the grades, made good and is now one of the owners and editor of the paper. For his experience in editorial work, he does remarkably well, and bids fair to become prominent in journalism.

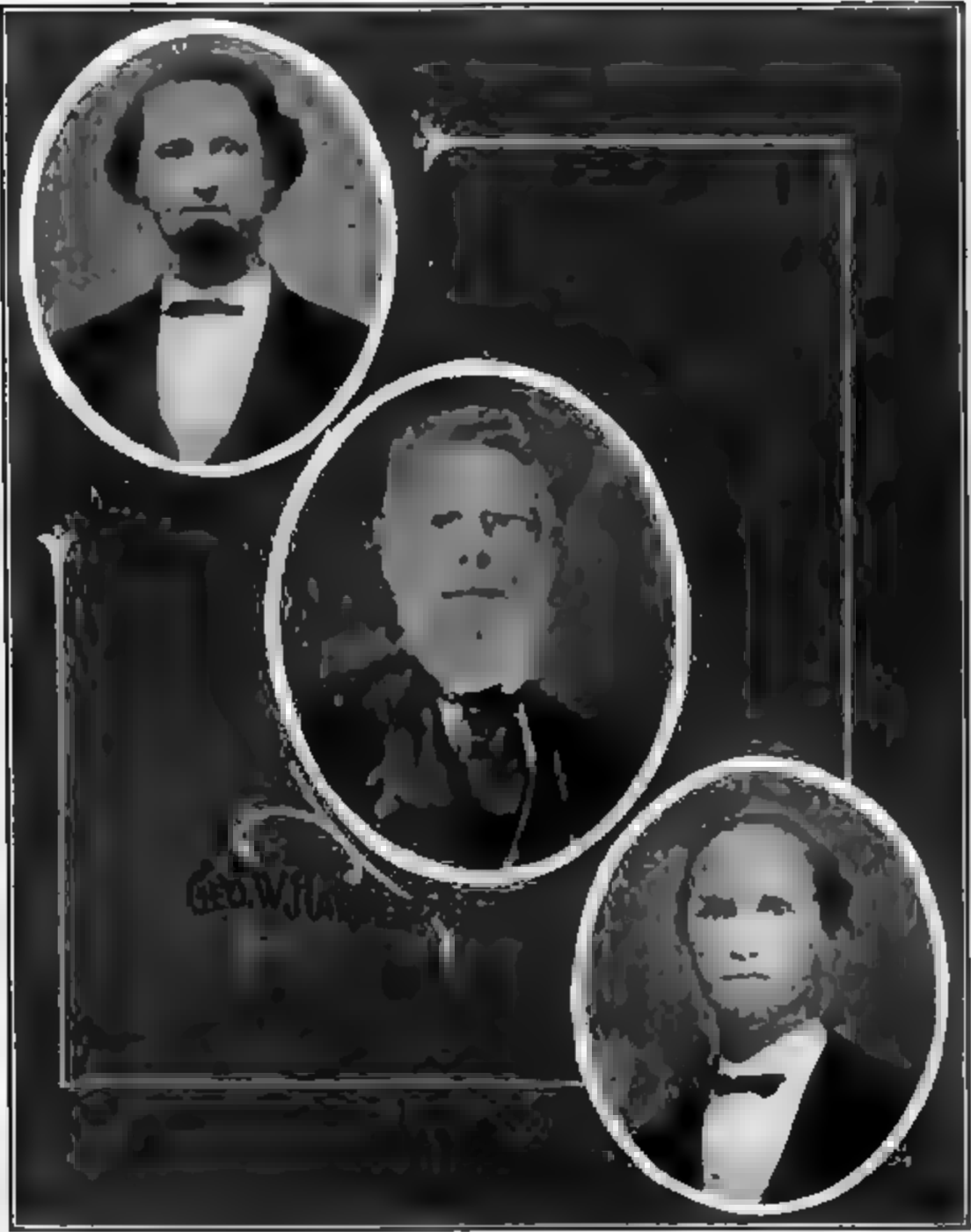
His brother, R. M. Hederman, a co-owner of the paper, also began with me when a very small boy, taking a course in the book and job department. While he has had no training in newspaper work, he is an adept in his own line. When I decided to give up book and job printing, I sold my office and bindery to the Hederman brothers, and their office has grown and prospered under the management of the elder brother.

I desired to train my three sons in newspaper work, that I might have a successor from my own immediate family, but, after remaining in the office for awhile, and seeing the hard labor necessary to get out a daily paper and its slight remuneration, they decided while getting newspaper experience that they would engage in other occupations greatly to my regret.

My oldest son, Robert, became interested in the fire insurance adjustment business, which he is following with success; my second boy, Thomas, having an aptitude for Linotype printing, engaged in that pursuit and has abundantly prospered; my third son, Miller, studied medicine, and has adopted that profession as his life work, and is doing well.

IV.

But I find I have wandered from the subject, like a garrulous old mother, proud of her children and must needs talk about them; for the Hederman brothers are my blood relatives, were reared in my office, and I have felt almost as close to me as my own children. So in naming them as my successors I do not feel that the Clarion-Ledger has gone entirely out of the family.



the style of the Literary Digest, by reproduction of the opinions and expressions of other editors. Barr did not write much, but he condensed largely. It was his boast, that he kept on file every paper that came to his office, which I know to be correct, as I once had occasion to trace some historic events through his exchange rooms. He allowed any one access to his exchanges, but permitted no one to take a paper from his office or to clip his files, and though he made liberal extracts from his state exchanges, he copied therefrom every line he printed in his own paper.

It has been said in some way or somehow, every man has his "trolley-off" on one subject or another, and Barr had his off on exchanges—a slip that did him no harm, but afforded a lot of pleasure, not only to himself, but others.

VI.

G. D. Bustamante, while never the owner of a newspaper, was fond of writing, and was a constant contributor to the papers of the state, for two reasons—he loved to write on current topics and was exceedingly fond of seeing his name in print. It is said, when a resident of Kosciusko, that he often edited both papers of that place when the editors were away.

The two papers had different political views, but a little thing like that made no difference to "Old Busta," as he was called. Tiring of discussing politics from different angles, he wrote an article jumping on Steve Wilson's paper, the Chronicle, and replied through the other, giving Wilson unshirted Hail Columbia, being so personal that the people of Kosciusko thought a fight would follow.

He answered the other paper in a most vitriolic manner, and had the town keyed up to high tension till the editors returned, and made peace.

One day Col. J. S. Hamilton, who was interested in some local questions in Jackson, which he hoped to see carried, wrote a communication urging its passage; but as he did not care to be personally known in the controversy, he read the communication to "Old Busta," who pronounced it excellent. Seeing that he had him committed, the Colonel asked Bustamante if he would care to sign the article, knowing his eagerness to get before the public. "Certainly; I'll be glad to sign it, for it is right, and I approve the position you take, Colonel."

His anxiety to see his name in print, came near getting Bustamante in all kinds of trouble, for numerous "Citizens" replied, and wanted to know why such a poor taxpayer as Bustamante should be advising other people what to do. Meanwhile, Colonel Hamilton had been called from Jackson, and Bustamante was unable to reply to his many assailants, being wholly unposted as to the merits of the proposition.

He played the part of Brer Rabbit, and laid low till the Colonel returned and furnished him the necessary ammunition to reply. Meanwhile it leaked out that Bustamante had not written the communication, but had simply signed it to accommodate a friend.

VII.

On the consolidation of the Clarion and State Ledger, in 1888, a number of printers were thrown out of work, among them Frank Bellenger, Robt. Davidson, Walter Johnston and Milton Dunkley. As a means of livelihood they started the News with Bellenger as editor, who had had some experience on the local staff of the Clarion, and had a remarkably good nose for news.

Smarting under the thought that the writer dominated the consolidated paper, and had taken care of his own force,

while letting several of the printers of the Clarion go, Frank decided he would get even by lambasting the Clarion-Ledger and its editor in his paper, which he did with great regularity.

Appreciating his feelings, which were perfectly natural, I made no reply to anything Bellenger wrote, and he wrote a plenty.

But the chance to get even arrived when I was elected president of the National Editorial Association. I had the giving out of many complimentary places—the appointment of orators, essayists, committeemen, etc. The convention was to be held at New Orleans. A most elaborate program covering several days was made up, and the name of Frank L. Bellenger appeared as one of the essayists.

Frank was so overcome when notified of his selection, that he did not risk himself to write a note of thanks but called at my office and thanked me personally, saying he had no right to expect the honor, that he had done nothing to deserve it, but on the other hand had done many things to disqualify himself for the place.

Frank prepared a good paper, read it well, and made a favorable impression upon the National Editorial Association. He told of the relationship that had existed between himself and the editor of the Clarion-Ledger, how, as a young man, he thought it his duty, to criticise the elder editor, who, he was very glad to say, had the wisdom to ignore him; that it was hard treatment, he thought at the time, but the proper remedy to apply to carping critics. It was a bitter lesson, but he had profited by it and commended the course of the senior editor to other young publishers who thought the easiest road to fame was by abusing their elders. He made full public acknowledgement for the honor shown him, which he said came from one who should hereafter be his friend, as he was.

VIII.

Frank Bellenger was a good, newsy, editor, never letting anything escape his Argus eyes. As a collector of real live items, he has rarely been surpassed in this state. He did not stickle over words, his one thought being to write his stories or articles in language that all could understand. Words never bothered him; it was the idea that he was after.

Bellenger cared little for editorial leaders, and would crowd out an editorial any time to accomodate a good local story. He wrote very much as he thought, said whatever he pleased, being one of the boldest editors of the state, as well as one of the most energetic and industrious publishers.

Bellenger was always polite and agreeable, and had scores of friends as well as many enemies, the fate of all positive, outspoken men. He was an incessant worker, really working himself into his grave. Years ago, when tuberculosis developed, he was compelled to give up the daily grind and moved to Western Texas, where he made his home for several years, till forced to succumb to the dread plague which has made such terrible inroads upon the human family.

His body was returned to Jackson and now rests in Cedarlawn Cemetery, preceding his brother and mother in the silent city of the dead.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

**Some of the Old Timers, J. S. McNeily, James A. Stevens,
John Calhoon, John H. Miller, and Ira D. Oglesby.
R. W. Banks, Good Writer With Bad
Terminal Facilities.**

I have received many messages commending my memoirs, congratulating and thanking me for what I have said of loved ones, all of which is appreciated, but none more than a note received from Capt. James A. Stevens, for many years identified with the press of the state, having been the distinguished editor of the Columbus Index and for more than forty years a resident of the Lone Star State, the publisher of the Bulletin at Burnett, Texas, but now retired at 80 years of age.

In his note Captain Stevens says:

"I have had the pleasure of reading your sketches, 'Editors I Have Known,' in which you were good enough to mention myself. Thinking my residence in Texas of forty years had caused me to be forgotten in my dear native state, made your reference to myself, along with the rest of the clan, all the more grateful.

"Let me thank you now, with all my heart, and to assure you I appreciate all you have said in your delightful memoirs, not because my name is mentioned therein, but as a matter of wide political and personal interest in the old state, and to leave something apart from

your perishable files, that should be published in book form. I would like to engage a copy in advance to hand down to my boys, and to go over again for my own pleasure. You know we all hate to be forgotten.

"From one of your articles it seems I am one of the remaining four or five old editors left of the craft of the long ago. It makes me feel sad and reminiscent, and to realize that our time is near at hand. As poor Hamlet would say: 'The readiness is all,' and I hope we are ready."

The above cheery message was as a ray of sunshine in the heart of one whose early editorial associates, with few exceptions, have either died, left the state, or engaged in other business.

II.

The only Mississippi editor of today who has devoted more years to newspaper work than the writer, is Captain J. S. McNeily, of the Vicksburg Herald—and there was an interregnum in his service, while filling the post of United States Marshal under President Cleveland. But with the writer it was different—he never had a day off, except when traveling abroad or serving as Commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition; and even then he was never out of harness, writing sketches and editorials every week.

So far as I can remember, only half a dozen men who were engaged in newspaper work when I entered upon the field of journalism are alive today, viz: Jas. A. Stevens, J. S. McNeily, John Calhoun, Jas. H. Sullivan, J. H. Miller and Ira D. Oglesby.

Of the number, Stevens of the old Columbus Index, Sullivan of the Vicksburg Herald, and Oglesby of the Senatobia press, left Mississippi years ago, the first two going to Texas, and the latter to Arkansas.

John H. Miller, the old editor of the Tupelo Journal, quit newspaper work years ago, moving to Biloxi, where he has amassed quite a little fortune in the real-estate business.

John Calhoun, after editing the Holly Springs Reporter, for many years, retired from journalism, returned to his old home-town of Canton, where he now resides with his third wife, the "sweetheart of his boyhood dreams," having an abundance of this world's goods to support himself and non-growing family the balance of his life.

Only two of the "Old Guard" are today engaged in editorial work in Mississippi, Captain J. S. McNeily and the writer, and in the olden days one was as a boy compared to the other, and the distance between their ages has not diminished which, confidentially, is between 10 and 15 years.

III.

R. W. Banks was the son of a wealthy planter of Lowndes county. He was given the benefit of the best educational advantages, which were interrupted by the tocsin of war's alarm in 1861.

He was attached to Gen. E. C. Walthall's staff with title of captain, and did as much fighting as any soldier in either army, for while he may not have been ushered into the world in the midst of a storm, he was born with a fight in him, and rather courted than avoided a scrap—his well-known characteristic. His bravery was acknowledged at Nashville, and the battle of Franklin. He with his boon companion, E. L. Russell, were two of the most reckless dare-devil fighters of the Confederate Army—to whom Banks pays a handsome tribute for his bravery in advancing and defending his flag.

IV.

After the war, Captain Banks moved to Columbus, and like many other ambitious men, aspired to become the owner of a newspaper; and purchased the Columbus Index.

Under Banks' editorship the Index continued as one of the best papers of Mississippi.

He had two fads—Latin and poetry, his writing being liberally interspersed with both. He was decidedly an idealist, had big visions and lived in a realm that few men attained.

V.

After his newspaper experience in Columbus, Banks moved to Meridian and became the editor of the Standard of that place, which was well edited. Not only was he a good editorial writer, but as the author of historic sketches he won additional fame.

Only one criticism could be made upon his writings—their extreme length—for Banks had no idea of brevity or condensation. In commenting upon Banks articles, and commending them for their beauty and purity, a wise editor once said there was one serious objection to Banks' writings—that his terminal facilities were bad.

He was one of the most graceful and fluent writers of the State. His pen was smooth and polished, his style ornate and classic, his language beautiful and attractive, his vocabulary large and imagery great, his powers of analysis and expression extraordinary. He could discuss a proposition from more angles and throw upon it more side lights than any writer I have ever known.

VI.

While a resident of the Gulf coast, after his venture in Texas, Colonel Banks' only means of livelihood lay in his pen, which recorded productions of his brilliant mind.

His latter days were spent in great pain, caused by an internal trouble which he was compelled to have removed.

He survived the operation, though past seventy-six; went to Hot Springs to recuperate, and there breathed his last, away from home and with few loved ones present.

He was laid to rest in the Biloxi cemetery, besides his wife, who had preceded him to the grave, whom he always referred to as "The Bride."

VII.

For many years Harry Moss, of Yazoo County, was one of the celebrities of the Mississippi press, and its greatest humorist, though he never owned a Mississippi paper. He wrote for Yazoo City, Vicksburg and other papers, in and without the state. In the early eighties he printed a paper on the Chesapeake Bay called the Chesapeake Chisapike, which was a curiosity in its way, but not a success. His articles were written in a light, humorous vein, for he saw fun in everything. He not only wrote good stories but told them well, and pity it is that his writings were not preserved, for some of his humor was as rich as that of Mark Twain, and somewhat after his style, and as good as Mark's "Jumping Frog." He filled the swamps of Yazoo with strange, fantastic people, that played all kinds of tricks upon each other. But I will not attempt to relate them at this late date. One of his most humorous productions was entitled "Frantz and Me at the Fireman's Ball."

I was fond of Harry Moss. He was a most agreeable fellow and pleasant companion. The last time he visited Jackson he was lobbying for the creation of a new county in the Delta, in 1884, and a speech he made before the committee on county affairs will never be forgotten by those who heard it, for it was full of humor, pathos and good sense. It was on that trip he contracted pneumonia and died in my own home, where I took him, seeing he was so poorly provided for at a local hotel. His body was shipped to Yazoo

county, care of his sister, Mrs. George Stewart, who accompanied it to its last resting place, and saw it deposited in the cold earth on a cheerless winter day, with a few sorrowing friends to lay it away.

Harry was an odd genius. He believed in personal liberty in its broadest sense. He said many odd things, original and striking. His will was a curiosity. He directed how his personal effects should be disposed of, and requested that his body be buried in a shallow grave, that a pole pen be constructed around it, and that a bottle of whiskey, lightly corked, be placed at his head, and that no prayer be offered or sad songs be sung at his funeral. He wanted to go quietly, without noise or excitement, and thanked such of his friends as might attend his funeral.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

No Royal Path to the Editor's Chair.—Some Prominent Editors of North Mississippi.—Judge Watson, Col. F. A. Tyler, S. M. Thompson, P. B. Murray, Judge Simmons—Great Old Editor, Dr. J. B. Gambrell

When the Egyptian King, Ptolmy, asked the great Euclid if geometry could not be mastered by an easier process than the arduous method used, he replied, "There is no royal road to learning."

The answer of the old Alexandrian philosopher might be paraphrased and made to apply with equal force to journalism, for there is no easy road to its accomplishment. To succeed in journalism, one must toil incessantly and unremittingly, must labor hard and continuously, must travel many rough and rugged roads, beset with great difficulties. The obstructions to be surmounted are innumerable, the obstacles to be overcome are incalculable, the efforts necessary to achieve success are stupendous and few there are to win the crown.

Editors, publishers, journalists are slowly developed, their training school covering many laborious years. They must begin at the bottom and work themselves up, gradually, must go through an arduous educational process to fit

them for the positions necessary to win success as members of the "Fourth Estate."

Newspaper publishing requires men of training and experience to conduct its various departments. A man cannot be created an editor or publisher at sight no more than he can be made a lawyer, doctor, banker, pilot or engineer, by the laying on of hands. He can only fit himself for such positions by experience and education, for there is no royal road by which they may be obtained.

II.

An educated man, one who may have qualified himself in some one of the professions, does not necessarily make a good editor, for there is more in editing than in ability to express one's-self in rounded sentences or correct language. In fact, an educated man without experience in the routine of news-paper work, rarely makes a good editor, for editing consists of much more than ability to give expression to ideas on paper.

Ability to write well does not necessarily fit a man for the editor's chair, but often has the opposite effect, for good editing does not consist in stringing out sentences or long articles, but power to express thought in the fewest words, to condense, abbreviate and compact ideas in the smallest space possible.

Editors are developed by hard knocks in the severe school of experience, such as they can only get by training in newspaper offices. Some men may have natural aptitude for editing, but newspaper training for such work is better than all the schools of journalism in the country.

There is no royal road to the editor's chair.

It must be won after many fights, hard scraps and severe scrambles with the world after exhaustion of mental and

physical energies; and the best editor is the one who has fought hardest for the distinction he has won.

III.

Holly Springs, with its refining influences and cultured people, has been noted for its splendid editors. Prominent among them was Judge J. W. C. Watson, of the Holly Springs South, who always took a deep interest in the affairs of his state, secular, political and religious. He had represented his constituents in several constitutional conventions. He opposed secession in 1861, but yielded to the will of his people and became one of the most zealous champions of the cause of the South. He was elected to the Senate of the Confederate States, where he served with distinction.

Judge Watson was active in the overthrow of the Ames dynasty in 1876, and as editor of the Holly Springs South contributed largely to the reconstruction literature of the time.

When J. M. Stone had been declared Governor by the legislature of 1876, after the impeachment of Ames and Davis, Judge Watson was appointed circuit judge, and proved a terror to evil-doers of his district.

Considering it incompatible for a criminal judge to be the editor of a newspaper, he employed Col. F. A. Tyler to edit the South.

IV.

Colonel Tyler was an old editor who had won his spurs in the journalistic field. He was of the old school of journalists, but admirably adapted himself to the times in which he lived.

Colonel Tyler was a prim and pleasing old gentleman. For the cause of democracy, he did valiant service, and his

polished pen made the sparks fly when he discussed a proposition. He continued on the South, which he made a fine paper, for several years, till called hence, and many were the regrets at his going.

Old men of similar views on public questions and intimate friends, Colonel Tyler and Judge Watson, harmonized beautifully and were great cronies, and chummed long hours together in each other's society, discussing questions present and past. Colonel Tyler was an incessant smoker, while Judge Watson neither smoked, chewed nor drank, he loved to sit by Colonel Tyler and be "smoked" by him, and made no secret about it. It was too comical, the sight of those old men sitting close together, and one smoking the other. Colonel Tyler used heavy black cigars, with fumes almost strong enough to run an elevator; and while in action he puffed like a tar-kiln, and blew his smoke in Judge Watson's face with evident enjoyment, the Judge smiling serenely and grunting approvingly as the clouds of smoke enveloped his benign countenance, till the smoke was almost thick enough to cut with a knife.

After Colonel Tyler's death, the South passed into the hands of J. B. Mattison, then descending from sire to son, and is still a clean and readable paper.

V.

Oxford has had a number of papers, the two best remembered by the writer taking their names from the birds of the air—the Falcon and Eagle.

S. M. Thompson was owner and editor of the Falcon, which was a good local paper, for Thompson was an industrious news-gatherer. He sold the Falcon to Patton B. Murray who improved the paper in many ways, for he was a talented man, and devoted his life to his work.

Thompson, evidently tired of resting, decided to start another paper at Oxford, and pleased with bird names, called it the Eagle, and a rare old bird it proved, and strong competitor of the Falcon. It is said the establishment of the Eagle caused an estrangement between Murray and Thompson that was never healed, for in the same year both men died, Murray a natural death, while Thompson was shot down and killed by the city marshal on the streets of Oxford. The marshal was acquitted.

VI.

Oxford had two other remarkable editors, Judge J. M. Howry, who wrote the able and brilliant editorials of the Falcon for several years, and Victor Thompson, brother of S. M. Thompson, but a much better writer, who was, in fact, one of the classiest editors of the state. His language was fluent, chaste and beautiful. He and his brother never agreed in politics. Sam being an uncompromising Democrat, while Victor was a Republican with an eye on the North Mississippi marshalship. His paper was named the "Ricochet," and it printed many editorials taking the Democratic party to task in the severest manner, but in entirely parliamentary language. In the beauty of his phrases one really overlooked the fact that Victor Thompson was criticising the Democracy, and extoling the party of Hays, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and others.

VII.

Mississippi has had a number of good editors, a few of whom were really great while many were fair, and above the average of sister states. Of the number of great editors the name of Dr. J. B. Gambrell is well up to the head of the list.

As editor of the Baptist Record of Jackson, Miss., and the Baptist Standard, of Dallas, Texas, Dr. Gambrell made

a name that will live long after his mortal body decays and resolves itself back to mother earth.

No editor of the state could express a thought in stronger, better language than Dr. Gambrell. No one could illuminate an idea in more vivid or clearer phrases than he. At times he wrote like one inspired.

Dr. Grambell not only wrote well but preached better, for writing was but an incident with him, the ministry being his forum, on which he towered above his fellows. His fame spread to other states, and Mississippi lost him. He was called to Texas, where he has been a power for righteousness in upholding the banner of his Creator, law and order, and advancing the cause of prohibition, which movement was greatly accelerated in Mississippi by the assistance and influence of the grand old Baptist preacher, whose life had been devoted to good works.

Dr. Gambrell has written for the leading religious papers of Texas, and has been a frequent contributor to the secular press of that state, and is appreciated and beloved as much in the Lone Star State as in his own Mississippi.

Mississippi lost much when Dr. Gambrell decided to leave it, at the call of his church, but our loss was Texas' gain—the gain of the whole country, for in a larger sphere, Dr. Gambrell had a greater field in which to extend his God-given talents, a broader zone for the exercise of his religious activities.

He recently passed away in his Texas home, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

VIII.

North Mississippi had a newspaper celebrity, in the person of Judge J. F. Simmons of the Sardis Reporter. He

was an odd old man, as polite as a French dancing master, and bowed and scraped to the public like a politician. He was friendly with every one, and seemed to know everybody between Grenada and Memphis. He was as deaf as a post, but having the faculty of reading the lips and divining facial expression, he seldom made mistakes in his replies. He was an incessant talker, and I often wondered if he did not adopt that method to avoid the necessity of replying directly to what his friends might say, for some lips cannot be read, because of mustache, and other faces cannot be interpreted for the reason they are expressionless, being devoid of character as the surface of an ostrich egg.

But the old judge was expert in the handling of people, knowing generally what tact to take, and rarely made a bobble. He heard best while on trains, as most deaf people do, there being something in the buzzing noise of the car that conveys sound to the ear. It will be remembered that two of the best old conductors of the A. and V. R. R., William and Robt. Harris, were ordinarily so deaf that it was difficult to carry on a conversation with them, when off duty, but after getting their trains in motion, and the hum of the wheels began, they had no trouble in hearing everything passengers said.

Judge Simmons wrote well, and his editorials, while never very numerous, had a ring about them that always sounded good.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

Two of My Printer Boys, B. T. Hobbs and W. A. Henry, Did Well in Life.—Men of Strong Character and Deep Convictions, But Fair and Just.—Both Christian Gentlemen.

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

What a boon, blessing and comfort is memory, enabling us to live over the past again, with its joys and its sorrows, its pleasures and its pains. It takes us back to the days of our childhood, conducts us through the paths of youth along the lanes of manhood, and down the thoroughfares of middle age. It shows us ourselves again, as we entered upon the roadway of life; and reflects the features and forms of those we knew in our earliest years, whose faces will never vanish from memory; though their visible forms have faded away.

Who does not love to sit in the shade of the evening and live over the pleasures of life again—to visit in memory the dear friends who have gone on before? And who does not feel better after contemplating the lives of loved ones who have

left us forever, but who can never be forgotten, for their good works will live so long as reason holds its seat; their influence upon those they loved will last forever.

Which is greater, the pleasures of memory or the pleasures of hope? is a debatable question, which every one must answer for himself. Each has its influence on the mind and contributes largely to human happiness; and miserable indeed, must be the man or woman deprived of the supreme happiness of looking backward and living over the past, or the joys that hope inspires for the future, which springs eternal in the human breast.

All men have hope, hope in a blessed immortality, the life beyond the grave, and meeting of loved ones after life's fitful fever is over. And no one, however checkered his career or seared his conscience, would be deprived of the pleasure that memory affords.

II.

When I began printing a paper at Newton, now the Clarion-Ledger, I had little of this world's goods, and being unable to pay the high salaries demanded by journeymen printers, I undertook to instruct a number of boys in the arts preservative, known as the printing business and had boys who played many parts in after life. Some became good printers and pressmen, some excellent solicitors, and a few business men; some becoming good editors on their own account, notably B. T. Hobbs and W. A. Henry.

Turner Hobbs, a native of Hinds country, came to me when but a boy, Dick Batte, a cousin of his and friend of mine, inducing me to give him a trial, which I was loath to do, as I had tried so many boys who were unsatisfactory.

Finding myself unable to resist Mr. Batte's appeals, I informed him I would agree to put his cousin in my office

only after he had signed a contract to serve a four years term as apprentice, contract to be endorsed by the boy's father and Mr. Batte.

The contract of apprenticeship was drawn and signed in duplicate.

III.

In a few days Turner arrived, but if he had sent his photo in advance there would have been no necessity for his father buying his railroad fare to Newton. With that face before me I should have declined to close the negotiations; for his features were not reassuring; nor was his appearance comely. He was as ungainly as one of Wackford Squeers boys at Dotheboys Hall, as described by Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby* and as I looked at young Hobbs I almost wondered if one of the boys of the Yorkshire school-master had escaped and stood before me.

He was a small, awkward lad of some sixteen, with straggling hair and grey eyes, set well back in his head. He was dressed in a suit of ill-fitting copperas jeans, with sleeves too long and pants too short by several inches, which brought to view his woolen socks, knit by loving hands at home, to provide him with warm foot-wear in winter. His hands and feet were large, and he did not know what to do with them, as he stood before me to hear what I had to say, and to await instructions. His features were not specially prominent, except eyes and mouth, the first denoting determination and the later self-will and dogged tenacity of purpose.

Turner's face interested me; it was kind and positive. He could look me squarely in the eye when he talked. Beware, dear reader, of the man or boy who cannot, for the eye is the index of the soul, the unfailing sign of character. He was not only awkward but modest and taciturn, and only talked as I dragged the words from him, making no boast of what he could do, as most boys will.

I questioned him as to his education, which he said was very limited. I asked him if he knew anything about grammar and spelling, when, with boyish frankness he said he could parse a little and spell ordinary words. I gave out the word "auroraborealis," which I had been taught was a jaw-breaker. He spelt it correctly. I then tried him with "hieroglyphic" and others all of which Turner spelled without the least trouble.

I was impressed by the boy, and saw he could do things without boasting, and for one so young had decided traces of character in his face. I put him to work, "learning the boxes," for he had never before seen the inside of a printing office, and had no idea as to its workings. He proved an apt pupil, learned fast, and soon outdistanced all the other boys in the office.

He possessed one trait I did not specially admire, he was always ready to fight; a nervy little fellow who had confidence in his ability to take care of himself. I had several big country boys in the office, all larger than Turner, and much duller, who became jealous of him, as he was soon "leading the row," and they conspired to humiliate him, one after another picking a fuss with him, but after he had scrapped with all of them, they let him severely alone.

Turner progressed so rapidly, showing such a decided aptitude for printing office work, that he was made foreman of the Newton Ledger office, and wrote many of its locals. He remained with me till I left Newton, going with me to Brookhaven, where he had charge of the office in my absence, being both assistant manager, foreman and associate editor.

IV.

Tiring of newspaper work, Hobbs formed an association with a relative, Dr. R. R. Ledbetter of Jackson, and remained with him some time. But the call of the print shop

claimed him and he returned to Brookhaven, where he resumed his old position in my office, remaining with me till I moved to Jackson in 1883, when he established the Brookhaven Leader, which he published for a few years, which became one of the most successful papers of the state.

I knew Turner Hobbs well, knew him like a father knows a son, and feel that I am in position to pass judgment upon him. He was an honest, honorable, conscientious man, a strong editor, a good publisher. He did many things I disapproved, and often lined up with factions that I opposed, but he always felt that he was right and acted according to the dictates of an honest heart, the promptings of a sincere conscience. He was wholly incorruptible, and could not be bought, bribed or bulldozed. He always acted independently and from my view-point, was often wrong, but I knew if he erred, his mistakes were of the head and not of the heart for a more honorable editor than B. T. Hobbs never put pen to paper. He was absolutely dependable, and no one ever doubted the stand he would take on questions of morality, law-enforcement, prohibition and other matters calculated to advance the progress and best interest of his state.

He was an ardent prohibitionist, a sincere Christian, and was never absent from the councils of the leading prohibitionists, an intimate friend and co-worker with Bishop Galloway, Dr. J. B. Gambrell, Dr. J. T. Bailey, Judge J. B. Chrisman and others who devoted much of their time to freeing the state of the curse of liquor.

No editor of Mississippi had a more intimate knowledge of the writer, his feelings, aspirations and desires, than B. T. Hobbs, and no man liked him better; and the feeling was fully reciprocated.

V.

At the Press Convention held at New Albany a few years ago—the last one attended by Hobbs—after I read the

report of the committee on necrology, Turner approached me and said, "Mr. Henry, you have been preparing and reading the obituary report for many years. You are a hard, an incessant worker; I have never known an editor to do so much hard work as you, and it seems to increase as you grow older. Do you ever think that some day some other editor will read that report, and your name will be embraced in the list?"

"Yes, Turner," I replied, "I never arise to read the necrological report but that question comes to me. In the ordinary course of nature I will go before you. You know me better than any member of the State Press Association, and I want you to write my obituary, and speak of me just as you knew me, as you have known me for over forty years." He replied, "I will, and I'll do you justice, God being my guide."

In less than six months I had written Hobbs' obituary, and read a tribute to his memory at the Brookhaven Press Convention, the editors holding a memorial meeting at his grave for the purpose. It was a sad meeting, in which the President of the Association, E. A. Fitzgerald, of the Vicksburg Herald, broke down and wept like a child while presiding, passing the gavel to the writer to complete the exercises.

All of which reminds us that in the midst of life we are in death; for there on that leafy day in May, I did for B. T. Hobbs what he had promised to do for me, read a tribute to his memory, speaking of him just as I had known him for many years.

VI.

While W. A. Henry was not an apprentice in the full meaning of the term, he obtained the rudimentary knowledge he possessed of printing in my office. Coming to me as a young boy after his mother died, he devoted himself to learn-

ing the printing business in summer and going to school during the winter sessions, which embraced about one-half the year. He was a hard student and learned rapidly, soon becoming an efficient printer.

When old enough I sent him to Oxford, where he graduated in law, under the distinguished Edward Mayes, law professor. Returning home, he entered upon the practice of law, but was a bit discouraged when in defending his first client, he succeeded in sending him to the penitentiary for life. Being somewhat familiar with the case, and hearing the testimony, I told him I thought he had won a great victory, for if any negro ever deserved to be hung, it was that same client of his.

The law coming slow with him and having a love for newspaper work, W. A. Henry bought an interest in the Sentinel at Yazoo City, from C. T. Calhoun, afterwards becoming the sole owner. Under his management the paper made many improvements, and was regarded as one of the most reliable journals of the state. My brother was fairly well educated, and being in love with his paper exerted himself to make it one of the best weeklies of the state. He had convictions and never failed to express them.

He was a regular attendant upon the meetings of the Mississippi Press Association, and shared its honors from orator to president, ranking with its foremost members.

The Sentinel was a success under his direction though he could only give it part of his time, as his law business was increasing. He was finally prevailed upon to sell the paper and give his whole time to the law, which he did, with many regrets, for he loved newspaper publishing, which had really put him on his feet.

He sold the Sentinel to Frank R. Birdsell, who has published it with success.

VII.

Disassociating himself from newspaper work, W. A. Henry devoted his time exclusively to law, and built up a fine and lucrative practice, the labor becoming so heavy that he was forced to take in partners to assist him.

He never cared much for politics, except to help his friends, but did agree to serve one term in the Mississippi legislature, declining re-election.

He was offered the chancelorship of his district by Governor Longino, which he declined, as his law business was growing, and he did not feel that he could give it up at his time of life. Later on he was tendered the circuit-judgeship by Governor Noel, which he accepted. He was re-appointed by Governor Brewer, but resigned before the expiration of the second term, his health failing. He returned to the law, but only accepted large cases, devoting himself more to consultations than to active practice.

He was stricken with paralysis while holding court at Raymond, but recovered sufficiently to resume his duties on the bench. After retiring from office and while seeking health in the mountains of North Carolina, he had a second stroke, which resulted fatally, several members of his family being present at the time of dissolution.

While it may not become me to eulogize my brother, I but voice what every one who knew him will say, that he was an upright, honorable, Christian gentleman, who lived a correct life, doing much of good in the world. He was to me more of a son than a brother, for he lived in my house all his youthful life, and I am proud to say that he was worthy of every word spoken in commendation of his merits. He never betrayed a trust, deceived a friend, or mislead an enemy, for his life was an embodiment of frankness, truthfulness and honorable dealings to all men.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

**A True Story of J. S. Madison, the Heroic Snorer of the
State Press.—Frank Moorehead, the Beau Brummel
of the Editors.—Published a
Model Monthly.**

In the good old days of which I write, we had big and little editors, physically and mentally—thus was upheld the editorial equilibrium and status quo maintained. The press of Mississippi did not suffer in comparison with the press of sister states, though we had no cities or metropolitan papers like Tennessee, Louisiana and Alabama.

Many of the smaller papers, with sensible editors at their head, have exerted great influence within their own sphere, for as a rule the local paper, when conducted with dignity and ability, wields an influence in its own section that no other paper can equal.

I have many papers of this kind in mind, especially, the Noxubee Democrat, edited and published by James S. Madison, who was both an editor and politician. He was several times elected a representative from Noxubee county, and became one of the best legislators of the state. He was also a strong editorial writer, and had the ability to discuss any

public question. He was, however, little known as a newspaper publisher, which was a secondary consideration with him.

Being an eminently practical man, having been raised on a farm, and knowing the needs of the masses of the people, he became the author of many constructive measures.

II.

Madison was elected Speaker of the House, and completely filled the chair, for he weighed nigh onto 375 pounds, having a big body as well as big brain. He made an excellent presiding officer, being a fine parliamentarian, and by nature fair and just, he seemed to give entire satisfaction.

I had helped elect Madison Speaker when first a candidate, and was for him the second time, as he had always supported me for State Printer, and besides he "was worthy and well qualified." He knew he could command me in any emergency; and in order that we might be near so we could discuss his candidacy at odd hours, he ordered his trunk sent up to my house, and without consulting me, proceeded to take charge of one of the best rooms, for he always felt at home at my residence.

When I went home to dinner after Madison's arrival, I was accosted by my wife, who asked, "Why did you send Mr. Madison up here?" I assured her I had not, did not know that he was in the house. "Well, he is," she added, "has taken possession of the room over ours, and you must get him out—I'll have no roomers or boarders." I replied, "Madison is neither—he is a guest." She responded, "That is worse—no guest, no roomer, no boarders. Get him out."

I began to see I must put on the gloves or my wife would undo me. So I said, "I cannot, and will not ask the man to leave the house, till the election of State Printer is

over, as he controls a number of votes, and if I make him mad, he might throw them all against me, and bring about my defeat." She asked, "When will the election occur?" I replied, "That is problematical; there is no time fixed. It may be within one week, a month or more; but till it is over I can do nothing, and you must grin and bear it."

That reasonable statement seemed to satisfy the madam for a time. We had dinner, chatted awhile, when I returned to my office, forgetting all about Madison, in the work incident to getting out a morning paper.

III.

I returned home at 2:30 a. m., having seen the work of the office cleared for the night, with never a thought of Madison in my mind. As I neared the First Presbyterian Church, a square and a half from my residence, I heard a rumbling sound in the distance, as though a storm were gathering. The nearer I approached, the more audible became the roar; and when I reached my gate, it burst forth in all the fury of a West Indian hurricane—louder than the rattling of the street cars.

I was dumbfounded! Bright lights were burning in my wife's room—and I knew I was up against it. I unlocked the front door and entered gently—for I had been married several years; and this is the grand picture I beheld:

My wife, in her long, white gown, was charging up and down the room, her black, disheveled hair flowing in the breeze, her bright eyes emitting fire as they snapped and glowed. She was a perfect picture of Charlotte Cushman playing Meg Merriles—a beautiful scene that will ever live in memory. And though many years have passed over our heads since then, and the frost of time has left its traces, I still see her in her girlish beauty on that cold January night as

she raved, ripped and roared and unconsciously played the part of a tragic queen.

Old Madison was snoring terrifically. He was ripping off the boards, tearing down the roof, and busting out the knots. He was surely enjoying himself.

My wife exclaimed as I eased myself into the room, "Listen at that! Listen at that!! LISTEN AT THAT!!! Do you hear it?" with rising inflection and increasing emphasis with each exclamation.

I responded, "I believe I do," as old Jim gave out a snort like unto the grunt of a hippopotamus, that fairly shook the house. "But my dear if you don't calm yourself you will wake up every person in the neighborhood, and are likely to burst a blood vessel besides." That was an unfortunate remark, and only tended to irritate. It was not diplomatic or soothing. I saw I had made a mistake, and must needs change tactics, if I hoped to win.

She yelled back at me, "You shall get him out. I have not slept a wink tonight." I was nettled at her defiance, and responded, "Then you must learn to sleep in the daytime;" and she went all to pieces, and I saw I had made mistake number two—that I must resort to milder methods or I would be undone altogether and lose entirely.

So I tacked again and employed the weapons of flattery to overcome my thoroughly maddened frow—and confidentially, I would say that is the strongest weapon man ever used to win over a woman. If flattery fails, the case is hopeless.

Then, in loving tone, I said, "My dear, I vow you are the handsomest creature I ever saw, a radiant, regal queen, and that costume suits you so admirably. You are handsomer than Charlotte Cushman or Mary Anderson playing Meg Merriles, and I'd give a thousand dollars for a snap shot as you appear this moment."

She sighed and simply said, "Shut up," and I knew I had won my case.

Old Madison remained with us till the end of the session, and when he left it was with difficulty we could sleep, so accustomed had we become to the hypnotic influence of his sonorous snore.

IV.

A remarkable newspaperman was Frank C. Morehead, of the *Planters Journal*, printed at Vicksburg. He was not only a good writer on agricultural and industrial subjects, but an extraordinary publisher, and perhaps made more money for the capital invested than any person belonging to the Fourth Estate. He conceived the idea that an industrial paper, with a sprinkling of agricultural matter, was a necessity in this state, where so many agricultural journals had failed, and having faith in himself, he began the publication of the *Planters Journal*, which was printed on fine, heavy paper, the typography and press work being decidedly the best in Mississippi.

He paid very little attention to editing his paper, delegating that work to others. He kept two men around his office to look after the publication of the *Journal* in his absence—T. P. Grasty, an exceedingly clever writer, and Dr. I. E. Nagle, the ostensible publisher, though most of his time was taken up in looking wise and entertaining. It was often said that Nagle would sell for 150 per cent at any time, while Morehead classed higher.

V.

Morehead claims to have suggested the Cotton Centennial at New Orleans, in 1884, and to have furnished the general plans for the exposition, which I never heard denied.

Morehead published the *Planters Journal* as long as the publishing was good; and when the picking became lean, he

suspended his paper, and went to New York, where he engaged in the bond business.

I don't know what became of Dr. Nagle, but I do know that no member of the Mississippi Press Association wore crape or emblems of sorrow when he disappeared.

Grasty became one of the owners of the Baltimore Sun, where he made some considerable reputation, for he was a most entertaining writer.

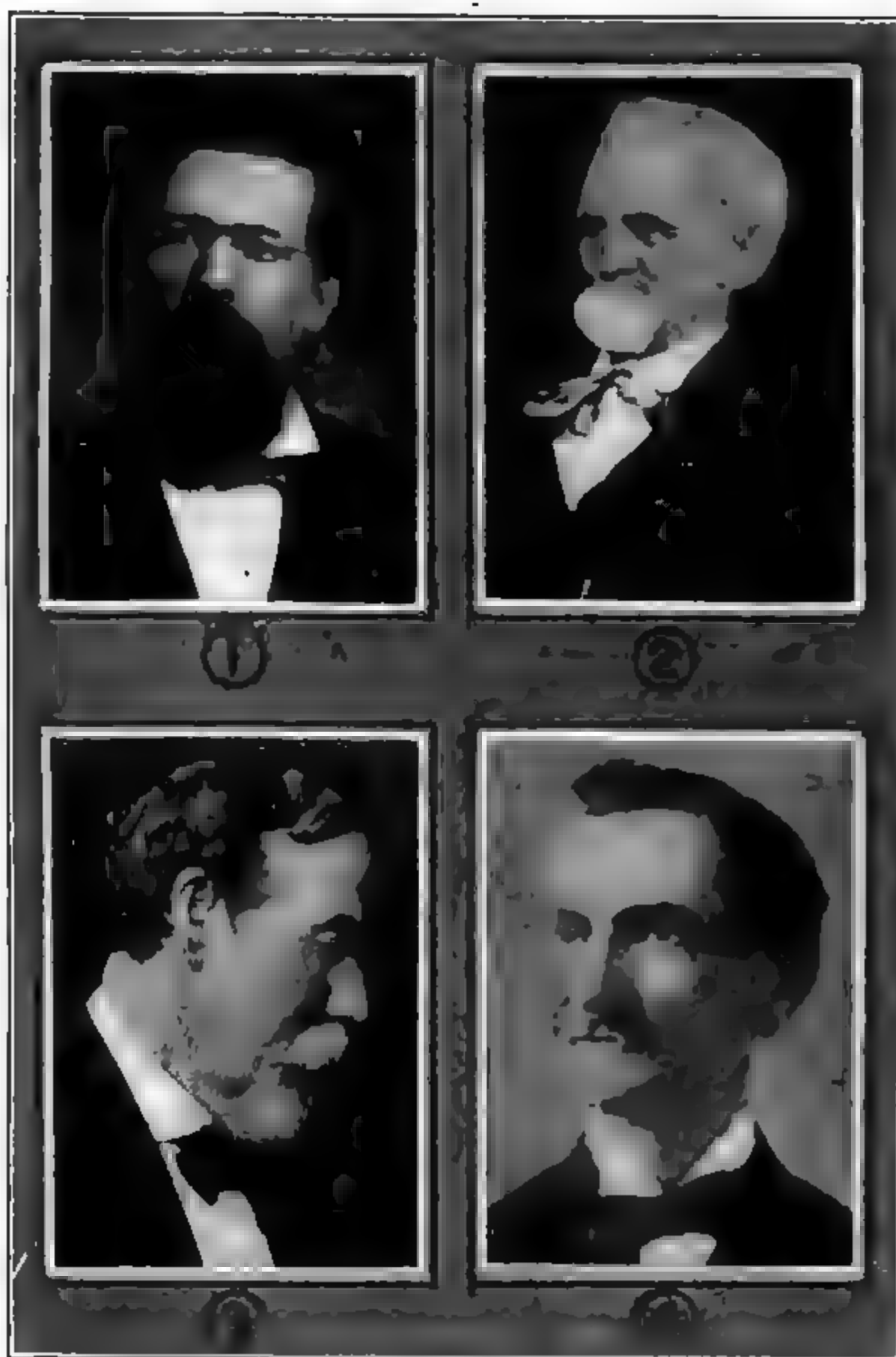
VI.

Captain J. S. Hoskins, of the Lexington Advertiser, was one of the most charming men I ever knew, and a good editor he was. He never attempted to soar in the clouds or deal in heavy platitudes, but as a correct and pleasing editor he had few equals in his class. He made a most readable paper of the Advertiser, setting the pace for editors to follow when he devoted most of his news space to local matters and personals. He could write good editorials and did so often, but his main forte was locals. Under his editorship his paper stood at the head of the weeklies.

His son, William W., had great love for a printing office, and was constantly around his father's place. He wrote several serial stories before he was grown, and developed into quite a local poet, and gave to the world a volume of poems, entitled "Atlantis," which had a good sale in this state.

VII.

H. P. Johnson, of the Kosciusko Star, was another high-class, gentlemanly editor, not specially great, but above the average. He did not do as many editors, depending upon others to write his articles, but "wrote his own editorials with his own hand."



1—Emmett L. Ross

2—Henry S. Bonney
4—C. N. Dement

3—J. G. Cashman

Johnson bought the Star from Dick Walpole, and labored hard to keep it up to the standard, set by J. L. McCallum, who was Walpole's professional editor, having edited all the papers that splendid publisher had owned. Johnson knew he had a difficult task before him, but it soon developed that Johnson was equal to the emergency, and made of the Star a really good paper.

One of the best-known editors of this state was Dr. W. A. Hurt, of Winona, who had been connected with The Argus, state prohibition organ, and afterwards purchased by Roderick Gambrell and converted into the Sword and Shield; The Winona Times; The New Farmer, the state organ of the Farmers Alliance, which he sold to the Mississippian, then published in Jackson, and established the Baptist Layman at Winona, which became a great denominational paper.

VIII.

The old editor—old in service, not in years—of the Clarion-Ledger, has received many compliments from his press brethren and readers of his memoirs of editors he has known for the past fifty years; but the following commendation from Editor Lawrence, of the Grenada Sentinel, excels any compliment yet bestowed, and for which the writer is grateful and hereby returns his sincere thanks:

Grenada, Miss., Oct. 14, 1920.

Col. R. H. Henry,
Jackson, Miss.

My Dear Colonel Henry:

I cannot refrain from telling you that you eclipsed yourself for lofty utterance in your article, No. 31 on "Some Editors I Have Known," especially in the first three paragraphs. You soared away from temporal things in those paragraphs and rung the very door bells of the gates of the Eternal City.

You touched upon the purest and tenderest chords of human life and exhibited that spirit which is so beautifully taught in our Lord's prayer where we are enjoined to think and do for others as we would have them do for us.

I am almost persuaded that the gates of Heaven swung ajar to give some of your loved ones and friends, who have gone on before, a look at our restless world and perhaps it is not too much to believe that such sentiments as you expressed caused your dear ones over there to add emphasis to their intercessions for you and yours.

You are serving well your State by the publication of these articles and are showing that even what some would term the most vigorous and fearless editorial writers are tender of heart and really yearn for the true sweets of life, sweets that can be got only in the home and in the association of loyal and confiding friends.

With sincerest wishes,

Yours friend,

O. F. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

Some of the Women Publishers of Mississippi.—Miss Piney Woods Forsythe, the First, Followed by Mrs. S. C. Maer, Mrs. Lena Hobbs, and Mrs. E. A. Thompson and Others.

We have had a large number of women editors and managers of newspapers, in this state, some of whom distinguished themselves and wrote their lives down in the history of Mississippi; some succeeding their husbands, after they had been called hence, others assuming full responsibility of editorship while their husbands conducted other business, and in some instances, girls raised and brought up in printing offices, never left them, even to marry.

The first full-fledged woman editor I knew of was Miss Piney Woods Forsythe, who succeeded her father as editor of the Advocate, Osyka, Miss. It was a rather small paper, but had the merit of being printed wholly at home, for in those early days that greatest of all newspaper afflictions, the patent outside, had not been evolved from the brain of A. N. Kellogg.

The Advocate was an old style, original paper, carried a good line of business, and made some impression in the news-

paper world. Mercantile advertising consisted of bare mentions, and some ads were frights to behold, for in those days the science of advertising was unknown. Most of them started with the line, "Just received," followed by a list of articles on sale.

Miss Piney had a brother who worked in the office with her, Ijaah Forsythe, and published the Brookhaven Democrat after her death. He had been elected marshal of Brookhaven and was killed while in the discharge of his duties, but he got his assailant, and two funerals followed the tragedy.

II.

One of the most successful women publishers in Mississippi was Mrs. S. C. Maer of the Columbus Dispatch, which she managed and edited for several years. She was a fine business woman and under her direction the Dispatch became one of the foremost papers of the state. She personally looked after the business department, giving all her time to the duties of her paper, and knew exactly what she was doing every day. While she wrote many of the articles appearing in the paper, she was assisted in the editorial work by her son, P. W. Maer, who succeeded his mother as publisher and made a most interesting paper of the Dispatch, till death called him home two years ago.

Mrs. Lena Hobbs, widow of the late B. T. Hobbs, of the Brookhaven Leader, is also an extraordinary woman, competent to write upon any subject of the day, and has contributed to the press gems of poetry and prose.

Upon her husband's death she assumed the management and editorship of the Leader, and has kept it up to the high standard set by him, for few men have had higher ideals than Turner Hobbs.

Mrs. Hobbs spends most of her time in her office, and gives her attention to its minutest details, with all of which

she is thoroughly familiar, and prints a paper of standing, character and influence.

In her work she is assisted by her son Paul, who has had the advantage of training both by father and mother, as he has been in a printing office all his life.

Mrs. Halla Hammond Butt, one of the original suffragets of this state, was for several years publisher and editor of the Clarksdale Challenge. She was an exceptionally good writer, and her editorials would favorably compare with those of the best editors of the state. She devoted the best years of her life to the publication of the Challenge, but being a better editor than manager, disposed of her paper, and engaged almost exclusively in suffrage work. She was well known to the editors of the state, all of whom acknowledged her ability.

Lillian Norment succeeded her father as publisher of the Starkville Citizen, which she conducted for several years, writing upon all kinds of topics and gave the country a number of beautiful poems.

III.

Mrs. E. A. Thompson, who succeeded her husband, S. M. Thompson, as editor and publisher of the Oxford Eagle, was for many years an attendant upon the annual meetings of the Press Association, where her merits were always recognized, for she is a woman of strong mentality, and never fails to impress herself upon any company of which she might be a member. She wrote with the vigor of her husband, and kept the Eagle well to the front as a strong paper.

Mrs. H. C. Bosworth succeeded to the management of the Canton Citizen after the death of her husband, and raised an interesting family of boys and girls, all of whom became identified with newspaper publishing.

Mrs. Bosworth believed more in soliciting advertisements than writing editorials or locals. She secured columns of advertisements from New Orleans and Memphis firms, and was regarded as one of the best solicitors on the state press.

IV.

We have had a number of editors who were regular practicing physicians, and who drifted into the editor's chair for one reason and another, but generally as a matter of protection, to look after interests they might have in newspaper plants.

Dr. S. Davis, before referred to, a man of leisure and education, became the editor of the Forest Register as a matter of recreation; and getting in the harness, he became infatuated with newspaper work and never quit.

Dr. A. E. Fant was leading stockholder in the West Point Citizen and became its editor while enjoying a large and lucrative practice, not that he cared for the work, but because of necessity. He wrote well, and his reconstruction editorials were among the best to appear during the days that really tried men's souls.

Dr. Alexander Hunter, for years the directing spirit of the Crystal Springs Monitor, was an editor through choice because he liked the work and believed he could do his state some service. He was in the thickest of the fight during reconstruction days, and remained at his post of duty till the real owners of Mississippi had come into their own.

Dr. W. L. Lee, of the Ellisville Eagle, printed a good country paper and remained in the business several years, and doing much for the redemption of the state. He has retired from journalism.

V.

As much of this article is about women editors, it will not be out of place to here tell a story of a woman, which is recalled by my reference to Dr. Hunter of Crystal Springs.

I had been invited to deliver a lecture on "Journalism," before the Crystal Springs Chautauqua, and after carefully preparing and assiduously memorizing the effort, I invited my wife to accompany me and criticise the speech, for my life was all before me and I did not know what the future held in store for an ambitious young man about my age. She accepted, never refusing to go with me on a trip and has afforded me great pleasure in my travels.

We reached the Chautauqua grounds after midday and were comfortably quartered in one of the cottages of the association. A number of people called to extend a social welcome, and made the hours pass most delightfully.

After dinner, some young folks invited my wife to take a ride on the lake, which favor she accepted, and had been gone about an hour when a committee called to escort me to the tabernacle, announcing it was time for the lecture. The bell was rung as notice to the campers that it was time to assemble for the evening address. I was ushered into the pavilion, and introduced in a most splendid manner, in such eulogistic terms that I did not recognize the picture.

I arose, acknowledged the distinguished honor shown in the presentation and began my talk. Looking over the large audience—most of those present had season tickets—I was just a little bit annoyed not to see the bright face of my wife and critic as I glanced over the assembly.

After I had been speaking twenty minutes or more, the madam entered and took a seat in the rear of the tabernacle as though ashamed of the performance. I struggled on, and

had a hard road reaching the end, feeling that I had made a failure.

At the conclusion of the lecture, and after receiving the usual congratulations, I approached my wife timidly for we had been married several years and I was wise to her ways, and I said, "My dear, what was the matter? You came in after the best part of the speech had been delivered."

She responded: "I was down on the lake when the bell rang; something got wrong with the engine. When the trouble was repaired we headed for the landing; I climbed the hill and rushed to the gate-way of the tabernacle, when the ticket-taker refused to let me inside unless I paid him a quarter. Having no money, I returned to the cottage, got my purse and paid my way inside the pavillion. Now dear, you know I care nothing about a quarter, but I do hate to throw it away."

While that was almost the blow that killed father, I rallied and replied, "Well, your criticism at least has the merit of frankness, my girl, and reminds me of the time when Judge Calhoun delivered the leading address at a press banquet in Yazoo City, years ago. There was no wine on the table and the cold water almost froze the marrow in the Judge's bones, and having nothing to inspire him, brighten his thoughts, or loosen his tongue, the Judge floundered around for twenty minutes and quit in disgust, realizing that he had made a failure.

"John Sharp Williams, seeing the Judge's predicament, invited him down to his office to get a drink. On the way, seeking consolation, the Judge said to Williams, 'John, I feel like I made a d—— fool of myself tonight.' John, in his matter-of-fact, frank manner, responded, 'Yes, yes, yes,' when the Judge quickly replied, 'Well, you need not be so d——ed candid about it.'"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

W. E. Mollison, a Negro Editor, Banquets With Mississippi Editors Years Before the Roosevelt-Washington Dinner.—Walter McLaurin Gets Best of Jim Liddle.

The public will recall the hullabaloo raised over the Roosevelt-Booker Washington dinner in 1903, when the President of the United States ate lunch with the negro president of Tuskegee Institute.

No event of the day attracted more attention than that memorable incident, both Democratic and Republican papers criticising and condemning it.

During the Roosevelt-Washington discussion the writer called attention to the fact that that was not the only time a white man had publicly eaten with a negro. The fact was recalled that W. E. Mollison, editor of the Mayersville Spectator, had been a member of the Mississippi Press Association, though he was a negro, as there was nothing in the constitution drawing the color or the political line.

II.

Several Republican editors had belonged to the Press Association, but Mollison was the only negro to join.

Mollison, being a sensible, well behaved negro, did not attempt to take part in the proceedings of the Conventions. But the crucial test came when the editors were given their annual banquet by citizens of Natchez. The invitation was general and all members of the press were expected to attend. Then the question arose, "What are we to do with Mollison?" and the editors were much disturbed.

They decided not to cross the bridge till they reached the creek, hoping that Mollison would have the good sense not to attend the banquet. But he didn't; the event was too big for him to miss. So, at the appointed time the negro appeared, having made up his mind to eat supper with the white editors unless he was thrown out. A consultation of the leaders was held, and it was decided not to deny Mollison a seat at the banquet table.

No one wanted to sit with him, and it was proposed to give him a table by himself, when that was declared impracticable, and Captain Frank Burkitt, who objected to "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," as he expressed it in his frank manner, said, "Oh, h——; sit the negro down by me; I'll eat with him." That solved the difficulty, and Mollison was sandwiched in between two noted editors, Capt. Burkitt on his right and Major Barksdale on his left—and behaved himself modestly and well during the dining, and has the honor of being the only negro editor to eat with the Mississippi Press Association.

Mollison greatly enjoyed the distinction shown him, and when the Roosevelt-Washington incident was being aired in the press, he was glad that his dining with white people ante dated that of Booker's. Mollison retired from the editor's chair, moved to Vicksburg and became a fairly successful lawyer.

III.

Many men were employed upon the staff of the Clarion, from time to time; and two of its editors died the same year—Harris Barskdale and Willie S. Power, in 1882.

Harris Barksdale was known as the local and news editor, but he possessed extraordinary ability as a writer, and was at home in any of the departments, and really did much of the editorial work during his father's absence. He was especially happy as a sketch writer, and his fluent pen described many of the most interesting scenes and great events in Mississippi history. Perhaps his best work was his reports of State Conventions and assembly gatherings.

Though he died while a young man, he had made considerable reputation as a writer, and President Walpole said of him in his address to the Press Convention, "Harris Barksdale was a bold, incisive writer, having few equals in the state; was faithful to the press, a fearless defender and an earnest advocate of its every right."

Willie S. Power, son of Col. J. L. Power, was local editor of the Clarion, and performed his work well, especially for one so young, for he was but fresh from college when death laid its cold hand upon him, and removed one of the brightest and most intelligent young writers of the state. He gave promise of great usefulness and was regarded as one of the rising young members of the Mississippi Press, as his writings so ably proved. "Bright, brief and honorable was his young career."

Oliver Clifton was another of the Clarion editors to pass away in the prime of life. He succeeded to the editorship after Major Barksdale's retirement, on his election to Congress; and was a worthy successor of Mississippi's great old editor. He was essentially a leader writer, and was much given to saying whatever he pleased, regardless of consequences, which came near involving him in several difficulties with editors with whom he differed.

Mr. Clifton had had so much experience around the Supreme Court as reporter, and as a writer of political articles, platforms and resolutions, that he fell naturally and gracefully into the editor's chair. He doted on statistics, especially of a political nature, and filled his paper with facts and figures of incalculable value. And being an accurate writer and reliable statistician, his articles were accepted as correct, there being no one to question them, as Clifton was regarded as an authority on such matters.

IV.

J. M. Liddle, known as "one of the swamp angels," because of his connection with several negro shooting affairs, had edited several papers, the last at Grenada. He was bitter upon the "McLaurin dynasty," which he said "was a greater menace to the country than the Republican party." He rarely printed a paper without roasting one or more of the McLaurins.

The genial Walter McLaurin was Railroad Commissioner, and had been Jim's meat for months. He had said everything mean about Walter that it was possible to say.

One day Walter chanced to meet Jim in Jackson, and being a thorough politician, and never taking offense at anything written or said about him, cordially extended his hand, remarking, "Jim, I am mighty glad to meet you, old man. Where are you living now?" for Liddle roamed around a good deal. Jim, drawing himself up with haughty pride replied, "I am living at Grenada." "What are you doing there, Jim?" asked Walter as meek as Moses and as innocent as a child. "Why, I am publishing a paper there." "You are; well I declare I did not know it. What's your subscription price?" When told that it was one dollar per year, Walter said, "Well, Jim, I want you to send me your paper; here is a dollar; send it on and don't stop when the time is out, for I know you must be getting up a mighty readable paper."

That was too much for Jim, and he quit abusing Walter, holding that a man with such free and open manners was not altogether bad, and they became good friends before they died, Walter passing away in Brandon, the result of an injury sustained while trying to stop a runaway horse, in order to save the life of a young lady friend. Jim died in the Philippine Islands, where he held a position as federal judge, going over there with Louis Southworth in 1904.

V.

Sam D. Harper succeeded his father on the Hinds County Gazette, with whom he had worked many years. He was well trained and thoroughly conversant with newspaper details. Sam made a very good paper of the Gazette, but did not seem to succeed financially and decided to try new fields, moving to Hazlehurst where he printed a really bright paper for a few years, which he finally sold and opened business in Jackson, giving up newspaper work and devoting himself to job printing. Sam was a happy, go-lucky fellow, who took life easy. He was kind and courteous to all and was much liked by brother editors and the public.

The Gazette was taken over by his brothers and continued in the family till most of the boys died off, when it was sold to strangers.

We have had a number of odd, peculiar men in the newspaper profession—Claiborne calls it a profession and he is a good authority—some of whom have proven quite interesting.

There was F. H. Culley of the Fayette Chronicle. He was no great editor, but he did get up a good local paper, was a fair manager and made money. He understood the science of country publishing, knew what his receipts would be, and kept his paper within expenses, putting aside a few

hundred dollars a year for himself and wife, as they had no children.

Culley was a peculiar fellow. He attended meetings of the Press Association with punctual regularity, and carried along a wardrobe of clothes, several suits and a half dozen hats. He never wore one hat more than a day when on press trips, and changed his clothing every day, sometimes twice. The press boys used to gamble on his changes.

VI.

Then there was another oddity, in the person of J. F. Vance, of the Hazelhurst Copiahan, whose motto was to "Keep the owl a-hooting." The Copiahan was a large four page paper, of the bed blanket variety. It was all home print, set in leaded small pica, Vance holding to the opinion that he should print a paper that all his subscribers could read. He was a printer himself, and set his editorials and locals out of his head, composing them as he stood at the printer's case. He had a fancy for long-winded reprints as they kept the printers busy and saved the preparation of copy.

Vance was a tall, large man of rather serious caste of features, and attracted attention because of his size and solemn looks. He attended press meetings for years, and never opened his mouth on the floor. He seemed content to let the world wag, and never offered a suggestion regarding newspaper work or betterment. He always appeared entirely satisfied. But he could run with the boys when opportunity offered, and keep up with the high rollers.

Vance was a rather lively old duck, not entirely like Caesar's wife, and when in his cups was charged with "wandering around in the dark." He frequently went out to his daughter's home in the country, after he had worked like

a dray horse all day at the case. He had an enemy living on the road who had been heard to make threats on his life; but Vance cared nothing about that; and started on his way to the country, after night had fallen.

Another man on horse back was ahead of him, which he knew not of. A third man lay in wait, with a shot gun, and as horseman No. 1 approached, the assassin fired upon and killed him, thinking he had shot Vance.

In those red-hot days in Copiah, the shooting of a man attracted no very great attention; but an effort was made to apprehend the murderer, and the blame was placed on a negro, around whose cabin blood was found, which afterwards proved to be the blood of a hog the boy had stolen. The negro escaped, and never returned till he was proven innocent by the dying confession of the man who had sworn to kill Vance.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE.

**J. J. Haynie, the Premier Advertising Solicitor of the State.
One Mississippi Editor, F. C. McGee, Accumulates
Money and Retires.—Poet-Editor,
S. Newton Berryhill.**

While the purpose of these memoirs has been to deal with editors and publishers who have passed away, it will not be out of place to refer to some who have retired to the walks of private life, as I have heretofore done in a few instances.

Prominent among the men who have devoted their active lives to newspaper publishing may be mentioned J. J. Haynie. He was for many years a conspicuous figure in the journalistic world of Mississippi, and was regarded as the premier advertising solicitor of his day.

Haynie has printed a number of papers in his time, all with fair success, and has solicited for more papers than he has owned. He began newspaper reporting before my name was discernable at a mast head, but was never the owner of a paper till 1875, when he established the Noxubee County Star at Shuqulak, which he moved to Macon, changing the name to that of the Mississippi Sun, publishing it for ten

or fifteen years. It was a good newspaper, and was filled with advertisements, not only from Macon, but from New Orleans, Mobile, Memphis and other cities.

II.

Publishers with less energy and far less initiative than Haynie, wondered how he managed to secure so many "foreign" advertisements, as all business away from the scene of publication is called. They looked upon Haynie as the wonder of the day. Dick Walpole and J. J. Shannon were regarded as extraordinary advertising solicitors, but they did not surpass, if indeed, they equalled Haynie, who seemed able to get advertisements anywhere and from anybody.

The first time I met Haynie was in 1878. He was in Jackson soliciting advertisements for his Macon paper, and I was there on the same mission for my own paper, the Brookhaven Ledger. I was impressed by his remarkable personality, his great energy and wonderful resourcefulness.

The steamer Oliver Clifton, built by the penitentiary lessees, had just been put in the packet line from Jackson to Carthage. I could understand why manufacturing establishments of Jackson might with profit advertise in a Brookhaven paper, as plow factories, undertaking concerns and music houses were rare in those days; but could not, in my most vivid imagination, see how Jackson firms could hope to benefit by advertising in a Macon paper.

But Haynie, advertizing wizard that he was, inventive genius that he proved to be, worked out the problem, and presented it with such force and effectiveness that he had no trouble in getting a big batch of advertisements at Jackson.

His plan was attractive and altogether original. He argued that the Clifton would carry manufactured articles,

merchandise, fertilizers, etc., up to the head of navigation, and from there they would be distributed through Neshoba, Winston and Noxubee counties, till they came within the sphere of the Sun's circulation, thus bringing the consumer in close touch with Jackson.

Returning, the Clifton would bring down staves, lumber, hoop poles, hogs, poultry, etc. The scheme was worthy of the brain of Haynie, though no other publisher in the state possessed the initiative to evolve it, or had the nerve to present it. But with Haynie everything was fair not only in love and war, but in advertising soliciting. When he confided his plan to me, with the assurance that he could not only get a double column advertisement from Hamilton, Hoskins & Co., and others for the Sun, but for the Ledger as well, I looked at him in amazement, wondering if I stood in the presence of Baron Munchausen, or had received a visit from Lamar Fontaine. But the scheme worked, and Haynie wrote contracts for both papers, for I did not have the gall to solicit the business myself.

III.

I have solicited with Haynie in several cities, and must say I have never known his equal. His energy was unexcelled, his nerve unsurpassed, while his cheek had no parallel even in the proverbial government mule.

We worked side by side in the oil boom days of Beaumont, when he was representing a rather obscure paper known as the American Ginner. At first, business was bad with him. No man in the oil fields had ever heard of the American Ginner. He worked like a Trojan for three or four days, and secured less than \$100 worth of business. He was thoroughly disgusted, and was about to throw up the sponge when a suggestion I made induced him to continue his work.

We held a council of war, and discussed means and plan to increase our advertising business. I asked him what circulation he claimed when soliciting oil well advertisements, when he replied, "All that I dare claim, 7,500, and advertisers simply ridicule my small circulation." I replied, "Why, Haynie, I am amazed at you. Don't you see that these stock-selling men are frauds and fakirs. Swindlers themselves, they look upon every person they deal with as humbugs and rascals. Why don't you move up your circulation a few thousand every day just to see what effect it will have? You have no conscientious scruples, and if there is a man in the newspaper game that has the nerve to work the scheme it is none other than your own precious self."

He appeared to be shocked at the suggestion—but he wasn't, and replied, "Why, Colonel, I am surprised, but thank you." "Don't mention it, my dear boy. I am simply showing you a way out of your trouble. You are not compelled to adopt the suggestion."

I am not prepared to say that Haynie profited by my advice, but I do know that business suddenly picked up in his direction, and was surprised to learn as I moved around among the oil advertisers that the circulation of the American Ginner far exceeded that of the Clarion-Ledger—and that was going some, for the circulation of Mississippi's Great Religious Daily, which I had dubbed my paper in a joking vein, had not been understated.

Haynie has retired from active newspaper work, and is near the age of 80, enjoying the fruits of a well directed life, spending his latter days with relatives in the quiet of a Quitman home among friends who have known him long, and who love and honor him.

IV.

Few editors accumulate money, and when one is known to have put aside a few dollars for a rainy day, he is entitled

to special mention. In that class comes F. C. McGee, for many years the editor of the Enterprise Courier, succeeding to the ownership of that paper on the death of W. J. Adams.

He was an active supporter of Hon. O. R. Singleton in his memorable canvass in 1882, when he defeated Hon. Thomas H. Woods for Congress, after he had in reality been legislated out of his district. Singleton lived in Madison county, which was thrown out of his district in the legislative reapportionment; but undaunted he moved over to Forest, bought him a home, moved his citizenship to the capital of Scott county, and was re-elected.

McGee was appointed to a clerical position by Singleton, and remained in the Federal service several years. He afterwards moved to Meridian, organized a bank, became its head, and made a lot of money, and was a rich man before he passed away.

His brother, Addie McGee, was also an editor of the Courier, and kept it up to the standard.

S. Newton Berryhill was known as the poet-editor of Mississippi. He first attracted attention as poet, from the interior village of Bellfontaine, where he resided from his boyhood. He had been afflicted with an infirm body all his life, and being unable to romp and play, had devoted himself to books, and had the benefit of a good education, being specially tutored. He early turned his attention to literature, writing both prose and verse. He published a volume entitled "Backwoods Poems," that had good sale and was favorably received by competent critics.

He wrote many magazine articles on current topics, and was a frequent contributor to the Metropolitan press. He became the editor of one of the Columbus papers, but the

grind was too great for his frail body, and he passed away early, but not before he had shown his ability as an editorial writer.

S. W. Townsend published the *Intelligencer* at McComb City, in the early days of that place. The paper was an adjunct to a large book and job plant that did much of the work for New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad, afterwards merged with, and is now part of the Illinois Central system.

The *Intelligencer* was a handsome weekly, devoted largely to industrial matters and home development, and for quite a while was edited by Major E. Barksdale, which is tantamount to saying its editorials were second to none in the state.

The plant of the *Intelligencer* was owned by a stock company, and it was understood the railroad was the largest shareholder.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

**Barksdale Would Submit to no Procrustean Rule With
His Heads.—J. S. Mason, Port Gibson Reveille, and
J. S. Lewis, Woodville Republican.—Celebrated
New Orleans Editors.**

It is an easy matter to write history—some kind of history—but not always so easy to write interesting or pleasing history; for however careful one may be in what he says he is almost certain to say something that will grate upon sensitive nerves, or tread upon delicate toes, if he writes correctly, or details incidents as he saw or remembers them, for many people object to the whole story being told of themselves.

Others, whose lives have been uneventful, often magnify their own importance, and want all events of which they have formed a part, extravagantly elaborated.

Carlyle says that "Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise, and gifted with an eye and a soul." Another author says that "History is a systematic written account of events, distinguished from annals and chronicals, which relate facts and events in chronological order." And he might have added that obituaries are not history, for no class of

writing is so exaggerated as obituaries, except in rare cases, for necrological writers view their subjects from one angle only—the better side.

II.

That recalls an incident in the newspaper life of the late Major E. Barksdale, who was a frequent contributor to the Clarion-Ledger, after his retirement from Congress. He always wrote his own headings, and would tolerate no changes whatever, unlike Geo. D. Prentice who could never write heads to his own articles, delegating that duty to someone else, to Henry Watterson, Polk Johnson, or the foreman.

Major Barksdale lived before the days of the "head-writer," knew nothing of and cared less for what is now known as "style" in head writing. He wrote his heads according to his own ideas, and frequently put enough words in one sentence to make four head-lines. He was often requested to change his headings to conform to the style of the paper, or permit changes made by others. But he invariably said "No; I will allow no one to edit my headings. I know what I want to say in a head; care nothing about your modern style, and will be bound by no procrustean rule. You can neither saw off a clause or add a word to my heads." And that settled it. We must take the Major's articles as he prepared them, heads and all, or leave them out entirely; and no one dared omit them, for in that case no more would be forthcoming, for he would stand no bossing or dictating.

Major Barksdale was editing a department in the Clarion-Ledger when it was published by R. H. Henry & Co. He always kept his "hook" loaded with copy, and when the announcement was made that I had sold my interest in the paper to Capt. J. S. McNeily, (which I repurchased in one year), the Major came up into the editorial rooms, went deliberately to his "hook" in the composing room and stripped

off several columns of matter, saying, "That is my valedictory," leaving the office without another word, and never returned. I bought the McNeily interest back, and the Clarion-Ledger corporation was formed, but Barksdale was dead.

III.

One of the most forceful writers on the State press was Major J. S. Mason, of the Port Gibson Reveille, whose editorials were lofty and able. He came to Mississippi from Delaware when a young man and entered upon the duties of journalism before the war.

After the close of hostilities he returned to his chosen calling, and made a good paper of the Reveille. One who knew him well said that Mason brought with him from Delaware the "conservative principles, the stern integrity and lofty sense of honor, that constitute the characteristics of his native state. Lenient, charitable and forgiving, he had no compromise to make with fraud and deliberate wrong."

Under his management no paper in the state manifested more firmness, independence and fearlessness than the Reveille. Mason never attended the Press Conventions, and was personally known to few editors of Mississippi.

He established the Reveille before the war and resumed its publication after peace had been declared.

For several years Capt. J. S. Lewis was the editor of the Woodville Republican, and those who remember him cannot forget the bright editorials emanating from his polished pen. He was a Democrat of Democrats and was always in the forefront of battles waged for his party. For a long while his county was hopelessly Republican, but in the tidal wave

of 1875 purged itself of carpet baggers and scalawags, and took its part in ousting Ames, Davis and Cardoza, at the legislative session of 1876.

Capt. Lewis was a splendid type of the manhood of the old South. He came from a well-to-do family, was raised in the lap of plenty, and had little need to work till after the Civil War, when he put his shoulder to the wheel, and did a man's part to assist in rehabilitating the waste places of the South.

IV.

I have known many of the editors of New Orleans, and in the list were some of the best writers of the country. Many of them were men of ability, the only objection that could be found to them, was a lack of personality. Most of them went along in hum-drum fashion, simply filling editorial space, in a grooved, beaten track way, without attracting any special attention, with not one man in a thousand knowing who might be the dominant force in the editorial room.

Of course, there have been exceptions. Major Burke, who really made the Times-Democrat, possessed a personality that was patent to readers generally.

The same might be said of Major Hearsey of the Daily States, whose style was easily distinguishable, for it had behind it force and power.

Page Baker, with his classic face and positive manner, was a trained editor, pleasing, graceful and ornate, and for many years was considered the dean of the editorial faculty of New Orleans, his name coming first in the list.

Harrison Parker, of the Daily Delta, was another editor with a personality, and the fight he made against the Louisiana Lottery, which involved him in a duel with Major Burke, will go down in history as one of the best journalistic triumphs of the past century. He was born in Jackson, Miss.

Ned Burbank, leading editorial writer of the Picayune, was handicapped with excess of humor, which overshadowed his solid work. But he was a fine editor.

Col. Robinson of the same paper, was also a most finished writer, but utterly lacking in personality. As an essayist he had no superiors, but as a rule the public does not care for editorial essays, preferring grits and grain to smooth sentences and rounded periods.

Ballard of the Item is the only New Orleans editor of the day showing marked individuality in his writings, though not as smooth and graceful as Norman Walker of the Times-Picayune, the oldest editor in the Crescent City.

One of the greatest editors of New Orleans was Ashton Phelps, who passed away two years ago in a Northern retreat, where he had gone hoping to recover his strength and health. In the passing of Ashton Phelps, journalism lost one of its brightest and most intellectual members, New Orleans one of its leading and most useful citizens, the South one of its most progressive and thoughtful sons, the country a man who was a credit to the nation.

New Orleans had another remarkable newspaper man in the person of Domonick O'Malley, who succeeded John W. Fairfax as owner of the old Item; but he was more of a publisher than an editor. He was sensational but interesting, and had more fights on account of his articles than all the other editors of New Orleans combined, and carried to his grave wounds received in many street encounters.

V.

I once heard a good story about Col. Louis A. Middleton, that members of the craft at least will appreciate. He published the Sentinel at Columbus, and never allowed his paper printed till he saw the first press proof, in order to make final corrections.

Colonel Middleton had a big buck negro to put the forms on the press and work off the paper. He was impatiently waiting for the first copy. The negro had lifted and carried one form of type to the press, when, being hurried, he concluded to try a different plan, so raising the locked chase, he put it on his head, with the result that type, column rules, quoins and furniture went to the floor in a heap, while the chase remained around the negro's neck like a collar.

The old Colonel was a brave man, and had many noble attributes, swearing being one of his weaknesses. Without mercy he tongue-lashed the poor darkey, now with head down and trembling in his boots. There was a peck of "pi" on the floor. He cursed the negro in installments, and then walked around and swore at him from all points of the compass. In fact, the office had a sulphurous odor for a week.

I knew one incident similar to the above when I was working on the Brandon Republican. Charlie was the negro office boy, and knew a good deal about handling the old Howe railway press. He could get it ready, put on the forms, and start it running. Charlie furnished the motive power with his own strong arms.

Colonel Frantz was careful as to the appearance of his paper, and always wanted to see the first copy, holding the press till he could go over it. Charlie could put on the forms, plane them down and take an impression, but could not tell if the type were standing on their heads or their heels.

The foreman had made up and locked the forms, and told Charlie to put them on the press, take an impression and hand it to Colonel Frantz.

The old editor took the sheet and looking at it yelled out, "You d—— fool; you have the forms on upside down," and the other things he said must be imagined. The sheet was as black as the pot, for the face of the type was next the bed of the press, while Charlie had inked and taken an impression of the bottom of the type.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN.

**A Really Great Editor Was John Forsyth of the Mobile Register.—J. H. Duke Proves a Loyal Friend.
Gen. J. R. Chalmers Deserts Party.
Remains in Congress.**

One of the greatest editors I have ever known was Col. John Forsyth, of the Mobile Register, and my acquaintance with him was only slight, such as a boy would have with a man old enough to be his father. He was regarded as the truly great editor of the South, for in Forsyth's time, Henry Watterson was just coming on the stage, as the successor of Geo. D. Prentice, and Henry Grady was unknown.

Under Forsyth's control the old Register was a great paper, one of the most influential in the land, for at the time New Orleans had no really great editor, nor had Atlanta, Nashville, Montgomery or Memphis.

I was particularly interested in his editorials on Ben H. Hill, whom he regarded as Georgia's leading statesman, Bob Toombs having quit politics, to give his time entirely to the law, and A. H. Colquitt and John B. Gordon had not entered the political arena.

I recall a little story that I have heard related of Forsyth. An advertiser meeting him one day remarked, "I have sent you an advertisement, not that I expect it to do me any good, for people do not read advertisements, but I feel it my duty to assist in supporting the Register.

Forsyth was a proud old man, through whose veins, it was said, coursed the blood of Isabella of Spain, and answered, "I want no advertisements on such terms, but am ready to test the truth of your assertion. I shall print a small advertisement for you in tomorrow's Register, will put it in an obscure place and guarantee that you will have more callers than you can attend to. If you do not, I will treat you to the best supper the Battle House can get up; but if you admit that the advertisement kept you busy, you will pay for the supper."

The agreement was entered into, and next morning the Register contained the following advertisement: Wanted—To buy a small black dog. Call at No. 322 Royal street."

By ten o'clock next day the merchant had received calls from several parties who had dogs for sale. He declared he wanted no dog, and ordered the intruders away. The following morning he heard the barking of many dogs, and arising to see what was wanted, was horrified on beholding an army of small boys at his door with all kinds of dogs—terriers, hounds, pointers, setters, and other kinds. He asked what was wanted, and ordered the crowd to depart; but they insisted they had come to sell him a dog, having seen his advertisement in the Register.

The merchant called at the Register office, and informed Col. Forsyth that he had won his wager, and that the supper would be forthcoming; that the ad also proved to his satisfaction that people do read advertisements, and in the future he would be a regular partron of his paper.

II.

J. H. Duke became a newspaper owner by accident, not by design. He was by occupation a merchant, and when his local paper, the Scooba Herald, was having a hard time, he came to its rescue, taking the paper over, with no thought of making money, but to keep it alive. He knew nothing whatever of the newspaper business, but felt a pride in keeping the Herald on its feet, and remained its principal owner the balance of his days.

It made him eligible to membership in the Mississippi Press Association, and he was not slow to embrace all the opportunities that such connection afforded.

For more than fifteen years Duke attended the annual conventions of the National Editorial Association, and became its third, second and first vice-presidents, and would have been elected president of the Association, but for the fact that the constitution provided that only practical and active newspaper men should be advanced to the presidency. But Jim was loyal to his state, and when informed by friends at Portland, Oregon, that he could not be elected president because of constitutional inhibition, he promptly answered, "Well, no such objections can apply to my friend R. H. Henry, for he is an old and trained editor and publisher and I want my friends to vote for and elect him;" and it was done, the election being by acclamation—an unusual honor, one I did not deserve, as I was a new member of the Association, having attended only two of its previous meetings.

III.

Jim Duke was always on hand at Press Conventions, good natured, happy, pleasant and accommodating—a regular bonhomie. He paid particular attention to the ladies and was never too busy to wait upon or serve them, and it is

unnecessary to say that the girls doted on Jim. I have traveled with him across the continent on editorial excursions, and never saw him tired of ladies' society, and he was ever ready to be their beau or chaperone.

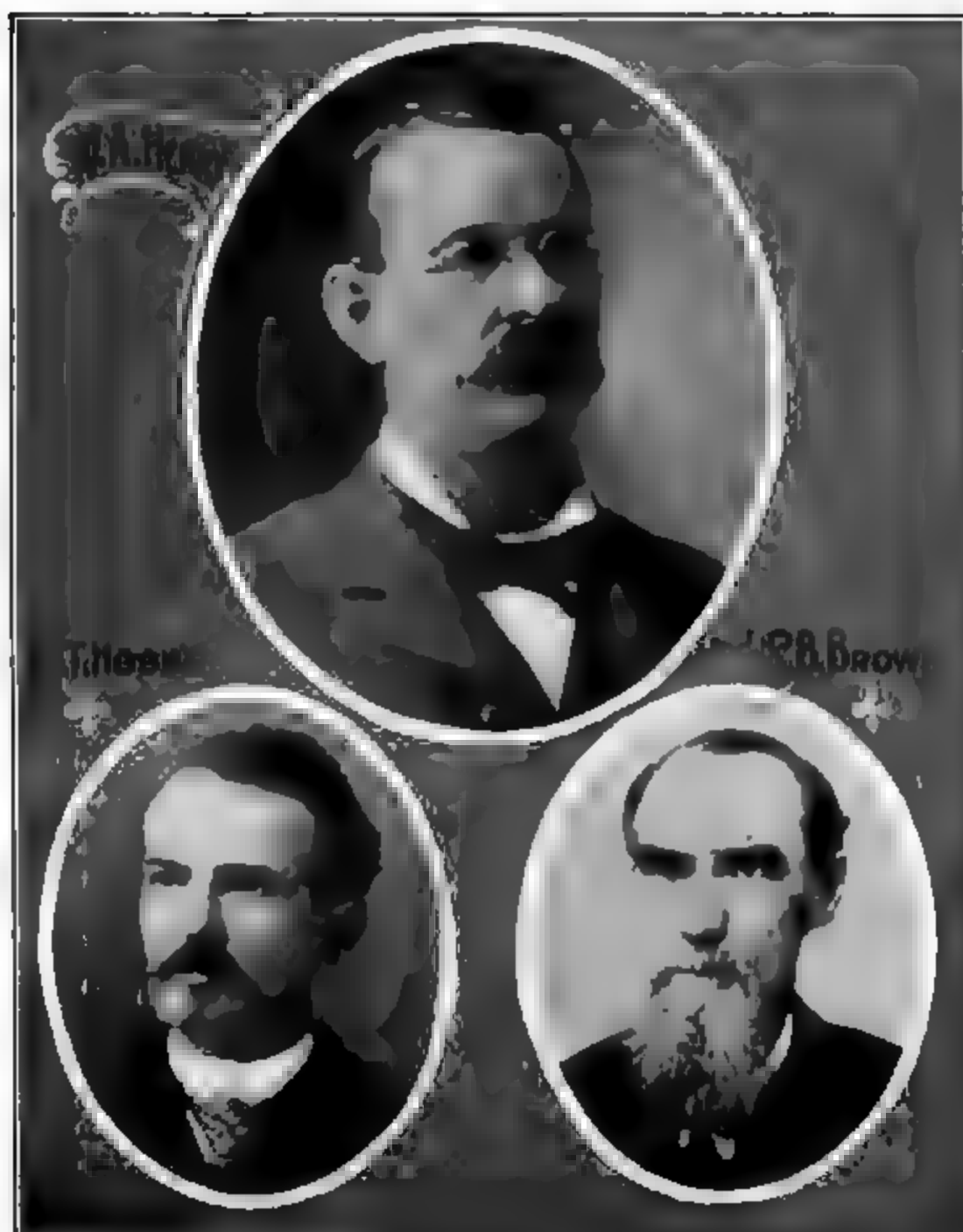
He was their defender at all times, always holding women in the highest esteem, their steadfast friend under all circumstances.

Duke was the only man I ever knew that made money suing newspapers. It will be remembered during the Guy Jack-Lipscomb trials in Kemper county, the New York Journal connected Duke's name with what was known and denounced as insurance swindles, intimating that he was one of the beneficiaries, the Journal using stronger language. Upon seeing the charges made by the Journal, Duke secured the services of a good lawyer and proceeded to institute suit against Hearst for criminal libel. Hearst made a show of fight, in order to sustain himself; but the case never went to trial, and Jim got \$20,000 on compromise.

Jim Duke was a good citizen, a strict churchman, a man of large charity, universally popular, and while not a great newspaperman, his friends of the press grieved when they learned that he who had given so much pleasure to others, had been called to meet his Maker, passing away in an infirmary in Mobile where he had been carried for treatment. A handsome monolith marks his last resting place in the Scooba Cemetery.

IV.

Gen. J. R. Chalmers, being hard pressed in a Congressional race in the Shoe-Strong district, made up of counties along the Mississippi River, secured an interest in the Vicksburg Commercial, in 1881, and became its editor. He did not do all the editorial writing, having J. W. Youngblood to assist him, but what he wrote had life and warmth in it,



for few men could write better than Gen'l Chalmers. He had fine command of language, and could mould hard or soft sentences as occasion required. He had an incisive but pleasing style; was a master of invective, and could rend an opponent or delight a friend with his finished phrases.

But he was more of a politician than an editor. He was also a good lawyer, and had been a fine soldier, winning his spurs as commander of a "High-Pressure Brigade."

General Chalmers was elected to Congress from the "Shoe-String District," serving two terms. He ran again but was defeated by the negro politician, John R. Lynch, who had once defeated Roderick Seal in the Southern district.

Chalmers never returned to the Democratic party, which would have nothing to do with him after his wanderings in Republican fields, and beclouding a brilliant life.

V.

C. T. Calhoun of the Yazoo Sentinel was a kind-hearted, pleasant gentleman, modest and unaffected, weak in body but strong in mind. He was a poor mixer but a good editor, and made a fine local paper of the Sentinel. He seldom left his home town, and for that reason was little known to the editors of the state, except through the columns of his paper, in which he spoke his convictions quite freely.

He was a man, and believed in rendering justice to all his fellowmen. He was spared to fight many battles for his country and lived to see the reins of government transferred to the Democracy before being called hence.

A. M. Roach was another Yazoo editor of note. He succeeded R. Walpole as owner of the Yazoo Herald, and soon developed into a good editor. He wrote well, and printed

one of the largest and best weeklies in the state, keeping the Herald up to the high standard it had maintained for years.

He took great pride in his work, and his editorials would have done credit to any editor of the state. He was a most agreeable man, beliked by all, and friendly to everyone. Unfortunately for the press and the state, A. M. Roach was called away when quite young, and before he had fully developed his faculties as an editor and publisher.

Mississippi has had prose and poetic editors, and I remember one whose prose was almost equal to poetry. I refer to the late Dr. B. F. Passmore, who was for several years editor of the Canton Times, and many of his leaders were really poems in prose.

He was not long on politics, having a somewhat mixed political record, but delighted to write pretty things about his state, county and people, and the tributes he paid to women could not have been excelled by any editor of the state. He had a poetic-romantic nature, and did love to pay panegyrics to the ladies. He was an old man when I first knew him, but young in spirit, in thought and in action. At Press banquets he always responded to the sentiment "The Ladies," and he fairly made the welkin ring with chaste sentences and poetic expressions.

It has been said, that no one can "Gild refined gold; paint the lily, perfume the violet, smooth the ice, or add another hue to the rainbow." But Shakespeare lived before and knew nothing of the poetic and descriptive powers of Benjamin Franklin Passmore.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.

Citizens of Vicksburg Wanted a New Morning Paper and Offered Me the Management.—J. G. Cashman Establishes the Post.—I Meet Samuel J. Tilden, Joseph Pulitzer and Other Celebrities.

The “unembroidered and unfrilled” Democrats of the Hill City were out with the Daily Herald, under the editorship of Charles E. Wright, and were anxious to see another morning paper established there.

I was called to Vicksburg by gentlemen who were encouraging the establishment of another paper, and though quite a young man, was offered the business management of the enterprise.

A number of citizens held a meeting to discuss the proposition, and when I met them in conference, was surprised at the small number present. Among them I remember A. G. Paxton, Dr. C. K. Marshall, Dr. H. Shannon, George Dorsey, H. B. Bruser, Jno. A. Peale, Ben Hardaway, Lee Richardson, Dr C. B. Galloway—he was not Bishop then—and some merchants and business men whose name I do not recall. Cashman was either present, or it was understood he was in sympathy with the movement. Dr. Galloway was to be editor-in-chief.

When I heard their proposition, and was informed that \$10,000 had been subscribed or promised, I remarked, "Why, gentlemen, you have not enough funds in sight to start a morning paper, much less to keep one alive till it could be made to pay expenses. If you will raise \$100,000 in money, or in bankable paper, I might be disposed to give the proposition consideration, but \$10,000 would be swallowed up before you would know it, for a daily paper eats up more money than a saw mill."

I advised the buying of the Herald, saying two morning papers could not live in Vicksburg, and that the older paper would have all the advantage, being established and a going concern, with Associated Press franchise, and having a prestige that no paper could overcome without the expenditure of a large sum of money. The gentlemen behind the movement did not agree with me, and said \$100,000 could not be raised. I thanked them for the honor they had done me, and returned to Brookhaven where I remained till I moved my paper to Jackson in 1883.

II.

It was not so long after the conference above referred to that J. G. Cashman established the Evening Post at Vicksburg—a bold thing to do, in view of the fact that Vicksburg had been a perfect graveyard for evening papers, their number being too large to count, the Telegram, Monitor, the Commercial and the Vicksburger being among them; all of which long since turned their toes to the daisies, to which might be added the American, of later date, across whose name "hic jacet," was written ten years ago.

J. S. Senter of the Columbus Commercial, saw visions and money in a Vicksburg daily, and being an old publisher, established the American, which was a bright and interesting paper; but after struggling along with it for years, he sold

it to Capt. E. C. Carroll, a man of means and great popularity. Carroll was not a newspaper man, and did the wisest thing of his life when he decided to sell the paper and plant to Cashman. Then the Post took on new life, and with no evening competitor in the field, it forged rapidly forward, the Cashman brothers assisting their father in its publication, infusing into the Post new blood and energy.

Cashman seems to have seen farther ahead than most publishers, or aspiring newspaper men, when he established the Post, for it was a success from the first issue. Beginning in a very modest way, it built up gradually, till now it is one of the largest, and best dailies in the state.

Capt. Cashman became a good editor, and could write any kind of matter, leaders, paragraphs, locals, sketches, or anything that came to hand. He was never at a loss, in any department, including mechanical.

Whenever he desired, he could write with the sting of an asp, and cut with the keenness of a scimitar; but as a rule his writings were free of venom or malice, his idea being to express opinions and discuss matters of the day in a clear and candid way. His style was simple and easy; his sentences were never involved or complicated, and while perhaps not as classic as some other editors of the state, his language was so plain that anyone could understand it.

III.

Cashman disliked Cleveland, and weeks elapsed after his nomination in 1888 before the Post decided to support him.

Cashman has always been one of the very best friends I have had among the editors of the state, notwithstanding our widely divergent views. He is a bitter partisan but we are even on that score. It is but just to him, in this con-

nection to say, that while he was disappointed with the nomination of Cleveland, he gradually became a great admirer of the "Old Man," as Lamar called him. It will be remembered Lamar had preferred Bayard to Cleveland, and did a lot of "legging" for him at Chicago in 1884. It will be recalled, after Col. Chas. E. Hooker had seconded Bayard's nomination for President, Lamar sent Mrs. Hooker a telegram reading: "Your husband has just made the greatest speech I ever heard."

Cashman edited the Post till appointed United States Marshal for the Southern District of Mississippi, when he turned over the paper to his sons, who put into it the fire and energy of youth, which always tells, if well directed. They added many news features, reduced editorial space, believing with many publishers that the public cares more for news stories than editorial comments; that a base ball story is worth more than a column editorial; that a sensational local item is preferable to an editor's opinions.

With few exceptions, Capt. Cashman is the oldest editor of the state, in years if not in service. He has done well as a publisher, and has accumulated enough to live on comfortably without the necessity of another day's work.

IV.

Reference to Cleveland brings to mind a little political story, that I hope I may be permitted to tell without being charged with egotism or self-glorification, for one cannot write history and obscure himself entirely.

The proceedings of the National Democratic Convention, held at Chicago, 1884, will show that I introduced some resolutions complimentary to Tilden and Hendricks, expressing regret that Mr. Tilden had declined to allow his name to go before the Democratic Convention for a second nomination. The resolutions condemned the fraud of 1876, by

which Tilden and Hendricks were deprived of the offices to which they had been elected.

The special committee consisting of one man from each state, assembled in New York, charged with the duty of presenting the resolutions to Tilden in person, a sub-committee being authorized to call upon and also present the resolutions to Mr. Hendricks.

The committee embraced within its membership the names of many of the great Democratic leaders of the country, namely, Gov. Waller of Connecticut, Judge George Gray of Delaware, Gen. John C. Black of Illinois, Senator Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana, Senator B. F. Jonas of Louisiana, Senator Bacon of Georgia, Gov. Leon Abbett of New Jersey, Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina, Senator Barbour of Virginia, Gov. R. B. Hubbard of Texas, and others, including myself as chairman.

Informed that the special committee charged with the duty of presenting to him the resolutions adopted by the Chicago Convention, would reach New York on September 3, 1884, and would call upon him that day, Mr. Tilden sent his private yacht, the Viking, down to New York, to be put at the disposal of the committee. It was in charge of his private secretary, George Smith, with W. M. Whitney, as Mr. Tilden's personal representative, who was to do the honors in the absence of the host, too feeble to travel.

I met the members in a general way, being presented to them by Senator Gorman, who had charge of Democratic headquarters in New York, and who was the leading spirit in the campaign of 1884.

The Viking left New York before the noon hour, and after the members of the committee had had time to meet each other, luncheon was served, with Whitney at the head of the table.

V.

It was on this trip that I first met Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York World, and being the only newspaper men aboard we naturally gravitated toward each other. I expressed surprise that none of the other New York dailies were represented, when he remarked, "We will meet an army of reporters when we dock at Yonkers, where we will disembark for a drive to Greystone, Mr. Tilden's suburban residence."

He asked if I had a copy of the remarks I would make on presenting the resolutions to Tilden, I told him I had two type-written copies, one for Tilden and the other for the press. He asked for the extra copy, saying he would send proof to all the other New York papers; and he kept his word, and every paper of the metropolis thought the item of sufficient interest to give it prominence, generally on the front page.

VI.

Arriving at Yonkers, Hon. Lester B. Faulkner announced that Mr. Tilden would not be able to see the whole committee, and suggested that a sub-committee be named to visit him, which was done. Mr. Tilden's private carriage was in readiness at the dock to convey the sub-committee to Greyston.

We were met by the Sage of Grammercy Park at his palatial home where Mr. Whitney did most of the talking, Mr. Tilden's voice being so low and weak that it could be heard only a few feet away. I presented him the resolutions, and made him a short speech, which he said he would respond to later, which he did. Mr. Tilden's hearing was good, but articulation so bad that I could only understand him when I put my ear close to his mouth.

I asked him what he thought of Mr. Cleveland, and he responded feebly, but with fire in his eyes, "Extraordinary

man; well grounded in the fundamentals of democracy and science of government; will be elected and make a great President."

Tilden's response to the resolutions was used with telling effect in the presidential campaign of 1884, and doubtless had much to do with the election of Cleveland, who only pulled through by the skin of his teeth, carrying New York, which was necessary for his success, by 1149 votes only.

It is known that Tilden had much to do with naming Cleveland's cabinet, having two of his chief supporters appointed from New York, Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, and Whitney, Secretary of the Navy.

VII.

Up to the day Pulitzer bought the New York World, which was much run down, the Herald was regarded as the greatest paper in America, for the Elder Bennett had given it a standing no other paper in this country had ever possessed. But by his wonderful genius and great ability, Pulitzer soon put the World well to the front.

With the founder of the Herald dead, and the younger Bennett practically an exile in Europe, after the castigation May had given him for offending his sister, spending his time frolicking around Paris and other gay resorts, Pulitzer had no great difficulty in leading and outdistancing the Herald in the journalistic race. The other New York papers were not worth mentioning at that time.

Pulitzer was the newspaper wonder of his day, occupying the top-most round in the newspaper world, having no real competitor till Hearst, backed by his father's millions, bought the New York Journal, which he made the greatest sensational paper of the time, that gave it immense circulation.

For a long time the Journal was Pulitzer's only rival. It had no politics, while the World was Democratic, and had the advantage of large party support, being the only New York paper that gave Cleveland unwavering assistance for the Presidency.

VIII.

Another brilliant journalistic wizard appeared upon the newspaper horizon in New York some years ago in the person of Adolph S. Ochs, who grew too large for Cattanooga, Tenn., where he made the Daily Times one of the leading papers of the South. New York had heard of the Southern editor and invited him to visit that city and take a look at the New York Times, which had almost reached the end of its row, with circulation dwindling day by day.

Ochs went to New York, looked over the field, examined the business and plant of the Times, and having faith in himself, submitted to the owners a plan of reorganization, with a view to purchasing, if terms were satisfactory, as they were; and Ochs bought the Times at his own price and on his own terms. Then commenced the race for the mastery in the journalistic field of the great metropolis, and Ochs won.

Years ago, after I became acquainted with Ochs, I picked him as the winner of the championship in the newspaper contest in America. And my forecast became true, for Ochs won, making the Times not only the greatest paper in New York, but of America, if not of the world; and is today regarded as the newspaper Napoleon of this country.

Disregarding the sensational style of Pulitzer and Hearst, Ochs planned his paper along conservative, dignified lines, printing "all the news that is fit to print," with an eye to reliability rather than sensational and doubtful matter. And on that line Mr. Ochs won.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE.

In Which Several Editors Are Referred to, But Edgar S. Wilson and R. K. Jayne Occupy the Center of the Picture.—Strategy of Lamar, Related by Himself.

There is a fascination about newspaper work that is indescribable, a charm that is irresistible; and that recalls a story told by Opie Reed, who said that all who drank of the waters of Caney Creek, returned to live upon its shores. So with newspaper life.

But there are exceptions to all rules, for we have had in Mississippi some men who were good editors in their time, and "stepped down and out" of editorial harness, for one reason and another; but in all the number I have never seen one who did not want to return to the tripod.

Some editors retired from newspaper life because of the small returns, as in the case of Judge Amos R. Johnston, John H. Miller, Judge S. S. Calhoon, Marmaduke Shannon and others.

B. F. Jones quit newspaper work to go into politics, and discovered when too late he had made a mistake; John Calhoon retired to engage in other business, after giving the

best years of his life to the editorial departments; W. A. Henry gave up his newspaper work to devote his time wholly to the law; Charles E. Wright sold his interest in the Vicksburg Herald, and sought to enter the field of literature, with indifferent success; Edgar S. Wilson sold his paper to accept a Federal and afterwards a State office; R. K. Jayne retired to engage in the real estate and other business; Frank Burkitt, after publishing the Chickasaw Messenger for many years, sold out to an alien named Sternberger, from Kansas and played business and politics the balance of his days. And there are others, but the above are the most notable instances I recall. Other editors and publishers retired after being deprived of public office, but never wholly lost their interest and affection for newspaper work.

II.

We have in Jackson two retired editors, Edgar S. Wilson and R. K. Jayne, both having been prominent in Mississippi journalism, Wilson going from the printer's case to the editor's chair, while Jayne laid down the text books of the school room to take upon himself the cares and responsibilities of editor and publisher.

The former was well grounded in newspaper work, while the latter, with a college education, knew nothing whatever of the details of the business he had decided to embark upon.

In habits, ideas, inclination, education and training, they were far apart, both coming from the same county, the good old Free State of Rankin.

Wilson worked on the papers of Fleet Cooper at Meridian, Brandon and Brookhaven, and learned not only how to set up and put a paper together, but to edit one as well, for being a precocious youth, with a natural apititude for the

composition room and editorial department, he had no difficulty in adjusting himself to newspaper work, and was well equipped for the publishing business before he purchased the Walthall Pioneer, an inland weekly which was dragging out a bare existence, till he breathed the breath of life into its emaciated form.

III.

Wilson was a sturdy, energetic, self-reliant young man, who succeeded because he believed in himself. He was never idle, and when his office did not claim his personal attention, he was out seeking subscribers or off soliciting advertisements. He cultivated public men, men who knew more than he did, for he was seeking information all the time; but he never wasted time on an ignoramus. He was a constant reader, and remembered what he read. Stone, Lamar and Walthall were his ideals; and he seemed to know Stone's messages, Lamar's speeches and Walthall's addresses by heart.

Wilson disposed of the Pioneer to good advantage; besides having the benefit of the training that active newspaper management afforded, it also enabled him to enlarge his acquaintance and to make new friends in North Mississippi, which stood him well in hand when he branched out in politics.

He established the New Mississippian in 1882, and it became one of the brightest papers in the state. It was largely read and freely quoted by the Mississippi press, whose friendship Wilson courted and used to advantage, for no man understood the value of publicity more than he.

It was a Stone-Lamar-Walthall paper, first, last, and all the time, and had their sympathy and support, while the Clarion was a Barksdale-Lowry organ, and between the two factions of Mississippi Democracy no love was lost.

Barksdale had performed the unheard of feat of transferring his entire vote to Lowry, at the Democratic State Convention in 1881, and nominating him.

Wilson was not friendly to Lowry's administration—smarting, it was said, under his selection over Stone—and bitterly fought his renomination, personally and through the columns of the *New Mississippian*.

IV.

In 1885 Lamar was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Cleveland, thus leaving a vacancy in the Senate, which was filled by Governor Lowry appointing Walthall as his successor. Among the early acts of Secretary Lamar was the appointment of Edgar S. Wilson to a federal post in Wyoming, which he held during Cleveland's first term.

I was in Washington soon after this appointment, "casting an anchor to windward," being one of many Democrats seeking Federal preferment, and saw a good deal of Lamar, George and Walthall. One day Lamar asked me, "What are the papers and people saying about me at home?" I replied that while all were proud of the honors shown him by the President, that many regretted he had left the Senate.

The appointment of Wilson to a Federal post in the west was referred to, and he asked what was thought of it. I told him it had been rather severely criticised by friends of Governor Lowry, who were disposed to regard it as a condemnation of Lowry, in view of the fact that he was a candidate for renomination, and Wilson had led the opposition to him.

"Why, I am surprised people should have such notions," Lamar replied, "I am for Lowry myself, and expect to see him renominated. No man can control Wilson; he has a head of his own, and I thought while honoring a young man

who had always been my supporter I would please the friends of Governor Lowry also, by removing Wilson beyond the sphere of Mississippi politics." I was requested to let the fact be known, or I should not repeat the incident here. I told this story to Pat Harrison while a candidate for United States Senate, and he is understood to have profited by it.

After serving a full tenure of four years, Wilson resigned, Cleveland being defeated, returned home and established the Commonwealth, after the death of John Martin, and the suspension of the New Mississippian, to whom he had sold the paper.

V.

The Commonwealth was in reality, the New Mississippian under another name; same style and general appearance, similar views, thoughts and ideas, but somewhat modified and softened by experience, broadened and expanded by travel, enlarged and strengthened by contact with the world.

The Mississippi Farmer, which was merged with the Commonwealth, when the paper, under ownership of Edgar S. Wilson and Ed. Martin, became more of a farmers' organ than a political journal. The consolidation did not prove successful; the paper became top-heavy with subscriptions that were not profitable, and in 1891 the material was sold to the writer.

Wilson gave much of his time to editing the Mississippi Department in the New Orleans Picayune, making it an interesting and attractive feature. In this department Wilson did his best work, and gave to the public a pen-picture of Mississippi life for his jurisdiction was by no means confined to Jackson but extended throughout the state.

Wilson was also State Land Commissioner and United States Marshal for the Southern District of Mississippi, giving

satisfaction in both positions. While holding the latter office he resigned his commission from the Picayune.

VI.

Wilson is now living quietly on his farm, devoting himself to its management and the reading of the best literature of the day. He is one of the few Mississippi editors who is able to retire comfortably fixed in life.

He used to tell a good story about Fleet Cooper, editor of the Comet, at Meridian, and John W. Fewell, prominent attorney. Cooper had written something that offended Fewell, who was a one-legged Confederate soldier, of high mettle and full of fight. Fewell sent Cooper word that the next time they met he intended to "whip" him. Cooper bided his time, and seeing Fewell leaning on his crutch in front of Myer's Jewelry store, approached telling him he had received his message and was ready. After a war of words, Fewell raised his crutch; Cooper caught it and struck Fewell before the lawyer realized what was going on.

Then, as Fewell was hopping around trying to steady himself on one leg, swearing like a sailor, Cooper quietly remarked, "Be quiet, Fewell; be good; and if you will promise that you will not 'whip' me again, I will give you your crutch, as I have no further use for it." Then tossing Fewell his crutch, Cooper walked away without further remarks.

VII.

A number of editors went out from Brandon, most of them having gotten the inspiration from the Republican. The writer was of the number, and those that came after him were B. E. Carroll, P. E. Williams, Edgar S. Wilson, C. E. Cunningham, R. K. Jayne, Doc. Norrell, Wallace McLaurin, and perhaps others. The last three knew nothing whatever

of practical newspaper work; the others were good printers, and had spent many years of their lives around printing offices.

Ben Carroll, Kennon Jayne and the writer were born the same year, and each began his newspaper career at Newton.

I printed the Ledger—now the Clarion-Ledger—at Newton four years, till 1875, when I moved it to Brookhaven, as before stated in these memoirs. I sold my local business to Judge J. W. Robb and son John, who established the Newton Democrat, which had a brief existence, was moved to Morton, where it had its obsequies.

Ben E. Carroll succeeded Robb at Newton with the Bulletin, which ran less than one year. His paper was a model of neatness, but was not appreciated. He moved west and died long ago.

VIII.

R. K. Jayne followed Carroll with the Newton Report, making his paper worthy of the liberal patronage it received. Jayne went to Newton to take charge of the schools as superintendent, having been educated for the school room, and known as "Professor," and drifted into the newspaper game quite accidentally after the Bulletin had suspended publication.

The people of Newton were anxious for another paper, and induced Prof. Jayne to begin the publication of the Report. It voiced the true sentiments of its editor when it "called a spade a spade." It made some enemies, as all such papers will, and some of them talked too much, and said things they afterwards regretted, when they came to know Jayne better, and to realize that he had fighting blood in his veins and would scrap at the drop of the hat; for he came from a family of proud, brave people, soldiers whose

blood crimsoned the fields of many battles during the Civil War.

One citizen of Newton, Marine Watkins, who had a way of talking freely, made some comments that reached Jayne's ears. Jayne called on Watkins, who had been reported as making what he considered offensive remarks about his sister's dress, and asked him if the reports were true. "Yes; I said something like that. What are you going to do about it?" That was all that was said, for Jayne drew a whip and proceeded to give the offender a lashing; and that ended the matter, except I believe mutual friends did bring about some kind of a reconciliation.

Jayne had no more trouble at Newton. He disposed of his property, after printing the Report several years, moved to Jackson and became the editor of the Comet, after the death of F. T. Cooper, remaining with it till it suspended.

Jayne was also editor of the Clarion a short while after Barksdale entered upon the duties of Congressman.

Since retiring from newspaper work Jayne has devoted himself largely to the real estate business, which he still conducts in connection with his law practice.

Bright, intellectual and highly educated, Jayne is regarded as a traveling encyclopedia, whose mind is well stored with valuable knowledge and many go to him for information that they know not where else to obtain.

While Professor Jayne has not prospered as well as many of his associates, he is rich in friends, who admire his integrity, appreciate his bravery, and love him for his unblemished record, virtues to be prized above great riches.

A good little story is told on Jayne, and another citizen of Jackson. It seems Jayne had become offended at a personal remark made about him by the aforesaid party, and

sent him word that if he did not call and apologize he would shoot him on sight. The party of the second part was relating this to some of his friends one day, and was asked, "What did you do?" "Do? h——l, I called and apologized, for I knew the d—— crank had just enough sense to shoot me if I did not."

CHAPTER FORTY.

**Which is Given Up to a Description of Tennessee Editors, in
Which Carmack and Mooney are the Stellar
Attractions.—The Murder of Carmack.
Keithing's Methods.**

Memphis, being so near Mississippi, and often called a Mississippi city, it will not be out of place to refer to some of its many editors.

I knew of Colonel Galloway slightly, the old editor of the Appeal, and had met Congressman Phelan of the Avalanche, which paper he owned, and was a sharp rival of the Appeal.

Galloway was regarded as the best editor of Tennessee during his day and made the Appeal a paper of force and power. He had the distinction of being the dean of the Tennessee editors, and is affectionately remembered by the old timers.

Phelan, the owner of the Avalanche, was also an editor of ability, but got the congressional bee in his bonnet, which caused him to neglect his editorial duties, and as a result his paper lost prestige and was finally absorbed by the Appeal, the consolidated journal being the Appeal-Avalanche.

II.

Colonel Army Collier and associates became owners of the Appeal-Avalanche. Colonel Collier had big notions and sought to make his paper the equal to those of large cities and let it be said that he introduced into the Appeal-Avalanche many new and progressive ideas.

The paper had two good editors, Conoly and Mathews. For strength and good terse English Conoly had few superiors, while Matthews was one of the most finished writers of his day; and though his editorials were smooth and fluent, they lacked the sledge-hammer force of Conoly's for it was well known that Mathews sacrificed strength for beauty.

The stockholders of the Appeal-Avalanche were satisfied with their editorial staff but were not pleased with the business management, and were looking around for a practical newspaper man for the front office. I do not know how they were attracted to me, but I was invited to visit them at Memphis, which I did several times. I was flattered not only by the offer of manager of a great daily, but particularly by the salary of \$5,000 per year, with bonus stock in the company of \$30,000 and privilege of continuing my paper in Jackson.

I was almost in the humor to sign the five year contract, drawn by Colonel Gant, stockholder and attorney for the Appeal-Avalanche corporation, when my wife, who is a woman of sound judgment and practical common sense, entered her objection, and her brief was so cogent and logical that I gave it serious consideration. She argued, "Your life is all before you, with a bright future in prospect. You amount to something here in Mississippi; you would be obscured and your identity lost in Memphis," quoting the old saying, "It is better to reign in a hamlet than to serve in a city."

She won, as women always do who know how to get on the soft side of their husbands. So I decided to remain

in Mississippi and fight out my journalistic career on the soil of my own native state; and the result is known to the readers of these memoirs, and needs no comment from me.

I had a similar experience with the New Orleans Times-Democrat over thirty years ago, but will pass that, as personal references sometimes become more tiresome than entertaining.

III.

The Appeal-Avalanche, which was for many years the leading paper of Tennessee, became unpopular with the business men of Memphis and the public, and began losing its prestige, though it had the Associated Press franchise and all the equipment for publishing a great newspaper.

A company was organized to begin the publication of the Morning Commercial, with W. J. Crawford, Gilbert Raine, Luke Wright, Colonel Malory, Mr. Keiting, and other moneyed men at its head and though it was greatly hampered for lack of wire service, being unable to secure membership in the Associated Press, organized a leased wire service of its own, and with special correspondents in Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and other nearby states, built up a good news bureau that made it a formidable competitor with the Appeal-Avalanche.

Keiting was the first editor in chief of the Commercial, and, with liberal newspaper training, got out a good paper. He had a style that was at least new to me. He had extra proofs pulled of all galleys, and never pretended to write his editorials till he saw what was going on. Then he got the thought that he incorporated into his leaders, having within them an element of news that interested the public more than opinions.

IV.

I don't recall how or why Keiting lost out, but he was succeeded by one who was heralded as the second Grady of

the South, in the person of Ed. Carmack, who threw into the columns of the Commercial more force and fire than any Memphis paper had ever before known. Carmack was as bold as Caesar, as aggressive as Prentice, and wrote not only of the misdoings of the Republicans, but did not hesitate to comment upon the shortcomings of men in his own party.

His strong personality sparkled throughout its editorials, which were so unlike anything the readers of the Memphis papers had seen before, that the Commercial forged forward with leaps and bounds, and was hailed as the coming paper of the South.

The Appeal-Avalanche was finally bought by the Commercial, together with all its franchises, and the name was changed to the Commercial-Appeal.

Carmack was one of the first editors of the country to advocate the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, not only writing in favor of it, but filling speaking dates in many states. One of his dates was at Jackson, when he had a joint debate with W. H. Sims, Lieutenant Governor, and one of the ablest men of Mississippi; Sims speaking against and Carmack for free silver coinage. The debate took place in the house of representatives, in the old state capitol; and at its conclusion Sims said to me, "Carmack is the best posted free silver advocate I have yet met on the stump and presents his case better than any of them. I had all I could do to meet his arguments."

After editing the Commercial for several years, Carmack was induced to become a candidate for representative in Congress from the Memphis district and was elected. He served two terms and was elected to the United States Senate, serving one term in the upper chamber with distinction.

V.

Defeated for a second term, Carmack moved to Nashville and became editor of the Tennessean. He threw him-

self into the work with his accustomed vigor, and was unsparing in his criticism of the Patterson-Cooper faction, Ham Patterson being Governor, and Cooper one of his personal friends and sturdy supporters.

Carmack had roasted Cooper to a turn for some of his questionable acts, and Cooper had warned him that if he wrote anything more offensive about him he would shoot him on sight.

Carmack took the dare, and Cooper, his son and others, murdered him on the streets of Nashville, and Governor Patterson, to his shame be it said, pardoned Cooper, and has never been able to be elected to office since.

Carmack, I have an impression, was born in northeast Mississippi, but I do know that he obtained part of his education at the Junita high school in Chickasaw county, and was a school mate of Hon. J. A. McArthur, for several years in the Mississippi legislature from Chickasaw.

VI.

Carmack was succeeded by C. P. J. Mooney as editor of the Commercial-Appeal, which position he now holds, being recognized as one of the best editors in the land. He had thorough newspaper training, having begun as a reporter, and worked himself up to the post of managing editor, doing his first work on the old Avalanche. He had been associated with the Hearst and Munsey papers in New York and Chicago, and knows the newspaper game from start to finish.

He does not devote as much attention to political questions as Carmack did for he is not such a dyed-in-the-wool politician as Carmack was, believing more in developing the resources of the country than in political discussions, still he is uncompromising in allegiance to his party, and stands by its nominees both in the editorial room and on the forum.

His editorials are clear, strong and forceful and show a thorough acquaintance with all public questions.

VII.

Memphis has had and still has good evening papers. Early among them was the Public Ledger, edited by J. Harvey Matthews, which, while belonging to the old school, in matter and make-up, was a real good paper.

Gen. G. M. P. Turner, who once published a paper at Water Valley, moved to Memphis and began the publication of the Scimitar, making of it a rather extraordinary paper, for he was a bold, aggressive and industrious editor.

Gilbert Raine, one of the original stockholders in the Commercial-Appeal, became the principal owner of the Scimitar—the name changed to News-Scimitar,—and published it for years, being its directing editor, till he retired to private life, and is now living quietly on a farm near Memphis, where he finds much pleasure in raising blooded live stock, registered hogs, agricultural and horticultural products.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.

Looking Backward to the Press Convention at Jackson, 1884. Some of the Leading Attractions.—A Sad Roll Call Showing Enormous Death List.

Having written up some of the leading editors of Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee, such as I knew personally, now "Let us return to our muttons," as the French would say, to a discussion of Mississippi editors, to old friends and former associates, who have written their last leaders, laid down their pens forever, and retired from life's activities.

All editors have had their trials and tribulations, their hours of pleasure and seasons of joy, for "while into each life some rain must fall," there is much of joy and happiness in every editor's life. Some have been selected to occupy high office, and others have been named as their country's representatives abroad. But in my opinion, the best editor is the one that serves his country best; that preaches observance of the law, denounces vice and immorality, advocates thrift, enterprise and progress, the development of his country and the education of the coming generation.

II.

Many of the old-timers have been mentioned in these memoirs, but not all. Quite a number, who are with us no

longer, attended the notable Press Convention at Jackson, May, 1884, viz: J. J. Shannon, president Meridian Mercury—having joined forces with A. G. Horn,—A. J. Frantz, Brandon Republican; S. B. Brown, Water Valley Progress; J. L. Power and Oliver Clifton, of the Clarion; Dr. C. B. Galloway, N. O. Christian Advocate; P. K. Mayes, Pascagoula Democrat-Star; J. W. Lambert, Natchez Democrat; S. A. Jones, Aberdeen Examiner; I. M. Partridge, charter member, associated with the Meridian Mercury; B. T. Hobbs, Brookhaven Leader; Mrs. A. S. Bosworth, Canton Citizen; T. H. Oury, Carrollton Conservative; S. G. Barr, Corinth Sub-Soiler and Democrat; S. M. Ross, Coffeeville Times; F. H. Culley, Fayette Chronicle; J. W. Buchanan, Grenada Sentinel; J. F. Vance, Hazelhurst Cophiahan; F. A. Tyler, Holly Springs South; J. S. Hoskins, Lexington Bulletin, (going from the Advertiser to the Bulletin); J. D. Burke, Magnolia Gazette; J. W. Youngblood, Oxford Falcon; S. D. Harper, Raymond Gazette; R. F. Ford, Ripley Advertiser; Miss Lillian Norment, Starkville Citizen; J. P. Povall, Booneville Pleader; W. L. Mitchell, Hazelhurst Signal; J. K. Almon, West Point New Era; R. A. Bonner, Sardis Star; N. P. Bonney, Summit Sentinel; J. H. Martin, Utica Comet; C. A. Stoval, Shubuta Messenger; J. M. Liddell, Valley Flag; W. A. Henry, Yazoo Sentinel; C. F. Newman, Baldwin Signal; I. Forsythe, Brookhaven Democrat; J. W. Garrett, Canton Picket; H. P. Beeman, Pass Christian Beacon; Emmett L. Ross, honorary life member; W. H. Collingwood, Live-Stock Journal; D. P. Porter, of the Times-Democrat.

Since the Jackson Convention, all of the above have passed over the river.

III.

Several editors who attended the above-mentioned meeting are still alive, and a few are actively engaged in news-

paper work, while others have retired and embarked in other business. L. T. Carlisle and wife are publishing the West Point Leader; Mrs. B. T. Hobbs is editing the Brookhaven Leader; Steve Dale is publishing the Progress at Columbia; Jo Dale is still printing the Lawrence County Free Press; Dr. W. L. Lee, disposed of his interest in the Ellisville Eagle, and is practicing medicine in Ellisville, as I am informed; Edgar S. Wilson sold out his newspaper years ago and resides near Jackson; R. K. Jayne, long since retired from journalism, still lives in the capital city; M. B. Richmond, formerly of the Pascagoula Democrat-Star, was in attendance at the reunion of Ratliff's Battery, in Jackson, June 3, 1921. He lives in Texas; W. J. Newson, of the Louisville Signal, has engaged in other business; C. M. Liddle, of the old Moss Point Advertiser, is living at Slidell, La., where he has banking and insurance connections; L. P. Smith, then publishing the Ripley Sentinel, now prints the Democrat-Times at Greenville; A. R. Hart, then publishing the Scooba Herald, is publishing the Progress at Bay Springs; J. C. Roseboro, of the Tate County Record, moved to Meridian, and then to Texas, and I do not know if he is alive; J. G. Cashman, of the Vicksburg Post, is alive but in wretched health as this is written; G. W. Rogers and C. E. Wright, of the Vicksburg Herald, are old but active.

IV.

J. H. Anderson of the Kosciusko Star, who once came to Jackson to fight Oliver Clifton for something he had written about him, quit the newspaper business, and as I recall, entered the ministry.

P. L. Moore of the Winona Advance, left newspaper work to accept a Federal position, and I have not kept up with him; W. A. and W. H. Hurt, of the old Winona Argus, have "moved round the compass;" one of them, Walter, now having a position on the American at Hattiesburg; J. G. Mc-

Guire, for years editor and proprietor of the Yazoo Herald, sold his paper to N. A. Mott, and is now enjoying the life of a Commercial Traveller; Will T. McDonald, retired from the Ashland Register and entered actively upon the practice of the law.

E. F. Noel, who represented the Lexington Advertiser, became a state senator and was afterwards elected Governor, which positions he creditably filled; T. P. Grasty of the Planters Journal, left the state and became one of the owners and editors of the Baltimore Sun; H. C. Williamson, editor of the Watchman, at Vaiden, was elected to the legislature, and retired from journalism.

Two other attendants at the Jackson convention, R. H. and T. M. Henry, of the State Ledger, are still in the land of the living, residing in Jackson, and getting along fairly well. Tom left the newspaper field and drifted into politics, and has never been defeated for a state office. I have never changed my business, nor do I expect to entirely abandon newspaper work, so long as I am able to discharge its duties.

V.

It is a long look backward to that Press Convention held in Jackson in 1884, quite a chasm to span in memory, and yet I recall many of the main features and leading incidents of the meeting.

The convention was held in the House of Representatives. Vice-President Shannon, acting President, called the meeting to order, and requested Dr. C. B. Galloway to invoke the divine blessing. This was followed by a most cordial address of welcome by Mayor McGill, with suitable response by President Shannon.

A musical entertainment was given the first night at the old Robinson Opera House, under the leadership of Miss

Mamie Robinson, now Mrs. C. M. Williamson, which was packed to the door. Some local artist had drawn a life size crayon of F. T. Cooper, who had recently passed away, which was prominently shown on the stage. The artist wrote underneath the picture, "Col. F. T. Cooper," a wise precaution, for otherwise no one would have known who the caricature intended to represent.

VI.

L. T. Carlisle, one of the few editors alive today in attendance at the Jackson Press Convention in 1884, who has edited the Clay County Leader for over a third of a century, is one of the best and most conscientious publishers in the state, whose life has been as straight as a plumb line. He has celebrated his eighty-fourth year, and has no thought of retiring. He has always printed a newsy, and reliable paper, which has been on the right side of every moral question, and has a right to be proud of the record he has made in favor of law and order, good government and civic righteousness, living to benefit mankind and make the world better.

The name of L. T. Carlisle will long be remembered in the journalistic history of the state, and his influence for good will live to bear ripe fruit in the years to come, for the example of such a man cannot be forgotten.

This reference to Mr. Carlisle recalls a little speech he made when President of the Association, the convention being held in Jackson several years ago.

The literary and musical people of the city were giving the members of the press a grand concert at the Century Theatre. That was in the early days of the Chaminade club, which set the pace for things musical in the Capital City, as it does yet.

The time had arrived for some member of the club to sing a solo, and Mr. Carlisle, as master of ceremonies, felt

called upon to give the lady a grand send off, and coming to the center of the stage, said, "I now have the pleasure of introducing the celebrated soprano of the evening, Miss _____, a leading member of Jackson's famous musical organization, the Shimmey-nade club."

The applause that followed can be better imagined than described, and Bro. Carlisle bowed acknowledgments, believing he had made the hit of the evening, as he had.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO.

Three of My Old Associate Editors, Avery Jones, Bert Snead and Homer McGee, Deserve Special Mention in These Memoirs.—Some Personal Experiences

In an experience of fifty years as editor and publisher, one must have met all kinds of people in the different departments of his paper—some that he likes to remember and others he is willing to forget, according to the impressions they have made and the records they have left behind them.

A large number of men and boys have worked for me since I engaged in newspaper life—several thousand. What a volume their names would make, with a brief sketch of a few lines of each, what pleasant and disagreeable memories their names would bring up, for some of the men who drew salaries from me were good and some were bad; some loyal and some disloyal; some sober and many booze-fighters. But of all the vast number on the payrolls from year to year, the great majority were honorable, trustworthy and deserving, the list covering every department of the office, from printer's devil to managing editor.

II.

I recall some years ago when I was bathing in the surf off Manhattan Beach, that one of "my boys" approached me



in his bathing suit, and addressing me as he did when in my employ, said, "I do not believe you know me." I was forced to admit I did not, in his strange costume, but when I heard his happy laugh and saw his bright smile and gratified expression, I recognized him. It was Bob Winkley, son of my old foreman, Charles Winkley, who has relatives in Jackson.

When I was making an excursion with a lot of Mississippi editors, traveling in two Pullmans through the far west, a printer came aboard at Cheyenne, Wyoming, saying he knew me, and asked the conductor to dead-head him on the press train to Denver, which he declined to do, unless I agreed. He gave his name, saying he had worked for me on state printing, and wanted to go to Denver, where he was promised work. I happened to remember him, and told the conductor it was all right. He rode in one of the sleepers as my special guest, taking lunch with me in the diner, and expressing the gratitude he felt. I had made that lonely printer feel good and was happy myself because of the act.

Printers are but human beings and as much entitled to civil treatment as any class,—lawyers, doctors, ministers, editors, or others.

III.

I have before made mention of some of my "boys" who went from the printer's case to the editor's chair, whose memories I revere, but have never before brought forward three that are deserving of special notice, Avery Jones, Bert Snead and Homer McGee.

Avery Jones had been connected with the State Ledger and the Clarion-Ledger for several years, holding different positions, foreman, local editor, telegraph editor, and editorial writer, and in all dependable.

He had published papers at Utica and Monticello, and was elected mayor of Utica before he was 21. He had no ambition or desire to leave me, and spent his last days around the office and often called when in no condition to write, so deeply interested was he in his life-work.

He laid no claim to extraordinary talents, but knew his limitations and confined himself to work that he could do. He cared very little about politics, and rarely wrote a political article unless requested to do so. He could do any kind of work around a newspaper office.

He had little imagination, was absolutely devoid of sensationalism, and confined himself to telling a story just as he saw it, always putting it in the smallest possible space, never romanced or speculated, and did not express opinions in the local columns, the bane of many papers. He did not write to "fill up," as so many editors do, but gave the facts and allowed the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Avery Jones worked on the Clarion-Ledger till forced to leave on account of wretched health. He worked too long, in fact, and went West in search of health, when it was too late. Of frail body and delicate constitution, he took little exercise, and close confinement, and the grind of a daily paper sapped his life-blood.

In the West he tried to pay expenses by working on local newspapers, for he had little means. He improved slowly, and returned home to die, satisfied that the end was near. And when it came, his principal pall-bearers were his old office associates, E. E. Frantz, A. B. Lowe, T. M. Hederman, B. G. Beaulieu, R. M. Hederman, and the writer, all of whom survive him.

Never have I known a more conscientious worker, a more honorable man, a truer friend, than Avery Jones

IV.

Homer McGee, for years an associate editor of the *Clarion-Ledger*, was one of the brightest young men I have ever known. He had newspaper training in his native town of Brookhaven, and in Texas, before he came to me. I had known him from his childhood, and knew him to be a real genius for newspaper work. He could write anything, from a spring poem to a political leader. He was a classy young man, with the face of a poet, the manner of a Chesterfield, and voice as sweet as a girl; but he was by no means effeminate; he was a real man and could do a man's work.

He was a beautiful writer, every sentence complete, every phrase perfect, his selection of words unsurpassed. His language was smooth, graceful, flowing. As a sketch writer, I have never known his superior in Mississippi journalism. His style was rich and florid, his expressions chaste and handsome.

He was most adaptable, and always agreeable, as ready to write one thing as another, a perfect finish characterizing all his writings.

He was sitting in the editorial office when the duel was fought between Gen. Wirt Adams and John H. Martin, in front of the old Cadwalader home on President street. Hearing the successive firing he thought convicts were escaping from the penitentiary, then located where the new capitol stands, and hurrying downstairs to secure the story, was the first newspaper man on the ground, and wrote the first account of the awful tragedy in which two men lost their lives in a few seconds.

After residing with me some time, and giving the very best satisfaction, Homer returned to Texas; from there he went to St. Louis, where he worked on different papers, till his health gave way, and then he returned to his father's home, Tyler, Texas, where he remained till time called him hence.

V.

Bert Snead came to Jackson from Kosciusko, where he had a smattering of newspaper life, just enough to whet his appetite for a more enlarged field, with broader opportunities. He worked on several state papers, the Clarion-Ledger among them, and while he was no genius, as Homer McGee was, he was strong and sturdy, with energy and ability to apply himself, and developed into a good writer. He remained in Jackson a few years and made a host of friends, being of a most genial and social nature.

I was somewhat instrumental in securing for him a position on the local staff of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. While an admirer of Page M. Baker, he did not like him. He said every writer on the paper was afraid of Baker, who insisted on articles being written correctly and in perfect form. Errors as to names, dates or events, Baker could not tolerate, and no editor should. Bert said the "King," as Baker was called by the editorial and reportorial force, read the Times-Democrat over carefully every morning before leaving home, marking the most glaring errors, such as names, words that were objectionable, and expressions that were bad; and that evening when the force was assembling for work, the "King," with paper in hand, proceeded to preach a stormy sermon, in which oaths took the place of logic.

When the Spanish-American war began, Bert enlisted, was elected a lieutenant, and went with his regiment to Miami, Florida, where he contracted typhoid fever and died. His body was shown distinguished honors, and was returned to New Orleans under special escort, where it lay in state, newspapers of the city paying fitting tribute to their dead companion, accompanying the body to its final resting place at Kosciusko, the Times-Democrat paying all expenses.

Bert Snead was an exceptionally fine young man, whose taking off, in the prime of his manhood, was greatly regretted by all his friends.

VI.

I received a letter from a subscriber saying, "I have read your editorial memoirs in the Clarion-Ledger with interest and shall file them away for future use. I see you have occasionally referred to duels and fights of editors, with no reference to yourself, as a scrapper. Have you managed to publish a paper fifty years without a fight?"

Not entirely. Like all editors who have sought to print the news and comment upon the acts of public men and lawless citizens, I have had my ups and downs. As the files of my paper will show, I have criticised the deeds of the lawless, the saloon-keepers, the blind-tiger gentry, the gamblers, the denizens of the red light district, and others who have no regard for the law. I have also had some near-scraps with newspaper men and politicians, and while several times almost reaching the breaking point, have had only one real fight since entering the field of journalism, when I got a black eye from my antagonist's fist, and he got a crack over the head with a chair, which sent him to grass.

I have been held up by politicians, gamblers, saloon-men, blind-tigers, and crooks with demands for apologies and retractions, which I did not make, and have never been shot for declining to comply with their demands.

I refer to this not boastingly, but to show that an editor's life is not always cast in pleasant places, or his cot a bed of roses, and that he has more troubles, often, than appear upon the surface.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE.

The Democracy Disbands at Meridian in 1873 to "Roam at Large Without Brands or Bridles."—Editor Charlie Smith Refused to Disband and Raised a Rough House.

I acknowledge myself indebted to my old friend J. A. Stevens, for many years editor of the Columbus Index, and before referred to, for some of the incidents embraced in these memoirs. He was a great admirer of the Worthingtons, father and three sons, all able writers and uncompromising Democrats.

The elder Worthington had received the unwelcomed news of a great Whig victory in Georgia. He was as deaf as a post, had just received the election returns, and was on his way home, disgusted and mad as a wet hen. A neighbor caught up with him and slapping him on the back, yelled out, "Mr. Worthington, how is your family?" Worthington, supposing that his friend was asking about the election news, quickly replied, "All gone to hell—all gone to hell!"

II.

W. H. Worthington, the elder brother, and the leader of the family, declined to join in the effort of the Democratic

leaders in 1869 to elect Judge Louis Dent, Governor on a fusion ticket, including the Copiah county negro, Tom Sinclair, for Secretary of State, with other "speckled" nominees. The Lieutenant-Governor, Auditor and Treasurer, were ex-Union soldiers, while the nominees for Attorney General, and Superintendent of Education, were true-blue Democrats.

The Democrats hoped to be able to elect Judge Dent for several reasons. He was a Southern man, St. Louis being his birthplace; he had married a Mississippi woman, Miss Baine of Grenada, and President Grant had married his sister, Julia. Dent was not a resident of Mississippi when pressed into service, and had never been.

The Republicans nominated J. L. Alcorn for Governor, on a mixed ticket, of carpet-baggers and scalawags, with James Lynch, negro, for Secretary of State. President Grant declined to support his brother-in-law, and threw the weight of his influence to Alcorn, who was elected by a large majority, receiving double the number of votes cast for Dent.

III.

The Democrats, beaten, dismayed and discouraged after failing to elect Louis Dent Governor in 1869, met in convention four years afterwards at Meridian, Sept. 17, 1873, and "disbanded" the Democratic party in Mississippi, by declining to nominate a state ticket, declaring it "inexpedient" to do so, but passing the word down the line to the effect that Democrats should vote for Alcorn, who had left his seat in the Senate to come home and make the race for Governor against Ames, the carpet-bag candidate.

Gen. Robert Lowry, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, called the convention to order, making a conservative address indicating the purpose of the meeting. Col. R. O. Reynolds was elected chairman of the Convention.

I was a boy delegate to the Meridian Convention, from Newton county, my first venture in state politics, and following the lead of Warren, Clarke, Scott and other delegates, I opposed the disbandment resolution as prepared by Honest Jeff Wilson of Pototoc county, and read to the convention by Hon. S. S. Calhoun, then of Madison county, who moved its adoption. He was supported by Gen. Robert Lowry, Col. R. O. Reynolds, Gen. W. F. Tucker, H. M. Street, J. M. Stone and other Democratic leaders.

The resolution read: :“Resolved, That it is the sense of the Democratic party of the state of Mississippi, in Convention assembled, that it is inexpedient in the approaching state election to nominate a state ticket.”

An earnest, persistent and stubborn fight was made against the resolution; but, after quite an acrimonious debate, it was adopted by a vote of 100 to 45, many of the delegates announcing that under no circumstances would they vote for Alcorn, who, in his canvass against Dent four years before had been unsparing in his denunciation of the Democracy, going out of his way to condemn Jefferson Davis.

IV.

Distinctly do I remember, though almost fifty years ago, a colloquy that occurred between Charles A. Smith, editor of the Shubuta Times and Chairman Reynolds.

“Charley,” as Smith was called by brother editors, and who by the way, was one of the best writers in the state, a straight-line, perpendicular Democrat, unyielding in principles and bitterly opposed to anything that looked like compromising with the Republicans, arose to speak.

Reynolds, hot-headed by nature and domineering in spirit, was disposed not to recognize Smith. But he would not down, and demanded the right to be heard.

The chairman tried to stop him, by insisting he was out of order, and beat the desk with his gavel to drown Smith's speech; but in vain, for the shrill tones of the voice of the gentleman from Clarke, rang out above the pounding of the chairman. He was denouncing the proposition to disband the Democracy in favor of that arch-Republican Jas. L. Alcorn, declaring that he and his people would not sanction the "sell-out."

That was too much for Reynolds and he insisted on the sergeant-at-arms removing Smith from Bennett Hall, where the convention was being held. That arbitrary order was but the signal for opponents to disbandment to arise in protest, many declaring Smith should not be ejected, and insisting he had a right to speak.

In the excitement and hub-bub, when a row seemed imminent, dear old General Lowry arose, and in his own sweet and gentle way, poured oil on the troubled water, by assuring the antis there was no disposition to run rough shod over the minority. He whispered something in the ear of the chairman, and moved that "My friend Charley Smith be allowed ten minutes to present his views." In the meantime some of the Clarke delegates had gotten hold of Smith and succeeded in getting him out of the hall, for he was too mad and "full" to make a coherent talk.

It was suspected that General Lowry had sent word to some of his friends on the Clarke delegation to get "Charley" out, as it was evident he was in no condition to speak intelligibly. Any way, it was a good piece of strategy, and after Smith retired, swearing like a sailor, the oiled proceedings went through without more trouble.

V.

Smith's mouth was closed for the time, but what he said about the disbandment of the Democracy in the next issue of

the Shubuta Times, was so strong that it could stand alone, for he fairly took the hide off all the leaders, personating them and denounced the disbandment as the most outrageous and cowardly abuse of power ever known in the history of the Democratic party, calling upon the Democrats of the state to resent and repudiate the action of the Meridian Theatrical Convention.

As a young editor, who did not agree with the action of the "100", I had something hard to say about it myself, but my editorial comments were mild in comparison with Smith's rib-roasters, which he continued for weeks, a number of editors following him.

I advised the readers of my paper to vote for Gen. B. G. Humphreys for Governor, as General Lowry and others had, at Meridian, "removed brands and bridles," and allowed Democrats to "roam at large." (Lowry's own words).

Humphreys had been ejected from the executive office in 1868, by federal bayonets and the memory of that outrage had not been forgotten, the result being that he received several thousand votes for Governor the year of the disbandment.

VI.

The negroes, who had supported Alcorn four years before, when the white Democrats were for Dent, turned against him, and voted solidly for Ames, as they had great regard for a "Yankee General," who had helped free them, being reminded of the fact that Alcorn had been a slave owner, and a Confederate soldier. The result was that Ames was elected over Alcorn five to one.

Ames remained in the gubernatorial office till forced to vacate it by the Democratic legislature of 1876. Articles of impeachment had been drawn against him, charging him with high crimes and misdemeanors, but he was never ar-

raigned before the State Senate, as he offered to resign and leave the state if the impeachment proceedings were not pressed. His proposition was accepted, and Ames stepped down and out forever, Col. J. M. Stone succeeding him, as has before been told in these memoirs.

But I see I have wandered off into political history, which must blend more or less with editorial life, for no agency was more potent in redeeming Mississippi, ridding the state of the thralldom of Radicalism, than the editorial pen; for in the saving of states, "the pen is mightier than the sword."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.

Bran, the Noted Editor of the Iconoclast, Lectures in Jackson.—Physically Exhausted, Collapses on Stage.—Was Killed in Street Fight in Waco, Texas.

A bold editor is always admired, right or wrong, if he be decent; while no one has any respect for a timid, shrinking editor who fails to do his duty to the public, afraid to speak out on personal, local and political matters, lest he lose patronage.

Many people admired Bran, of the Iconoclast, though they deprecated his policies, and repudiated his radical editorial utterances. He was an editorial genius, it might be said an evil genius, for he accomplished no good and much of harm. He did not construct, but destroyed, never built up but pulled down. His influence was baleful, pernicious, destructive. He possessed a language of his own, an attractive vocabulary, original phrases, odd expressions, strange words, the coinage of his own distorted brain and wild imagination. Abuse was his chief stock in trade, and he employed it with wonderful effect, as no other mortal could. He had a brilliant, poetic, romantic mind, possessed extraordinary descriptive powers, and could write sweet and beautiful sentiments when he so willed.

II.

This reference to the Texas editor, recalls my first and only meeting with him, back in the days of the old Spengler House, with its noted corner saloon.

The Mississippi legislature was in session. Alcorn Glover, a representative from Coahoma county, was one of its leading members. He had been a school mate of Bran, and greatly admired him. He had arranged a date for him to lecture at the old Robinson Opera House. Bran's arrival had been heralded in the city papers.

Alcorn had given me a pressing invitation to attend and occupy a seat on the stage, saying that Bran was his close friend and he was anxious that I should meet him. I did not admire Bran, whom I regarded as a wild man, with anarchistic tendencies, a dangerous editor who should be restrained, and I tried to beg off. But to no avail. It was a big event for Alcorn, and he worked it for all it was worth.

It was a beastly night; I had forgotten all about the lecture, and as I was endeavoring to cross Capitol street from Seutter's corner, I ran into Alcorn and his distinguished guest. There was no escape, and together we went to the Opera House.

But Bran proved a drawing card, for the theatre was filled with members of the legislature and citizens of Jackson, with fifty or more "distinguished gentlemen" on the stage, including Speaker J. H. Sharpe.

III.

Bran was introduced by Alcorn in a few appropriate sentences, when followed the most remarkable lecture I ever heard, its very oddity and originality attracting all hearers. Never before had a Jackson audience been favored with such

an address. It was fluently delivered and was made up of the oddest mixture of phrases ever coined.

The wording was unusual, the sentences smooth and velvety, but were poorly comprehended by the audience, which sat entranced as one would drink in the beauty of an opera, not one word of which was understood.

It is said that when Prentiss spoke in country towns, when most of the court houses were constructed of pine poles, that Indians crowded around and hung upon the music of his voice, not understanding one word he uttered, but enjoying to the fullest the melody of his beautiful sentences.

So it was in smaller degree the night Bran lectured in Jackson. He spoke for an hour and a half, and as he was finishing his beautiful peroration, he broke down and staggered off the stage, collapsing completely as he reached the wings. His legs giving way, and crumpling up, he fell as limp as a rag, exclaiming in a weakened voice, "Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey." It was forthcoming and after drinking a pint or more Bran was able to arise from the floor, saying he was ready to go to his hotel. He was assisted down the stairway, and when once in the open air, his recovery was wonderful.

IV.

With several members of the legislature and others following, Bran was led to the Spengler House, where a banquet had been prepared for him. There he seemed as cheerful and chipper as ever, made several speeches in response to toasts proposed, which were models of rhetoric and beauty, interspersed with flashes of bright wit and rich humor.

The banquet over, all who were equal to the task, undertook to sit up with Bran, but he put most of them under the table in the wee sma' hours.

I remember having a little talk with him, after the festivities had spent themselves, in which I said, "Mr. Bran, I am an older, not a better, editor than you. I have seen them come and go in numbers, but never have I known an editor who wrote in the vein you employ who was not killed sooner or later."

As I concluded he grunted an assent, answering, "Why, I care nothing about that, am indifferent as to death or the way I go, for I have tuberculosis, can only live a short time, and had as well be shot as to die a lingering death."

V.

I never saw Bran again, but within a few months my prediction had come true. He became involved in a controversy with Baylor College officials, near Waco, Texas, and made some most damaging charges against the officers of the institution, the faculty and young lady students.

Friends of the college sought to redress the wrongs put upon Baylor by Bran and the result was that several shooting scrapes followed in which a half dozen men were killed, Bran being finally shot to death in a street encounter, his antagonist also being killed by the Iconoclast editor.

I have known other journalistic freaks, besides Bran, editors who distinguished themselves by their extreme views, their rank radicalism, their ability to say outrageous things about others, but of all that wild, flighty, insane class, I have never known one to equal Bran in boldness and ability.

VI.

This reference to Bran brings vividly before my mind the days of the disreputable old "Mascot," of New Orleans, back in the early eighties, edited chiefly by a Northern man named

Levessee. It was worse, if possible, than the Sunday Sun of Kansas City. It lived on scandal and thrived on sensation, no home, business house, public or private citizen being sacred in the eyes of the "Mascot," or immune from its attacks, which printed most outrageous articles about society people of the Crescent City, its business men, public and private institutions.

It was frequently charged that the "Mascot" was a blackmailing sheet, which I never doubted, or heard denied.

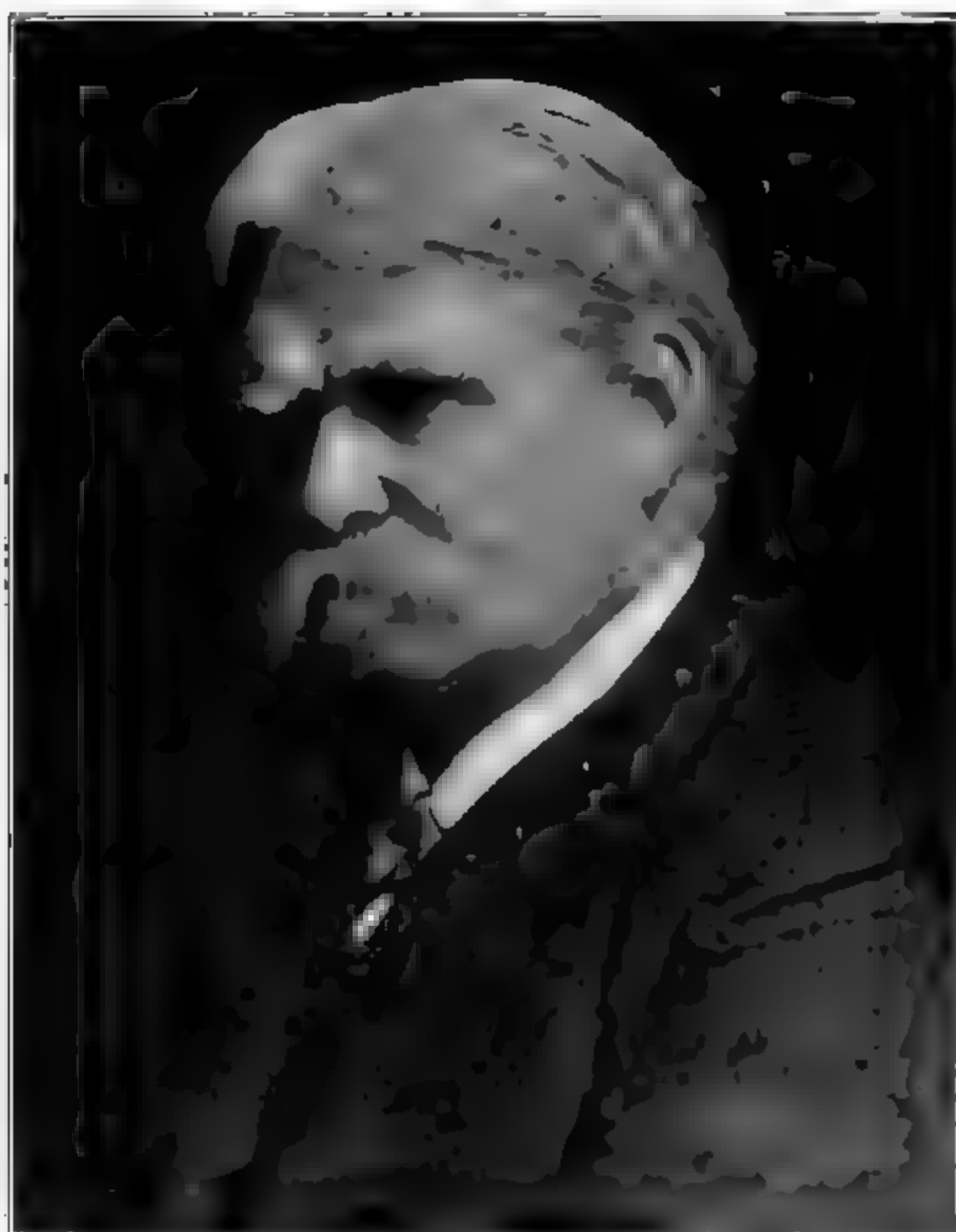
I was sojourning in New Orleans when the Mascot began and know that it stirred up the city considerably. It was freely read and its weekly appearance was anxiously and fearfully awaited, for no one knew just where the tomahawk of the Mascot would fall, for it was no respecter of persons, class or creed.

VII.

I recall one day when a tobacconist named Van Benthusen, who had been aired in the Mascot, went gunning for its editor, looking for him in his office and on the streets, firing upon him with a double-barrel shot gun, on Camp street, but the shots were too slow to catch the editor, though they did find lodgment in the corporeal bodies of passers-by.

One day an irate citizen, who had been given too much publicity in the Mascot, called at the office to demand satisfaction. He could find only a deaf old engraver named Zenick, the others having decamped upon approach of the maddened man.

Seeing no one else around, and supposing Zenick was one of the owners, the aggrieved party demanded retraction and satisfaction. Zenick did not know what he was talking about, if indeed he heard, and being busy, in his rough, German manner, gruffly told his visitor to "Go to h——." That was add-



Col. Henry Watterson

ing insult to injury, and the enraged man forthwith pulled his gun and shot Zenick dead on the spot, a vicarious sufferer for the acts of his editors.

Stopping a few days at Biloxi, and meeting Levessee, I ventured to ask him about the Mascot, and said there could be one ending only to an editor who wrote as he did, and the answer was much the same as Bran's, "I care nothing about life; have consumption, have only a short time to live, and had as lief die with my boots on as on a cot in a sanatorium."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE.

How Long Will the Influence of a Good Man Live After He is Gone?—Press Excursion on the Mississippi River to St. Louis.—A Pleasing Moot Court Trial.

"How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" asked Hamlet of the grave-digger, who responded, "If he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine."

That may be reckoned grave-digger philosophy; but of what account the information, if it be true? And the statement of the "knave" as Hamlet calls him, lacks confirmation.

Better the question, "How long will a man live after he be dead?" for men do live after their bodies have been consigned to mother earth and their bones returned to dust—their influence lives on. Antony says "The evil that men do lives after them," and he might have added the good lives also, the "good being interred with their bones" only in the minds of evil-thinking people, though we are commanded to "Think no evil."

How long will a man live, in the memory of his relatives, friends and the public, after he has passed away, depends

much upon the character and standing of the man. Relatives remember you longest, the public forgets you first, unless you be some distinguished, world-renowned man like Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, the Prince of Peace, Shakespeare, Frederick the Great, Peter the Great, Washington, Napoleon, Spurgeon or Foch, whose names and fame will never diminish, for their mighty deeds, their powerful accomplishments, their wonderful records, will keep their names alive as the cycles of time roll round, and the centuries follow each other into the impenetrable future.

II.

Some men live long in memory; others longer in history, while a smaller number will never be forgotten. But I come to speak of editors, and not of soldiers, statesmen and law-givers, and speculate as to how long they may live after they have retired, or joined the great majority.

It is sad to think of the editors I have known, and how few of the older members are remembered today, the list becoming smaller and smaller as the seasons come and go, the equation of time pushing them farther and farther into the back-ground, till they are almost lost in the cobwebs of the past.

Someone has said that all men build their monuments by their own acts and lives, and none less than editors, who are constantly in the limelight. Some men have built monuments that will last for all time, but few. And that recalls a visit I made to the old Roman Forum some years ago. The Italian guide was assiduous in his attentions, pointing out objects and places of greatest interest, dwelling at length upon and calling particular attention to the old Rostra, where, he affirmed, that Caesar, Cicero, Cataline, Antony, Brutus and other Roman orators had addressed and thrilled admiring multitudes.

Seeing no monument of Caesar, I asked the guide where he was buried, when he replied the body of Great Julius was cremated, and his ashes had found sepulture in front of the Temple Antonius, long since destroyed. Asked if there was no monument to mark the spot, the old guide drew himself up haughtily and proudly replied, "Caesar built his own monument, and will live in the love and esteem of his people after monuments of marble and memorials of bronze have perished and disappeared."

But I am getting away from the subject and must round to. Of all the great editors I have known, a half dozen or so have built their own monuments—Horace Greely, James Gordon Bennett, Geo. D. Prentice, Chas. A. Dana and Joseph Pulitzer; but excelling all is Henry Watterson, the best known editor in the United States, and now past eighty. He has built the tallest and broadest journalistic monument in the country, and has lived to see the capstone crown the memorial, and heard an admiring public pronounce the work very good.

III.

Let us now turn to lighter and more enjoyable scenes, than those before described.

Mississippi editors have taken many delightful excursions, both by rail and river. I recall one memorable excursion made from Memphis to St. Louis during the summer of 1897.

The editors rendezvoused at Memphis the day of departure, and were the guests of the official and unofficial class at the Bluff City, where they were wine and dined. Speeches were made by the mayor and local editors, and responded to by jabberwocks of the Press Association, who were kept on tap for such occasions.

At four o'clock the visiting editors were conveyed to the landing and went aboard the City of Memphis, where they were assigned state rooms, Memphis editors, reporters, representatives of the city council and others remaining aboard till the steamboat's siren gave warning that the time of departure had arrived.

Then the City of Memphis drew in her gang-planks, released her cables, swung out into mid-stream and commenced her trip up the mighty Mississippi.

IV.

I cannot recall all the editors and newspaper people on the excursion, but I do remember a number, though the trip was made a quarter of a century ago: L. Pink Smith, Greenville Democrat, president, who had as his guests Mrs. H. C. McCabe and Miss Nancy McCabe of Vicksburg; J. G. McGuire, secretary and wife, Yazoo Herald; P. K. Mayers, treasurer, and wife, Pascagoula Democrat-Star; Dr. B. F. Passmore and Mrs. E. L. Passmore, Canton Times; Col. J. L. Power, Clarion-Ledger; H. M. Quin, Centerville Jeffersonian; P. E. Williams, Lexington Advertiser; J. M. Liddle, Valley Flag; W. S. Hill, Winona Times; J. K. Vardaman and Douglass Robinson, Greenwood Enterprise; Buchanan and daughter, Greenville Times; Mrs. Halla Hammond Butt and Mrs. I. D. Richardson, Clarksdale Challenge; the writer, Miss Marie Henry and Miss Annie Hederman of the Clarion-Ledger; J. R. Stowers, Oxford Eagle; H. T. Crosby, Greenville Times; H. H. Crisler, Port Gibson Revielle; J. B. Ballard, Tupelo Journal; Miss Singleton Garrett, Carthage Carthaginian; J. M. McBeath, Meridian, Miss.; J. D. McKie and daughter, Biloxi Review, and others.

It was a long summer's evening, and as the City of Memphis forced her way up the current of the turbid stream, the press representatives had fine opportunity to view the

shores, woodland homes and settlements on both sides the Mississippi, and behold the growing crops of corn and cotton.

After supper, the tables were folded up, chairs placed against the walls of the brilliant lighted salon, the band struck up lively airs, and all who desired, joined in the dance. But the night was warm, and the dancers soon adjourned to the open decks to catch a breath of fresh air. Some played cards, others lounged and some talked, drank iced water and iced other things, while old river men told wonderful stories of the great Mississippi. A few slept and others dreamt dreams of the future and built castles while they feasted on the bright moon-kissed, rippling waters.

V.

The press people, tired with the exertions of the day, retired to their cabins early, while a few old stagers, sporty men and lively women, who had no connection whatever with the press, sat up and gambled on the passenger deck till late at night. The water cooler was near them, and thereby hangs another tale.

The state rooms were hot and without ice water and many were the visits made to the cooler during the night, by men not too careful of their dress. The players were so busy that they paid no attention to the "spooks" who visited the water-cooler, till a big, tall fellow, with black, flowing hair, and sheet carelessly thrown across his shoulders, like a Roman Senator, approached the cooler removed the top, and proceeded, a la Washington Irving's headless horseman, to drink the vessel dry. The women shrieked, the men swore, and the apparition beat a hasty retreat to cover.

VI.

The event was talked all day, even into the night, when a moot court was secretly planned by a dozen hilarious edi-

tors, to locate and try the offending party. The writer was kept entirely in the dark, and knew nothing of the conspiracy that had been hatched up to try and convict him, by a packed court, regardless of law or evidence, till the stalwart P. K. Mayers, acting as high sheriff, placed him under arrest and carried him into the court room, which was packed with press people and other passengers, all anxious to see justice administered.

The judge was on the bench, as handsomely groomed as a chancellor of old England, but his wig, contrary to ancient custom, was black and flowing, and the face, though rouged, rubbed, and powdered for the occasion, looked familiar.

The prisoner was arraigned, and indictment read, wherein he was charged with walking in his sleep, and dancing the can-can on the quarter-deck, thinly clad, to the shocking amazement of lady passengers.

The judge—impersonated by Jas. K. Vardaman, the real offender—asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. He replied he would like time to employ counsel. "That duty has already been performed, Sir; the court has appointed as your counsel the Hon. Shedrack Hill, and the Hon. James Madison Liddell, while the interest of the state will be looked after by the Hon. Benjamin Franklin Passmore and the Hon. Leviticus Pinkham Smith."

"But," replied the prisoner, "I deny the jurisdiction of the court. We are on the high seas, and a land-lubber judge has no right to try maritime cases. Besides, this is a base conspiracy concocted to convict an innocent man, when this court knows, if it knows anything at all, that the judge is himself the guilty can-canner."

"Silence in the court room," shouted the judge. "Any more such disreputable remarks will subject the prisoner to the stockade, without benefit of trial or privilege of bail."

Counsel for the prisoner took charge of his case, and invited the state to proceed, when evidence of the most damaging character was introduced, Hilarie Quin being the principal state witness, and he convicted the prisoner at every breath, "though he had no hair on top of his head, the place where the hair ought to grow." There were other witnesses, but they were not necessary. The court, the witnesses and the jury had been packed in the most outrageous and shocking manner.

Dr. Passmore opened for the state, followed by Jim Liddell and Shed Hill, for the defendant, the main speech for the state being delivered by Pink Smith and the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats.

The prisoner was duly sentenced, and commanded to treat the whole press party and by-standers, and admonished to sin no more. Then the company adjourned to the fore-deck, where all "took sugar in theirn" the judge and prisoner leading the procession, arm in arm, the best of friends, for at the time factionalism had not been incorporated upon the body politic, to estrange men and make political enemies of former companions.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX.

**I Receive a Much Appreciated Letter From Henry Watterson,
Commending My Memoirs.—Another Chapter on
the River Excursion.—Meeting With
Missouri Editors.**

“Approbation from Sir Hubert, is praise indeed,” which justifies the writer of Editorial Memoirs in printing the following, received from the greatest editorial writer in the United States:

Galveston, Feb. 3, 1921.

R. H. Henry, Esq.,
Jackson, Miss.

My Dear Old Friend:

I thank you for copy of the Clarion-Ledger of January 30th, in which you make kind reference to me.

Your Editorial Memoirs are truly refreshing; are well written and most interesting. They carry me back a long ways. I wish I could add a few words to them; but at four score and one, I am “all in,” as the boys say, and am unequal to prolonged or connected composition.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY WATTERSON.



I was gratified to receive the above from the distinguished Henry Watterson, in my opinion, the best writer and ablest editor in the United States, who now, in the evening of his life, is spending his winters by the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. I take off my hat to "Marse Henry," and thank him for his kind recognition of my poor efforts.

II.

Many amusing and interesting events occurred on the Press Excursion from Memphis to St. Louis in 1897, that I did not have space to refer to in my last paper.

Our good boat, the "City of Memphis," had occasion to stop at many places along the river, to discharge and receive freight and passengers, put off and take on mail, and transact other business incident to steamboat life.

Few of the editors had witnessed roustabouts in action, rolling off barrels, moving sacks, bales, boxes and live stock, and wrestling with freight on steep and slippery banks.

The work of the roustabouts was interesting, and their old-time plantation songs, their witty remarks, their monkey-antics, followed by their musical whistling and fantastic dancing, afforded entertainment for the night.

The big mate, with no respector of persons, and utter indifference as to the character of spectators, swore not exactly by note but in good time and tune and the oaths that he ripped out as Tom, Bill or Jim soldiered on the job, were shocking to hear, but entertaining, as mates manufacture their own combination of oaths, and string them out in the most generous and euphonious manner.

Steamboat landings, with people lining the banks to gaze upon the passengers and witness the loading and unloading of freight, furnish scenes of interest at all times, in day

light, sunshine or rainy weather, but the interest is increased an hundred fold at night, when sputtering, flickering torch lights line the way for roustabouts to handle the cargo. The weird, indistinct, spectre-like forms on shore assume the appearance of moving phantoms, as they crowd about to watch the handling of freight, hear the singing of the negroes, the stormy orders and frightful oaths of the mates, with cadence and crescendo unknown to music writers.

It was a long stretch from Cairo to St. Louis, much government work going on along the river north of Cairo, and there were still evenings of pleasure in store for the editors and lady-friends. Amusements of many kinds were resorted to at night, for the interest ashore, the passing boats, from floating palaces to coal barges, house boats and other water craft, claimed the attention of the editors by day. They saw many strange and interesting sights—people who lived upon small and frail boats, which carried all their earthly possessions, including dogs, pigs and the family milch-cow; traffic boats which sold and bought produce, mountain whiskey being as freely offered for sale as corn, meal, flower, peas, potatoes and other edible products.

III.

The river trip was made in summer, when the prevailing costume of well-to-do young men, was a stiff straw hat, blue sack coat and large white trousers. We had a number of editors and near-editors dressed in that manner.

At one of the landings a dudish young fellow came on board somewhere above Cairo, wearing a stiff straw hat, blue serge coat and white trousers. After arranging for his passage, he proceeded to make himself at home, and took a seat on the upper deck. He was seen to gasp and froth at the mouth, making loud but inarticulate sounds, and falling off his chair. Someone yelled, "He has fainted; throw water in

his face." The porter speedily carried out the orders, and the young man was soon restored, but was seen no more that day.

IV.

It is the habit of passengers to lounge around the deck after dinner, tell stories, reel off personal yarns, smoke, chew, or nap, for nothing conduces more to sleep than steamboat dinners on warm days.

A young man of the editorial party, dressed with a stiff straw, blue serge sack and white pants, sat down in the chair the visitor had occupied before dinner, soon fell asleep, and began snoring at a terrific rate. The porter saw the young editor in the chair, heard his loud snoring, and supposing he was the same man he had waited upon before, and concluding he had another fit, rushed to the cooler, got a pitcher of water, and dashed it in his face, wetting him from head to heels, almost drowning the poor fellow.

He awoke with a snort and an oath, and the profanity that flew around that darkey's head could only be compared to bolts of lightning. It was awfully funny to on-lookers, who laughed till their sides ached, but it cured that editor of napping on deck, and the negro porter of throwing water in passengers' faces while they slept.

After another joyful night on the river, the City of Memphis docked at St. Louis next morning about nine o'clock. Several of the boys had been playing and drinking, gassing and setting up very late, and were not in the best of shape for pleasure. Busses were at the landing to convey the entire party to the Southern Hotel, where accommodations had been secured.

After partaking of much needed baths, rest and refreshments, the press boys, recuperated and rejuvenated, were ready for any "lark" that might be offered, and they were

many. Walter Marder had provided more entertainment for the newspaper people than they had time to enjoy.

V.

Among other entertainments at St. Louis, we were given a tallyho ride to Merrimac Highlands, where we dined with the Missouri Press Association. It was a glorious trip, barring the heat and the dust, but the novelty of a fifteen mile ride, with refreshments on the way, and the fine treatment extended by the special committee and the Missouri editors, more than offset the discomfitures of the day.

It was there I first met Walter Williams, who made the welcome address on behalf of the Missouri Press Association. The subject matter of his talk was extremely good, but his fine, squeaky voice detracted greatly from his interesting and thoughtful address, which aptly proved the truthfulness of the old saying that there is more in a speech than froth and fustain.

The response to the address of welcome was delivered by President Pink Smith, who really "outspoke himself," and made a well-matured, sensible talk, which pleased both the Missouri and Mississippi editors.

At the same meeting I formed the acquaintance of E. W. Stephens and Bob White, prominent Missouri editors with whom I was destined to be thrown in close personal relation at meetings of the National Editorial Association; and three such newspaper princes as Walter Williams, Ed. Stephens and Bob White, one rarely meets in his journalistic experience.

VI.

We were in St. Louis only a short time after Maxwell, the Englishman, had been hung for killing his traveling

companion, Prellar, at the Southern Hotel, cutting his body up and packing it away in a trunk. He was followed to the Auckland Islands, arrested, brought back, tried, convicted and hung.

The number of the room where the murder was committed had become well-known, and no guest would occupy it, who had heard of the tragedy. The editors were sitting on the broad veranda, on the North side of the Southern, cooling off after a day of tiresome sight-seeing. Hilerie Quin was one of the big talkers and entertainers. I decided to have some fun at his expense, and requesting Press Williams to go downstairs, look over the register, get the number of Quin's room, and quietly hand it to me, telling him after I had narrated the story of the tragedy to ask if anyone knew the number of the room in which Maxwell killed Prellar.

He complied, and after I had detailed the particulars of the murder, Williams asked, "Does anybody know the number of the room where the tragedy was enacted?" I responded, "Yes, it is well known, and no one will sleep in it. The number is 437."

Thereupon Quin jumped up much excited, and exclaimed, "My God, that's my room; I'll have a change made at once"; and he rushed downstairs, and demanded that the clerk give him another room, upbraiding him for putting him in the Maxwell-Prellar room.

The clerk assured him that he was laboring under a misapprehension; that somebody had played a joke on him, as the number of the room had been removed and another placed thereon, and no person knew the substituted number. Hilerie then returned to the party, and was welcomed with roars of laughter. But he was equal to the occasion, took the joke good-naturedly, and pleasantly said, "All right boys; the joke's on me; come downstairs and I'll set 'em up for the crowd."

VII.

It was on this trip that P. K. Mayers sprained his back while attempting to get out of a bath tub, and was confined to his room the balance of our stay in St. Louis. His devoted wife and Dr. Passmore, good old scout that he was, remained with P. K. and doctored his injury till we were ready to leave, the boys calling every day to offer their condolence, and to tease him about not knowing how to get out of a bath tub, when he replied, happily, "Yes; I am accustomed to more water when I take my bath down on the seacoast."

Most of the editors returned home by boat, being round trip guests of the City of Memphis.

While there were no serious casualties on the St. Louis trip, which was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the Mississippi Press Association, a sorrowful event followed it. J. B. Ballard, editor of the Tupelo Journal, one of the best newspaper men of the state, and one of the happiest, as well as one of the most agreeable members of the excursion, had occasion to visit Jackson, a few weeks after the return of the press party, and it was said a black-eyed girl was the attraction drawing him hither. He was caught in a hard rain while here, contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, and in a few days his lifeless form was laid to rest. Truly, "In the midst of life we are in death."

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN.

**Have as My Guest on a Visit to Alcorn A. & M. College a
Northern Republican Editor, and Put Him on the
Tenter Hook Before Dinner is Served.
Bucked on Social Equality.**

I had met John A. Atwood and wife, of the Graphic, of Stillman Valley, Ill., at conventions of the National Editorial Association, generally accompanied by my wife. They were refined and genteel people who had lived all their lives in the North and had no conceptions of the South. We became fast friends. We visited them in summer and they visited us in winter, sometimes extending their trips to New Orleans, as our guests. Our association was altogether delightful, pleasant in every way—a mingling of the North and the South, of Republicans and Democrats.

The last time that Mr. and Mrs. Atwood came South, was after the Roosevelt-Booker Washington dinner in 1903.

II.

As the Mississippi Commissioner to the World's Fair at St. Louis, it was made my duty to visit the different counties of the state and deliver addresses in behalf of the great ex-



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position. I had an appointment to make a speech before the student body of the Alcorn A. & M. College, and invited Atwood, then a visitor at my home to accompany me, telling him he would see something that would open his eyes. That being a northern man and a Republican, he naturally got his ideas of the south, the negro and conditions in this section from his local environment, from Republican papers and politicians who made it convenient to ride into office on the negro's back, by abusing the people of the South for refusing to educate him, and by their persecuting, abusing and killing of Sambo.

Atwood said he would be glad to go; and we made the trip, via Vicksburg, arriving at Lorman in time for breakfast, where a team was to be provided to convey us to the College, ten miles away.

The landlady was a red-hot Southern rebel, and when she learned that Atwood was from the North, she regaled him with horrible accounts of negro lynchings, saying "One was hung here last week by a mob, and if you care to see his grave I will point it out to you." He began to turn pale around the gills and replied he did not care to see it; and I saw from his unhappy face that he felt uneasy and out of place. She roasted the negro college, saying "It only spoilt good cooks and washer-women, and should be abolished."

III.

After a pleasant ride we reached the college, which occupies the site and buildings of the old Oakland College, established in 1830.

The Alcorn A. & M. was founded under the administration of Gov. J. L. Alcorn, 1871. The property was purchased by the state for \$40,000 and appropriations annually to maintain it.

Its first president was Hiram R. Revels, who was afterwards elected to represent Mississippi in the United States Senate, he being the first negro to occupy a seat in that great deliberative body.

Under the present law the students and all members of the faculty of the A. & M. College must be negroes; but the board of trustees shall be made up exclusively of white men.

IV.

It was a cool November morning when the writer and his guest visited the college. We were met by the president, W. H. Lanier, and politely invited into the old home of Dr. Jeremiah Chamberlain, the first president of Oakland College, and who remained as its executive head for twenty-one years, till stabbed to death in front of his own house in 1851, by a man named Briscoe, the spot being pointed out to visitors. Atwood saw it and wondered what gruesome object he would be called upon to behold next.

A bright, crackling fire was burning, which gave a glow of warmth and welcome to us as we entered the large library. Lanier had boys to dust us off, and provide fresh water. I told him I had taken the liberty of bringing a Northern friend along, one who knew nothing of the negro or the South, as I was anxious to give him an insight into Southern life, and show him a real negro college. He expressed himself as glad to meet Mr. Atwood, and ordered coffee for his visitors, over which we discussed many matters of Old Oakland, the great men it had sent out into the world; its different presidents since the killing of Dr. Chamberlain, its suspension during the war, its struggle afterwards, and final sale to the state for a negro college, and others up to the election of Lanier, who had brought order out of chaos.

While we were talking and sipping our black coffee and enjoying its aroma and the heat from the big open fire-

place, the music from a brass band was heard, coming over the hills, and Lanier informed us that the students were marching up to escort us to the college. There to the southward, approached an army of the blackest negro boys and girls this side of Africa, six hundred strong. They were so black that they almost paled the sky and obscured the morning sun. The band of thirty or more pieces was in front, followed by members of the faculty and students. We joined the procession and marched on to the chapel, with the cloud of darkness.

V.

I had invited Atwood to make the first speech, which he reluctantly agreed to do. He said he was no speaker and did not know what to say. I suggested he announce that he was from Illinois, the home of Lincoln, Grant and Logan. "Say whatever you please about them, praise them to the skies, if you care to; the war is over, sectional feeling is dead, and no one will take umbrage at anything you may say."

President Lanier made a suitable preliminary talk, stating the purpose of the meeting was to awaken an interest in the World's Fair, and secure an industrial exhibit from the Alcorn College.

He said one of the speakers, the State Commissioner, was native and to the manner born, while the other was a visitor from the far North, and he was satisfied the students would be interested in what they had to say.

I introduced Atwood, telling who he was, where from, his politics, etc., and though a Northern man, Yankee and Republican, he was a gentleman and my friend, giving the keynote for his talk; and though terribly embarrassed, he handled the subject in a creditable manner. I led the applause, which received liberal response, making the speaker feel good, and glad he had been called out.

Prof. Lanier presented me as the State Commissioner, and I made my usual World's Fair speech, with some slight local changes.

As I closed the president and members of the faculty came forward to extend congratulations to the speakers, followed by the student body. As a mark of respect to the distinguished visitor, who had so ably entertained them, I requested the students to file by the stand and personally shake hands with Mr. Atwood, which they were glad to do. He at first considered it a great compliment, but as the rough-handed boys passed by and gave him heroic shakes, he became rather tired, if not suspicious, and when he got through his hands looked wilted and he had the appearance of a man who had done a hard day's work. He afterwards told me it was the hardest job in his life, and he believed those "colored people" had taken all the skin off his hands.

VI.

After congratulations had been extended and some general talk indulged in about the college, President Lanier addressing the white visitors said, "Well, gentlemen, we will now go over and have dinner, and then look through the college generally, including the industrial departments."

Atwood looked appealingly at me, and the distress he felt was written in his face. He was right up against the most trying ordeal of his life.

Taking me aside he feelingly asked, "Colonel, are we to eat dinner with these colored people?" "No, not with colored people but with these negroes," I replied, and then I thought he would faint.

"But," he remonstrated, "it is early for dinner, and besides I don't want anything." I replied, "Oh, come, now, you cannot crawfish out that way. We are here as the guests of the college and must conform to its rules."

I had been there before and knew that the white trustees and white visitors were always given meals by themselves, but Atwood did not know it, and I had him on the tenterhook, and decided to rub his social equality notions into him good and hard.

I told Lanier we were ready, and we returned to the Chamberlain home, where the president lived. When we had entered, Lanier said, in a very kind and courteous manner, "Make yourselves at home, gentlemen; dinner will soon be ready."

VII.

Atwood was suffering as though he had been bitten by a rattler, and again appealed to me to forego the dinner, saying he was feeling real bad and could not eat a bite, anyway.

"Suppose it gets in the papers that we ate dinner with the colored students of this college—how will it look in print?" "Won't hurt me in the least. I have been raised among negroes and have associated with them all my life. I once ate at a Press banquet where a negro editor named Mollison had a chair close by, and it did me no harm."

"But," he persisted, "we can get out of this, and I don't care to see my name printed as having dined with colored people, while on a visit South." "Why, your President ate dinner with Booker Washington, and you and other Republican editors did not condemn, but upheld him for having the courage to eat with the negro educator. You are no better than your President."

Seeing that he could not persuade me to give up dinner, he subsided, for a time, but I did not. "Atwood," I said, "you are the guest of honor today, and in the South the invariable custom is that the honor guest must lead the lady of the house out to dinner. Mrs. Lanier is a comely, buxom woman,

rather attractive in person, and it will be your duty when dinner is announced to escort her to the dining room. I'll go with Lanier."

"I'll be d——ed if I do it," he yelled, and he meant it.

I started to say, "You shock me with your conduct," but had not finished the sentence when Lanier's appearance in the doorway cut off further discussion as to the etiquet of the occasion, politely saying, "Gentlemen, dinner is ready, please walk out."

VIII.

Atwood's eyes lost some of their fire and defiance when he failed to meet Lanier's wife, and assumed their natural size, when he saw that covers had been laid for two only; and he became really jolly and convivial when he saw Lanier and wife superintending the serving of the meal, while negro boys and girls waited upon the table, which had been set in the president's office. His good nature returned, likewise his appetite and the rations he disposed of encouraged host and friend to believe that his digestive organs were in thorough repair.

After the dinner, we were shown around the college, conveyed through all departments, the operations of the institution being explained by the president and members of the faculty, but the industrial departments proved the most interesting, for it is a demonstrable fact that negro boys will excell in industrial work when they fail in their literary studies. Here it may not be out of place to say that the Alcorn A. and M. College furnished the World's Fair the largest industrial exhibit shown from Mississippi.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT.

My Old Friend John G. McGuire Writes a Kind and Encouraging Letter.—Editors Visit the World's Fair.—Endless Mix-Up in Registering Their Names.

All people like a word of encouragement and expressions of endorsement. We are all alike from the lowest to the highest,—all appreciate compliments, as the writer does the following from one of the oldest members of the Mississippi Press Association:

Yazoo City, Miss., Feb. 19, 1921.

Col. R. H. Henry,
Jackson, Miss.

My Dear Friend:

With much pleasure and delight I have been reading when opportunity offered your "Memoirs of Some Editors" that you have known during your many years in the editorial harness.

These publications bring back to me many happy days with the editors of the Mississippi Press, with whom since the first day of May, 1876, I have been intimately associated, having joined the Association at Columbus in July, 1882, and has missed but one annual meeting since then—the one of 1914, when I was out of the State.

I am sure, my good friend, that other old members of the Association like myself are enjoying these reminiscences. In them you

are calling attention to a good part of the past history of the State, and no profession or calling has done more to make that history one of pride than the Press of the State.

Wishing you and yours many more years of happiness and prosperity and recalling with pleasure our many years of friendship, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

J. G. McGUIRE.

No man stands higher in the Mississippi Press Association than my especial and intimate friend John McGuire, and no Mississippi editor's opinion is more to be prized than his. Beginning as a printer he has, by hard work and constant application to newspaper duties, succeeded in reaching the topmost round in his profession. In an evil hour, he decided to sell his paper, the Yazoo Herald, when it had reached its zenith of power and influence.

Though not now in active newspaper work, McGuire is one of the owners of the Yazoo News, and is still a member of the Mississippi Press Association, to which he has belonged for over a third of a century. He is the recognized authority on the constitution, which, let us hope, he will live many years to construe and expound.

II.

The description I gave of an editorial trip to St. Louis by boat, recalls a press excursion to the same city during early days of the World's Fair, by rail.

The Press Convention had been held that year, 1904, at McComb City, presided over by President R. B. May, editor of the Enterprise, a good local weekly, now printed by his son.

After a two day's session the editors adjourned, leaving for St. Louis on a special train to become guests of the World's Fair.

Arriving there about nightfall, they were met at the train by the writer, who was State Commissioner to the World's Fair. I piloted the large party to the Inside Inn, immediately westward of "Beauvoir," the Mississippi building, where the editors made headquarters during their stay in St. Louis.

There was a general and confusing mix-up in registering the 100 or more press representatives, for nothing brings out a "full-house" like free transportation to an Exposition, and promise of entertainment.

I had the list of the excursionists, and as host of the occasion undertook to register the whole party, which I found no easy job, as constant changes were being made to accommodate room-mates.

III.

To add to the confusion, a list of the delegates had been mailed to Miss Kate Power, who was doing syndicate work at the Exposition, and she had also registered the editors before arrival, which I knew nothing about. Just imagine the confusion, worse confounded.

An editor, tired, sore and in bad humor, would give to one of the many clerks his name and request key for himself and wife. On going to the room assigned he was apt to find it occupied, and entrance denied.

Returning to the office, walking up halls covering a thousand feet or more and down several flight of steps to register his kick, he found others in the same condition and as mad as March hares.

Some of the editorial party had been assigned to rooms on Miss Power's register, and many were given keys on my register, and the crosses and counters were enough to run clerks and bell boys crazy, not to mention the annoyance to the editorial visitors. They had a lively time straightening things out.

Secretary John McGuire, who always has a suggestion ready for every worry, ventured to advise the chief clerk that the trouble could be overcome by destroying both registers, and that he would enter the names a third time; whereupon the clerk threw up his hands and exclaimed, "My God, we have too many registers now, and a third would drive us crazy." Then some wag yelled out, "Shoot John," and he subsided.

IV.

The confusion at the building of the Tower of Babel is said to have been great, but that was only a confusion of tongues, whereas at the Inside Inn, on the notable occasion referred to, it was a confusion of names and rooms. Speech was not confused, far from it—for it was as intelligible as ever heard, and some of it would not do to print. "The Comedy of Errors," would have been tame compared to the drama enacted that night at the Inside Inn.

The editors were shown every courtesy at the World's Fair, and spent several days most delightfully seeing the sights. I had secured passes for them not only to the Exposition, "but to all the attractions on the Pike," which they liked better than the exhibits from the different states, being easier to see.

The editors visited all the Mississippi exhibits, which they greatly admired, especially "King Cotton," in the Agricultural Building, the 39 foot cotton statue that towered above all other objects, and the "Pecan Horse" in Horticultural Building, both being written up by many of the leading magazines of the country, with pictures showing the grand proportions of the exhibit.

V.

A good many amusing things occurred during the stay of the Mississippi editors. Parades and procession were of common occurrence, for it must be remembered that every

state and territory of the Union had representatives of some kind at the Exposition, as did all the foreign countries.

There were soldiers there galore, and bands by the score; and marching battalions were of daily occurrence, not only in but outside the grounds, and to one unaccustomed to the moving phalanx, with its martial music and military air, the thought of war naturally occurred.

A great parade was announced during the editorial visit. It was scheduled to start somewhere uptown, and the route was given, through the center gate, via the main buildings, and to end at the Louisiana Purchase monument.

Any body could march who desired to, on foot or horseback, and several of our party volunteered, some hiring horses at seven dollars per, in order to take in the main show.

About three o'clock I chanced to go down to the Court of Honor, a popular assembly place, and there I saw a Mississippian, who acted and talked as though he might have looked upon the wine, or some other intoxicant, when red, and it had about floored him. He had awoke to a realization of the fact that he had agreed to march in the parade and had not done so. He was standing in front of the statue of "St. Louis," his feet wide apart, his swollen eyes looking up in the air, his hands deep in his pocket, hat far back on his head, set at half mast, his mind wandering. As I approached he looked around in a bewildering way, and though he knew me quite well in normal condition, he did not recognize me, and accosted me familiarly thus, with his thick tongue:

"Say, old sport, where's the parade?" I replied, "It passed over two hours ago, and has disbanded." "Well, I'll be d——d, I have been looking for it all day and couldn't find it."

I have beheld a good many comical sights in my time, but never have I seen anything on or off the stage that was

half as funny as that Mississippian who was "looking for the parade."

VI.

We had a large number of editors of the state on that trip, many of whom have written their last article, whose journals of time are complete, the deceased being marked with an asterisk, thus*. Among the number present were: *Col. J. L. Power of Clarion-Ledger, *P. K. Mayers, and wife, Pascagoula Democrat-Star, *J. H. Duke, Scooba Herald, John G. McGuire and wife, Yazoo Herald, L. T. Carlisle and wife, West Point Leader, *B. T. Hobbs and wife, Brookhaven Leader, Wm. Ward, Starkville Times, J. G. Cashman and wife, Vicksburg Post, F. R. Birdsall and wife, Yazoo Sentinel, *R. B. May, McComb City, Jos. E. Norwood and wife, Magnolia Gazette, *W. S. Eskridge, Charleston Tallahatchian, A. C. Anderson, Ripley Sentinel, Robert Lewis, Woodville Republican, J. A. Richardson, Indianola Tocsin, *N. P. Bonney, Summit Sentinel, *J. W. Buchanan, Grenada Sentinel, *T. J. Wood, Starkville News, *Geo. B. Brown and wife, Guntown Hot Times, *J. D. McKie, Biloxi Review, *H. T. Crosby, Greenville Times, *Mrs. S. C. Maer, Columbus Dispatch, *E. C. Carroll, Vicksburg Herald, W. D. Caulfield, Gloster Record, B. C. Knapp, Fayette Chronicle, Miss Singleton Garrett, Carthage Carthinian, Mrs. H. H. Butt, Clarksdale Challenge, G. S. Ellis and wife, Dawn of Light, Walnut Grove, Mrs. J. L. Gillespie, Greenwood Enterprise, Chas. G. Moreau and wife, Bay St. Louis Echo, W. E. Chapman and wife, Indianola Enterprise, J. R. Oliphant, Poplarville Free Press, P. K. Whitney, Utica Herald, W. C. Hight, Louisville Journal, R. T. Quin, McComb City Journal, Joe Dale, Lawrence County Free Press, C. E. Cunningham, Newton Record, I. S. Murphy, Carrollton Conservative.

The Mississippi editors remained in St. Louis for several days, and if there was anything at the Exposition they did not see it was not worth naming, the management having detailed special men to show them everything.

CHAPTER-FORTY NINE

Some Editorial Cranks I Have Known.—A Double-Barrel Daily.—Serious Accident at the Greenville Press Convention.—Editor With Sack of Rat Traps.

I have known a good many freaks and cranks in the editorial brotherhood, men who published papers according to their own peculiar ideas—some who were real curiosities, and they are not all dead yet. While it may not be a crime to be a freak, or a sin to be a crank, it is often annoying, especially to the other fellow.

I used to meet a Jew editor on the Gulf Coast who was a freak of the first magnitude, Louis Rosenthall, who published the Biloxi Blizzard, and it was a hummer with its euphonious name. It was devoid of news, politics or religion, and still it existed, how, the Lord only knows.

I occasionally met this "Samuel of Pozen" on the coast trains. He kept a mental diary of his work and would tell of the business he had gotten in New Orleans. He had no rates, and would take advertisements at any old price, as he did not have the faintest conception of the value of advertising space. He had a free pass, and made frequent trips to New Orleans.

I met him one day loaded down with a sack full of rat traps, which he had taken on an advertising account. I asked him what he intended to do with them, and he grew as eloquent as Toodles and became as rich as Mulberry Sellers. He said he would keep some for his own use and others he would sell to merchants of coast towns. He really believed he had made a good deal, and saw big money rolling into his office. He argued the space cost him nothing, and whatever he got from the sale of his rat traps was so much made—false reasoning that so many publishers fool themselves with. He had evidently heard that Jay Gould made his first money selling rat traps.

II.

Speaking of the seacoast recalls the name of a very successful publisher, Geo. W. Wilkes, founder and owner of the Herald, printed by him for years at Biloxi. He was not an editor, in the general meaning of the term, for he never wrote for his paper, though he knew how to employ men who could write. He came South from Indiana, and established a job and book office at Biloxi, for he was an expert printer. The Herald followed.

Gulfport was then in its swaddling clothes; but it grew so rapidly, after the county site was established there, and deep water secured, that Wilkes conceived the idea of moving part of his outfit to Gulfport, and printing the paper there.

He sent linotype machines to Gulfport, with an assortment of advertising type, keeping a full job plant at Biloxi, where he did his book and job work. He also kept his business office in Biloxi, but sent two of his sons to Gulfport to look over the newspaper end of the business. Wilkes retained a linotype in his Biloxi office, which was used to set up the Biloxi news and editorials prepared there, the matter being shipped to Gulfport on the street cars, ready to be dumped into the forms.

III.

It was a good conception, a rather remarkable undertaking, considering the rivalry and bitter antagonism existing between the two big coast towns. Wilkes had a difficult task in reconciling the troubles. The people at Biloxi did not want a paper printed at Gulfport and shipped over to them in bulk every evening. The citizens of Gulfport kicked because the parent office was at Biloxi, much of the type being set there, and declared that Biloxi was given preference in local news because the Wilkes families lived there.

Various styles of headings were prepared in an effort to please the people of both towns, one edition reading "Printed at **BILOXI** and Gulfport," while the other said "Printed at **GULFPORT** and Biloxi." The "Printed at **BILOXI** and Gulfport" was run on the first edition, which went to Biloxi, and the second edition, with its "Printed at **GULFPORT** and Biloxi," was distributed at Gulfport and through the mails.

Meanwhile Wilkes, the father of the enterprise, died, a few years ago, but the double-barrel sheet was continued by his sons, who also tried various head designs in order to please customers, substituting a logotype in the heading showing the paper was printed at both towns, with "Mississippi Coast" in the date line.

As directed by the senior Wilkes, the paper should bear two distinct sections, all the Biloxi news and ads printed in the Biloxi department, while the Gulfport business should be bunched together on other pages.

The editorials are written by George P. Money, put in type at Biloxi, and it is no extravagant praise to say that they are among the best appearing in the state press.

IV.

Wilkes had a rather strong competitor in the person of J. D. McKie of the Biloxi Review. He was a good writer, and

had the ability to discuss public questions, and did not hesitate to express his opinions freely on any subject, and was never backward in criticising editors with whom he disagreed. He was so waspish and rasping at times that he narrowly escaped several personal difficulties, for he could not brook opposition, being of an intolerant nature.

McKie printed a good paper, and from a typographic standpoint it was as near perfect as any publication in Mississippi.

McKie was a loyal friend, and a bitter antagonist. Many editors did not like him for they did not know where he would break out, as he did not have a happy disposition and was likely to say very disagreeable things.

V.

I recall another freakish editor who undertook to revolutionize the newspaper business by introducing new features—Major G. C. Tucker of the old Columbus Index. He had schemes that might have succeeded on large papers, but too big for Mississippi journals.

He was an awfully bright fellow, was well educated, and adopted journalism, as I have heard, as a matter of passtime, for he was reputed to have a good bank account. He claimed to have employed a number of editors, who wrote on such subjects as he suggested, much after the plan of metropolitan journals, and unknown in this state.

He said he employed men to write upon law, agriculture, news, locals, live stock, science, literature, etc. He printed a remarkably fine paper, one above the average, and beyond the vision of Mississippi readers.

“Major” Tucker, as he preferred to be called, to distinguish himself from other titled members of his family,

came from aristocratic stock, but did not last many years as a publisher, his ideas being entirely too large for the time and state in which he lived. He afterwards went into the ministry, becoming an Episcopal rector.

VI.

The Press Convention at Greenville in the spring of 1889—memorable year—was one of the largest and best ever held in the state. J. K. Almon, editor of the *Durant Democrat*, was president and worked up an enormous attendance, including a number of invited guests, Senator J. Z. George, Gov. Robert Lowry, Congressman Thos. R. Stockdale, former Secretary of State Henry C. Myers, and others who had been invited to attend and address the editors.

The exercises of Literary Night, when members of the press and citizens of the community united in getting up an entertainment, were given in the theatre, and the house was packed, for in those good old days a Press Convention attracted very considerable attention, and fortunate was considered the town that secured the meeting of editors.

During the midst of the exercises the top-heavy gallery, over one of the private boxes, was seen to give way, to part from the wall of the building and fall out on the stage, carrying down its human load. Many people rushed upon the stage hoping to be able to check the falling of the gallery, but were unable to hold it back.

Strange to say, no persons occupying the gallery was seriously hurt, but a number sitting in the box underneath were injured. I remember that among the occupants of the box were Senator George, Governor Lowry, H. C. Myers, and wife, Mrs. Will Henry, Mrs. Joe Jayne and others. Mrs. Myers was seriously injured, and never entirely recovered; Senator George was also badly hurt, but recovered in a few weeks. Other occupants of the box were also injured, but only slightly.

VII.

J. M. Liddle, editor of the Yazoo Valley Flag and other papers, would attract attention in any company. He was bright, bold and aggressive; and the people of Jackson will ever be grateful to him for the service rendered them, when he, and other courageous men of LeFlore county, came over and assisted them in routing the McGill administration.

The killing of McWillie Mitchell by a negro butcher, on Christmas Eve, 1887, in the presence of a negro policeman, sealed the fate of the McGill administration, for then the white Democrats arose in their majesty and might, and declared that Jackson should be free of Republican rule.

The election followed in January, 1888, and Liddel and his "Swamp Angels," came over to see the job well done, and to take a heroic part if necessary.

I remember a little incident that occurred at Niagara Falls when Mississippi Editors were enjoying an excursion to the North. The railroads were kind to the editors and placed a special car at their disposal. Arriving at the Falls, the editors and their wives and daughters got up and went out to see the great cataract.

Two of the young ladies of the party, on returning to the car, found their seats occupied by two rude and burly westerners. They claimed their seats, but the intruders declined to move, saying they had vacated them, and refused to give them up. Some little colloquy followed, but the girls were unable to induce the men to surrender the seats.

Liddle entered about that time, and ordered the men to give up their seats, which they insolently declined to do. Jim quietly reached behind, drew out an army Colts and pointing it towards the men, simply remarked, "I'll bet you give up those seats in less than thirty seconds." And they did, wait-

ing not for the thirty seconds to expire but fled out of the car like cravens, yelling, "Murder, murder, murder; conductor protect us."

The conductor ran in and excitedly inquired the cause of the trouble when Jim, as placid as a summer breeze, replied, "Oh nothing; I was just driving a couple of hogs out of the car." The conductor, his eyes on Jim's pistol, smiled and said, "Well, you have done a good job, and I thank you for the service you have performed."

CHAPTER FIFTY.

**Drop in a Few Stories of Waggish Editors and Anecdotes of
Some Public Men to Brighten Memoirs, That They
May Be Readable Even by Those Not
Familiar With Editors of the State**

There is a big difference between personal sketches and obituaries; but sketches of men, prominent or otherwise, becomes tiresome and uninteresting unless relieved by appropriate anecdotes, humorous references or side remarks. With that idea in mind, I have endeavored to so brighten my memoirs that they may be readable even by people unacquainted with the editors referred to.

The late Gen. Thos. J. Wharton, a man of decided ability and extraordinary memory, and who was conversant with every phase of Mississippi history, prepared a lecture on the lives of leading public men of the state, whom he had known in his younger day. It contained a vast amount of useful history, and was doubtless a correct portrayal of the lives of Governors Poindexter, Runnels, McNutt, Tucker, Brown, Quitman, McRea, McWillie, Foote and other distinguished public men, including Jefferson Davis, A. K. McClung, W. L. Sharkey and many more. But there was not one bright spot in the long lecture, not an anecdote, story or place for a smile.

It was a mournful production, and was denominated by the well-remembered Marion Smith as "Wharton's Obituary Lecture." It was a pay entertainment and did not prove a success, and was abandoned after two or three engagements. A few good stories, bright sketches or appropriate anecdotes would have saved General Wharton's lecture.

II.

We have had a good many waggish editors in this state—men who wrote bright and witty paragraphs and scattered sunshine with their fun. One I recall was named W. H. Seitzler, who originated somewhere out in the eastern part of the state. He had published a dozen or more papers, from the Scooba Herald to the Gulfport News, the name being somewhat misleading, for Seitzler would kill a live news item any time to print one of his witticisms, and like a number of Mississippi editors, he considered editorial leaders as a waste of time and space. He did not read them himself, and did not believe they were read by others.

Seitzler and wife gave a reception to their friends at Hickory, where he printed one of his first papers. The number in attendance exceeded expectation, and about half the company was compelled to stand during the evening. His sweet, modest, wife was terribly embarrassed, and remarked apologetically, addressing her husband, "We have not enough chairs," who responded, "Oh yes, my dear we have enough chairs, but too much company."

Seitzler started a number of papers, and had his own fun while printing them. He made no money, but he enjoyed life, and practised as fully as any man I have ever known the old adage, "Never let business interfere with pleasure."

His writing was somewhat after the style of Joe Richardson of the Sunflower Tocsin, both believing in the fullest run

of fun; but there was a big difference, for Joe has stuck to one paper, shown himself to be a good business man, and has made money, being the owner of two or more Delta farms, while Seitzler never made a dollar in his life and is now living in extreme poverty.

III.

Judge J. L. Morris, a lawyer with no burdersome practice, decided to enter the newspaper field, and applied to J. J. Shannon of the Meridian Gazette for a situation. Shannon asked him, "What can you do?" The quick answer was "Anything," though he had never worked a day about a newspaper office. He was asked if he could solicit advertisements, and responded, "Have never done it, but certain I can; give me a trial." In those days newspapers could get all the railroad transportation they desired, and had hotel accommodations to burn.

Shannon saw that Morris was a good talker, and decided to send him north on business; so he fitted him out with passes and hotel due bills, explained to him advertising rates, and told him to go ahead and get business—"to out talk the other fellow," the one thing most needed in soliciting business of any kind.

Morris got ready and as he was leaving asked Shannon for some expense money. "Money, what do you want with money? You have railroad passes and hotel due bills—what else do you want?" Morris explained he would need a drink occasionally, some cigars, shoe shines, shaves, etc.

Shannon, who had the reputation of traveling cheaper than any editor in the state, replied, "Why you are not going off on a frolic, but to work; here's a dollar and seventy-five cents—all the money I have. That will be enough. Good-bye."

Morris, who was in need of work, knew there was no use to argue the case with Shannon, so he started north with his pocket change, and by discounting some advertising contracts raised enough to get through, with nothing for luxuries or a present for his wife.

IV.

After graduating from the Gazette office, Morris conceived the idea of starting an evening paper at Meridian, in connection with the Dements, who lived all their lives in printing offices. The new bantling was called The Sun, and it burst forth in all its radiant brightness at four o'clock every evening except Sunday. It did not care to trench upon the prerogatives of the New Orleans Item, then the only Sunday evening paper in the United States, till the practical John W. Fairfax, now Vice President of the Interstate Trust and Banking Company, became its manager, when he killed the Sunday Evening Item, and established instead a Sunday morning edition, lifting it from a weakling to a first-class paper.

Morris' editorials were curiosities. Being a lawyer by training and a well educated man, his mind soared above that of the average editor; and he discussed science, history, art, music, the drama, legal matters, everything except current news. He had just discovered the Gulf Stream, and when he ran short of subjects he would discuss the effect of the warm ocean current of the North Atlantic upon climate, human life and vegetation, its size, heat, velocity, etc.

V.

The Sun soon burnt itself out, and being minus a job, Morris moved to Waynesboro, and became the chief barrister of that municipality. He finally drifted into politics, for which he always had a decided yearning, and was elected a

State Senator from Wayne, Green, Jones and Perry counties, being a member of the legislature that reapportioned the state into Congressional districts in 1900.

He was a ceaseless talker, and if his speeches on the reapportionment bill had been printed, they would form a book as large as a bound volume of the Congressional Record. As a rule whenever the "Judge," as he was known, arose to speak, ninety percent of the senators had pressing business elsewhere; but their absence did not affect him; if in fact he noticed it. He had the presiding officer and the clerks to talk to, for they could not escape.

The "Judge" haunted the newspaper offices, and frequently contributed to them while occupying a seat as senator, not overlooking measures in which he was interested. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and greatly enjoyed my report of Lou Moss' famous speech on reapportionment of the Congressional districts.

VI.

The new eighth district, then in course of construction, objected strenuously to Warren, and insisted that she go to the seventh district, which declined to receive her. It then became apparent that we must take in Warren, and I prepared the resolutions that formed the eighth district, handing it to Representative Lou Moss, of Hinds, to introduce, telling him to make a little speech saying we would accept Warren if Sharkey and Issaquena were kept in the Delta district. To his astonishment, the resolution was adopted, and Lou was the hero of the hour, greeted as the representative who had furnished the key to unlock the perplexing problem.

I returned to my office and wrote a glowing speech for Lou Moss, not one word of which he spoke, interspersing it with humor, eloquence and burlesque. Morris came in while I

was writing the Moss address, and insisted on hearing it, remarking, "I was in the house when your Jewish representative spoke, and do not recognize the speech as his," but, he added, "if he does not get mad when he reads his talk, it will prove the event of the session."

VII.

The "Judge" was requested to be in the house of representatives when the Clarion-Ledgers were delivered, see that Moss had one, and call the member up and congratulate him extravagantly upon his great victory and his eloquent speech. The "Judge" did as requested, and Lou's fame increased, from hero to lion of the hour. The confusion was so great that other business was out of the question, and the Speaker adjourned the house that the "gentleman from Hinds might receive the congratulations of his friends."

Meeting Lou as he was leaving the house, surrounded by his admiring friends, he came forward and thanked me for the report, saying, "I did not know I speak him so good. Did I say all your print?" "Exactly; the report is correct, taken down word for word on the spot. A speaker loses all record of time when on his feet, and cannot recall what he says." "But how you get him down so good?" "No trouble about that, practice makes perfect; I am an old hand at the business."

Lou came down to the Clarion-Ledger office, bought every paper left, and gave an order for five hundred extras, which were run with a black line reading, "Compliments of Representative Lou Moss." He died really believing he made the speech that saved the eighth district.

Morris was so taken with the address that he memorized it and would recite it when business lagged in the senate, to the gratification of brother senators. He also had it printed

in his local paper, and I half suspect he claimed its authorship.

VIII.

I have heretofore referred to L. T. Carlisle, the distinguished old editor of the West Point Leader, but so far as I recall, have said nothing about his intelligent and accomplished wife, who has written numerous essays and poems for the Press. Not only that, but she has for years written many of the best articles for the Leader, most of the editorials appearing in that paper having been from her fluent pen.

She is a gracious woman, intelligent and entertaining, either in conversation or with pen. She upheld the reputation of the Mississippi Press Convention at the joint session of the Mississippi and Louisiana Press Associations in New Orleans in May, 1903.

Her paper entitled "Why I am Opposed to Female Suffrage," outranked anything read or spoken at that Twin-Convention, a combined convention of the editors of both states being held in one hall. A Mississippi editor presided in the morning and a Louisiana editor at the afternoon sessions, the participants from the two states alternating.

IX.

Parenthetically allow me to here remark, for the benefit of readers who do not know the facts, that the last great fight I made through the columns of the Clarion-Ledger, when I was its sole owner and editor, was to assist in defeating ratification of the Anthony amendment by the last Mississippi legislature; and I was gratified at the result, remembering how the 14th and 15th amendments were forced down the throats of the people of the South, when, in fact, they were never legally adopted.

The suffragists made a strong fight to have the legislature ratify the amendment, while the antis were equally zealous in opposing ratification. We won in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and most other Southern States, but lost in Tennessee and Connecticut—last states to act—which gave the necessary three-fourths vote to carry the amendment.

But what does that amount to now? Nothing at all, for whether we favored or opposed the enfranchisement of women, the 19th amendment to the constitution has been adopted by three-fourths of the states, and has been written into the organic law of the land, where it will remain, for no constitutional amendment was ever repealed, modified or changed.

Female suffrage is with us to stay, and the man or woman who argues to the contrary is darting straws against the wind. Let us make the most of the situation, and assist the women voters in every way possible, cherishing the hope that the ballot in their hands may not prove a calamity, but a blessing. Let us trust that woman's influence at the polls may be for good, and at least help to lift Mississippi up from the low political plane she now occupies. They cannot possibly lower it; and the writer, anti-suffragette that he has always been, looks to the women voters to aid in purifying the rank political air that stifles the state.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE.

**Editorial Trip to the Golden West.—Visit to the Home of
Mormonism.—Bathing in the Great Salt Lake.
Bryan Meets Editors at His Home
Town, Lincoln, Nebraska.**

The writer of *Memoirs* has received the following letter from Chas. G. Moreau, editor and owner of the *Sea Coast Echo*, at Bay St. Louis, which he is gratified to print:

Bay St. Louis, Miss., March 12, 1921.

Col. R. H. Henry,
Jackson, Miss.

My Dear Sir and Friend:

I read your *Editorial Memoirs* with much interest. Your letter descriptive of the boat trip to St. Louis was of especial interest to me.

I have not seen all your letters, and desire to know if the press trip to Denver and Salt Lake has been written up? That was a wonderful trip and I shall never forget it.

Your reference to the *Biloxi Blizzard*, edited by Louis Rosenthal, brings back the memory of other days. I knew "Rosy," as he was called by friends, and he was the peculiar genius you describe. Last heard of him he was printing "*The Wave*" at Mandeville.

Anticipating the pleasure of reading your Editorial Memoirs in book form, and with best wishes,

Your friend,

CHAS. G. MOREAU.

I am obliged to the publisher of the Sea Coast Echo for the above. Chas. Moreau has succeeded far beyond most of his editorial brothers. Beginning life some twenty-five years ago with a small printing outfit at Bay St. Louis, with little capital except his energy and only primary knowledge of the printing business, he has gone rapidly forward, till today he owns a strictly modern establishment, and is one of the principal real estate men of his town, owning not only his printing office, but bank building, stores, residences, etc., and is one of the officers of the Merchant's Bank of Bay St. Louis. Some of his confreres say he has been "lucky." Yes, the kind of "luck" that comes from energy, thrift and industry, coupled with a fair degree of business sense, sound judgment and keeping everlastingly on the job. While there are greater papers in the state than the Sea Coast Echo, few have made more clear money for capital invested.

II.

The press trip to Denver and Salt Lake, to which Mr. Moreau refers, has before been briefly noted in these memoirs. It was a great excursion, consisting of two well-filled sleepers of press people. John McGuire had charge of one sleeper and I managed the other, while President P. E. Williams was along as umpire, though he never made a speech on the whole route, as nature had not endowed him with Bryonic gifts.

An annoying incident occurred at Chicago. A number of girls lost their transportation, or left it in their rooms, and did not discover its absence till we had gone to the depot to take the train for Omaha. They came to me with their troubles, as I had charge of the excursion. I was greatly

worried, but the conductor was kind and agreed to take the party to Omaha, end of the Illinois Central division. I upbraided the girls for their carelessness, and told them that if they lost their transportation again that they could prepare to walk home.

After blowing off and firing my last shot, Jim Duke and John McGuire pretended to resent my remarks, saying, "Perhaps you have lost passes for yourself and daughters. You had better see before you talk so much." I put my hand on my hip pocket, where I always carried my transportation, when lo, and behold the passes were gone. Just imagine my feelings and be charitable in your judgment. I felt just a little bit cut up, and charged Duke and McGuire with stealing the transportation, which they denied; but their statements did not convince me they were telling the truth, nor am I convinced to this day that they were.

III.

There was nothing of special interest on the trip out, though the press party was entertained at Omaha and Cheyenne. Judge A. G. Norrell, of Rankin county, holding a federal judgeship, and committee of citizens met the press train and welcomed the Mississippi editors to Salt Lake, assigning them to hotels and showing them the sights—the great sights—of the home of Brigham Young. We were conducted to the Mormon Tabernacle, where extra services were held in honor of the visiting editors.

We were not permitted to go inside the Temple, which is the Holy of Holies of Mormonism; were shown through Brigham Young's residences, the tithing house and other place of interest, in that city of magnificent distances.

Though we were not allowed to enter the Temple, President P. E. Williams and the writer did go upon the steps of

that sacred building, and were knocking at the door for admittance when a Mormon guard appeared and gave us a severe lecture, threatening to arrest us if we did not depart. We were the only members of the press party having the temerity to approach the Holy of Holies and place our feet upon the steps of the Temple.

The Great Salt Lake, only a few miles from the city, claimed our attention, where every member of the party was complimented with an annual bath. Those who could not swim were highly delighted with their baths, for anyone can float on the waters of Salt Lake, on account of the large percentage of salt contained in the water—twenty-five per cent.

After spending several days at Salt Lake, we returned by what is known as the canyon route via the Denver and Rio Grande, with one stop only scheduled between Salt Lake and Denver, Pike's Peak.

IV.

Pike's Peak proved a great treat, an extraordinary sight, and wonderful curiosity to the visitors. They went up on the cog-wheel railway as night was falling and did not return till after two o'clock next morning. The elevation is almost three miles above sea level—above timber line, above the storm clouds, above the falling rain, above the fleckless snow, above the flashing lightning, above the roaring thunder, above the sleeping world.

It is a grand sight, this looking down from the top of the continent far off into three states, beholding barren, rock-ribbed mountains, green swards at their base, and silvery streams flowing over pebbly bottoms, rivulets threading their course towards the sea. But at night nature's gorgeous panorama excels any spectacular conceived by the human brain,

or built by mortal hands. Here is the handiwork of divinity, in all its splendid grandeur and majestic beauty—the forked lightning playing below, the rolling clouds beneath, the rumbling thunder coming up from whitening mists where the storm king reigns.

V

The visit to Denver and vicinity proved a round of continuous pleasures, a number of receptions and entertainments being planned for the editors, which included visits to the silver and gold mines deep down in the bowels of the earth.

But our trip was cut short by the sudden death of Lillian Norment Weis, who had gone on the excursion hoping to find health in the mountains of the West. She stood the trip fairly well and enjoyed Salt Lake City with the rest of us, but found the high altitude and rarified air of the mountains too much for her weakened constitution and nervous system, and passed away at Denver the second day after our arrival.

It was a sad blow to the members of the press party, for all loved and sympathized with Lillian, who had been attending press conventions from her girlhood.

The excursion was called off, the body embalmed and suitably enshrouded, and the badge of the Mississippi Press Association was placed upon the breast of the silent sleeper as she was encased in a metallic casket, which was not sealed until all had looked upon the sad, sweet face the last time.

And as the sun was sinking in the West, the editorial party of seventy-five marched through the streets of Denver, following the body of Lillian to the train that was to bear us home; and sadder cortege never followed the body of a loved one.

I shall never forget the sad, tearful face of my youngest daughter, Virginia, as the little one quietly moved along with



Clarion-Ledger Building

the mournful procession, escorting the body of Lillian homeward.

VI.

We left Denver Saturday evening, and saw by the time card that we would reach Lincoln, Neb., at 11 o'clock next morning, Sunday. I told several of the boys I had wired Bryan that seventy Mississippi newspaper people would arrive at Lincoln at 11, would spend twenty minutes in his home town, and I wanted him to come down to the depot and meet them. Duke, Ward, McGuire, Richardson, and others, replied, "Well, you certainly have your nerve. Don't you know that Bryan is a strict churchman? He will doubtless be in church when we pass Lincoln and will hardly leave service to meet a lot of excursionists on Sunday."

I answered, "Don't worry. He'll be at the depot to meet us." I received no answer to my message that day, and the press boys were in high glee, and offering to bet two to one that Bryan would not show up; and a number of hats were wagered on the result. I was beseiged with offers to bet; and though not a betting man, I could not afford to decline all comers. No one came to my relief, and I was compelled to hold the bag alone.

The night wore away, followed by the day, and still no answer from Bryan. I had begun consoling myself with the thought that he was not at home but that did not satisfy my nagging friends, who proposed to compromise, which I declined.

VII.

At 11 o'clock sharp Sunday morning, the Burlington pulled into the Union depot at Lincoln; but Bryan was not to be seen around the platform. The joke seemed on me, and the boys rode it for all it was worth. I had not given up, and while looking up and down the track heard my eldest

daughter, Marie, exclaim, "Here he is, papa." She had located Bryan coming from the depot, smiling like a big country boy. I had won, but never collected a single bet.

I met Bryan with my daughters, both of whom he had seen before when a guest at my home in Jackson, and presented the whole party to him, saying I had bet he would be on hand, though most of the editors had doubted he would show up.

After some general talk, I told Bryan two Mississippi delegates were aboard, Robt. Stowers and myself; we were going as far as St. Louis and coming back to Kansas City to attend the National Democratic Convention to nominate him, asking if he had any special request to make. He said, "No; Metcalf has the platform; stand by him and don't allow the eastern delegates, lead by Hill, to change it." I assured him the Mississippi delegation would stand hitched and carry out his wishes, which it did.

Bryan was nominated without opposition, and defeated the second time in 1900.

VIII.

Bryan was nominated the third time in 1908, at Denver, after the Parker fiasco in 1904, and was again defeated. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1912, and proved the Warwick of the hour, for it was through his influence that Woodrow Wilson was nominated for the Presidency.

Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was the next prominent candidate for the presidential nomination, and for several ballots received a majority of the votes cast, and would, doubtless, have received the necessary two-thirds majority—absurd old rule that prevails in National Democratic Conventions—if Bryan had not stampeded the convention and brought about Wilson's nomination.

In consideration of Bryan's great ability and services rendered in securing him the nomination, President Wilson appointed the "Old Commoner" as his Secretary of State, which position he resigned after two years service on account of disagreement with the President.

IX.

In this connection the telling of a good story at Bryan's expense will not be out of place:

Soon after his resignation from the cabinet in 1915, Bryan came to Jackson to deliver a lecture. His pictures were in evidence in the show windows, and bills announcing the place, date and hour were freely circulated through the city.

Being too busy to go home for dinner, I decided to take lunch with "Old Nick, the Spaghetti Man." Nick had noticed the pictures of Bryan and heard his name freely mentioned, and his curiosity being aroused, he sought information from me, asking, "Colonel, who is this man Bryan? I hear everybody talk Bryan, Bryan—who is he?" I replied, "Nick, I am surprised at your ignorance. I supposed every one knew who Bryan is." "I never heard of him before," answered the old Dago. "Why Bryan is one of the most distinguished men of the country—has been three times the Democratic nominee for President." "Yaw, I never hear of him before," reasoned old Nick.

"Not only that, but for two years Bryan has been the premier of the Wilson administration—the President's Secretary of State, at a salary of \$12,000 per year; but because of some disagreements between the President and himself he has resigned."

Nick quickly asked, "What, he quit? And he git one thousand dollar a month?"

"Yes, he resigned from the cabinet."

"He's a dam fool," excitely responded Nick, "I do it for half that."

I told the story in introducing Bryan at the Century Theater, and it brought down the house, and Bryan was kind enough to say it was one of the happiest introductions he ever had.

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO.

Mississippi Editors Entertain Governor Parrott of Iowa on a Steamboat Excursion to New Orleans.—Story of Famous Race Between the Lee and the Natchez.

In writing history one never knows where his arrows may go or whom they may hit. MacCaulay's idea, or preference, was to write of those known to be dead. That was the safer plan, for the dead arise not up to contradict what is written about them, or to deny statements they may not like.

In a previous chapter, reference was made to the idiosyncrasies of "Major" G. C. Tucker, for several years editor of the Columbus Index, an odd genius who had extravagant notions as to newspaper publishing, who believed in adopting ideas that metropolitan journals would have hesitated to employ. He remained with the Index several years, but I never knew what became of him, other than to hear he had drifted into the ministry, whether up or down, I did not know; but it was a long jump, anyway.

Now comes my good friend Jas. A. Stevens, who, like Henry Watterson, is enjoying his four score years, in quiet retirement, living over his journalistic days, free of business cares and office annoyances, who writes:

"Have just clipped your notice of Major Gardiner C. Tucker, and shall mail it to him. He is now an Episcopal rector in Mobile, and has been in charge of a mission straight-out for thirty-eight years. He and I were partners in the old Index, till I sold out to him. The common verdict here is that everybody loves him. He will enjoy your portraiture, for he will know it is true to nature. I have often wondered how you remember so accurately the oddities of the scores of editors you have known for the past fifty years; and how minutely you describe them. Wonderful gift that few possess."

II.

An old editor has written me that he was greatly pleased with my account of the editors' steamboat excursion to St. Louis, and has requested that I write up the editorial excursion from Vicksburg to New Orleans; but as that was far inferior to the St. Louis trip, I have been slow to do so.

The editorial excursion was made on the "Natchez,"—the Little Natchez as she was called—which was literally crowded to the guards, the boat having state-room accommodation for about fifty people, and our party far exceeded that number, which necessitated the placing of mattresses on the floor in the parlor and main cabin, or grand salon.

We were nicely entertained at Vicksburg, given drives around the city and points of interest, including the National Cemetery, the main show place of the city.

III.

We went aboard the Natchez in the afternoon, met young Captain Leathers and wife, who was also a licensed captain, and took turns with her husband in running the boat, and report says she could also swear with him. We were surprised at the smallness of the Natchez, being the second boat built after the palatial steamer Natchez had been retired, and the third in line of succession.

We looked around in disappointment, and wondered where we were to sleep, as we had almost enough women aboard to fill the cabins. We were assured by Col. J. L. Power and Secretary John G. McGuire, co-workers, that all would be well. So we thought no more about places to lodge, and became interested in the surrounding country, Grant's Cut Off being the chief theme of conversation.

The first meal was substantial, but not specially appetizing, a disappointment to many who had heard so much about the excellence of steamboat fares. "Extras," however, were plentiful, and those who desired to refresh the inner man, had no difficulty in doing so, provided they had the price—and they managed to get it. That was before prohibition days, when all steamboats carried a fully equipped bar, and we had a number of editors aboard who were not opposed to "practicing at the bar."

We had one celebrity with us, Governor Parrott of the Daily Reporter, of Waterloo, Iowa, who was the special guest of the Press Association. He was a past president of the Iowa Press Association, which was organized the same year the Mississippi Press Association came into existence.

IV.

The story of the great race between the old Natchez and Lee, from New Orleans to St. Louis, was the principal topic of conversation the first night. Captain Leathers' father had commanded the Natchez and Captain Cannon had charge of the Lee. The race was run back in the early seventies, and was the greatest steamboat contest the country had even known. While we did not think in big numbers then, as now, it was estimated that more than ten million dollars changed hands on the result.

Thousands of people flocked to New Orleans from all parts of the country, from the North, the East, the West and

the South, to see the start, while hundreds assembled at Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Greenville, Memphis and other river towns to see the speeders go by, for stops were few and far between.

Captain Leathers, who was quite a young man at the time, gave a vivid account of the great race, and held his auditors as though spell-bound while describing it. Naturally biased in favor of his father's boat, he gave what seemed a perfectly impartial account of the race, saying the Natchez would have won if his father had loosened up the "hog chains"—to the great injury of the boat—at Captain Cannon did, and had provided himself with barges loaded with wood, which he could pick up at designated points and transfer fuel to his boat without stopping; that being the plan pursued by Captain Cannon, who had looked farther ahead than Captain Leathers. The Lee won, beating the Natchez by several hours.

V.

After hearing Captain Leathers' recital of the great race, Colonel Power announced in his stentorian voice, that could be heard all over the deck, "It's time to go to bed." That was the order, but where were the beds? The ladies were assigned to the state-rooms and the men, or most of them, were informed they must "bunk it" on the main cabin floor.

I recall the personnel of the quartet who were to repose in the rear of the cabin—Governor Parrott, Colonel Power, Jim Duke and myself; and it is the testimony of many, given next morning, that no quartet on earth ever made such music as was heard in that section that night. One lady described it as basso, another as basso-profundo, a third as basso-falsetto, and another as basso-buffo; while still another declared it was all that and more—it was "base."

We made only a "port of call" stop at Natchez to take on an editor or two, and all had the opportunity to admire

"Natchez under the hill," where Bienville and his men landed in 1716, and built Fort Rosalie on the bluffs two hundred feet above.

The river town has quite an interesting history. It was named for a tribe of Indians known as the Natchez, who showed their appreciation of the honor conferred upon them by murdering the inhabitants in 1729. The English secured possession of the place and surrounding country afterwards and brought order out of confusion. It passed to the Spaniards in 1779 and to the United States in 1798 and became the first capitol of Mississippi.

VI.

After passing the bluffs of Wilkinson county, and crossing the Mississippi state line, at the 31st parallel, the country became quite level on both sides the river, and there was nothing of special interest on to Baton Rouge, where the editorial party was given a magnificent reception.

Murphy Foster was Governor, and he and citizens of the Louisiana capital gave the Mississippi visitors a royal entertainment. A reception was tendered in the capitol building, where T. Sambola Jones, later minister to Honduras, presided, and made the welcome address, the main speech of the evening being delivered by Governor Foster, which was responded to by the writer.

A refreshing collation was extended the visitors in the audience room of the Governor, when good cheer reigned supreme, and no grape juice was in evidence, but champagne flowed like water, and there were speeches in number.

Some of the local editors came aboard the Natchez at Baton Rouge, and accompanied us to New Orleans, which we reached early next morning, many of the sterner sex being so exhausted from lack of sleep and otherwise, that they did

not know when the Natchez tied up at the head of Canal street, missing entirely the visit to Chalmette, where Jackson defeated Pakenham on January 8, 1815, six months before the Duke of Wellington had overthrown the great Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo.

To Governor Parrott the visit to the Crescent City proved a revelation. A few years later he was elected president of the National Editorial Association in the metropolis of the South, though detained at home by illness from which he never recovered. And it seemed the irony of fate that he was never to preside over the national organization that he loved so much, passing away before the next annual meeting.

VII.

We docked at New Orleans early and were assigned comfortable hotel accommodation by the local committee; and spent the morning pleasantly, looking at the show places.

After luncheon, a messenger came from the captain of the Natchez, stating that one of the editors was asleep on deck and could not be woke up.

Accompanied by two or three others, I returned to the boat and saw sitting in an arm chair on the upper deck, Editor Conner, fast asleep, his head slightly inclining forward, his chair within five feet of the edge of the deck. He was oblivious to all the world, and indifferent to the balance of mankind. He looked like a heroic figure-head on the prow of a ship.

We climbed up to the deck and approaching the lonely sleeper, succeeded in arousing him; and as he awoke his first question was, "Say boys, how much farther is it to New Orleans?" He had slept through part of the night and more than half of the day, "The world forgetting and by the world forgot."

VIII.

It has often been said that the National Editorial Association, whose membership embraces editors from every state in the Union, has done more to break down sectionalism, and bring the North and the South closer together, than any other agency, its influence in that direction having been wonderful and great.

In that Association, Southern Democrats have supported Northern Republicans for office, while Northern Republicans have supported Southern Democrats, ignoring party lines and sectional bias, looking only to the competency and standing of the individual in the selection of officers, all efforts to drag party feeling into the organization having failed.

Two cases in point: When Joe McCabe, Republican, of Boston, was announced a candidate for president, Mississippi and the other Southern States, gave him a solid support, and he was elected. The year after, when my name was presented for president, Massachusetts and all New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and other Northern states, enlisted under the banner of the Southern Democrat from Mississippi, who won hands down.

Two years ago a Tennessee Democrat was elected president of the National Editorial Association; last year a Minnesota Republican was given that honor, and so it has gone since the date of the organization at New Orleans, in 1884.

The members of the Association mix and mingle from the different states, are drawn close together, for we have but to see and know each other better to like each other more.

Many delightful acquaintances are formed on the N. E. A. trips, which last for life, doing much to bring the people of different sections nearer to each other, causing them to realize they are but members of one great family, and that no one section has a monopoly on all the virtue, intelligence and greatness of the country.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE.

List of Near-Editors Greatly Reduced.—The Axe of P. K. Mayers Falls.—“Potter the Printer” an Original Character.—Good Joke on an Old Jacksonian.

While I may not have incorporated in these memoirs the names of all editors I have met—some only briefly—I have referred to the greater number of those I have known and with whom I have come in touch. It is quite a job recalling the names of several hundred editors, covering over a period of fifty years, for in newspaper life constant changes are taking place. I have known some papers having more than a dozen editors in as many years. Of course the influence of such editors is only negligible, for editors are like crops, they grow with time, and maturity is often far ahead.

We have had many persons in this state claiming to be editors who had no right to the distinction, for they had no idea as to editorial duties. I have heretofore classed them as near-editors. They were generally lawyers, or business men who sometimes had nominal interest in their local journals, but as a rule had no connection with the papers whatever and simply wrote spasmodic editorials in order to establish their identity with the press, that they might enjoy all the privileges accorded it by the public.

II.

I recall when two near-editors and their wives showed up at a Press Convention on the Sea Coast, some years ago, ready and willing to accept all the hospitalities extended the press.

At that time P. K. Mayers was chairman of the committee on credentials, and looking over the list of applicants for membership he discovered the names of the parties above referred to. He was known as the custodian of the constitution, and believed in strict construction, and had the nerve to do what he believed to be right.

The committee reported against the near-editors, and the two men and their wives returned to their homes without further participation in the Press Convention. The effect was magical, and near-editors bothered us little afterwards.

III.

In these memoirs I have not attempted to write up editors of campaign papers, with their ephemeral existence, as they are never catalogued or classed by the government as newspapers. They are personal organs, as a rule, started in the interest of candidates, and are rarely continued beyond election day.

But Mississippi has had one campaign paper which was an exception to the rule, the only one which will live in the memory of man—the Daily Comet, started in 1881, during the Lowry-King campaign for Governor, to aid in the election of the Democratic nominees. It was a bright, interesting, aggressive and lively daily, and did good work for the Democracy. It was edited by Oliver Clifton and J. B. Harris with Collins Hemingway as contributing editor. Its editorials were intended to be short, snappy and full of ginger, but

occasionally Collins would transgress the rules and write labored leaders of two or three columns, for his terminal facilities were bad, and his disposition to write long arguments and heavy dissertations was irrepressible. It was a small paper and the editors implored Collins to be brief, but he did not know how. The paper had the endorsement of the State Executive Committee, and did good work in the cause of Democracy, for Gen. Lowry and the other nominees for State office.

IV.

Thad Potter or "Potter, the Printer," as he liked to be known, was an odd genius, the term "*sui generis*" properly describing him.

Thad was an artistic and skillful printer, and decided he would establish a paper at Vaiden, which he called the Record. It was the model paper of the state, its typography being perfect, presswork unexcelled, and paper the best that could be procured.

He was a most independent publisher, and refused to print heavy, black advertisements, with suggestive pictures, holding they marred the appearance of his paper and overshadowed other advertisements.

One day a patent medicine agent came along and sought to buy space in Thad's paper, exhibiting proofs of his black, fantastic advertisements. The editor objected to them, telling the agent he did not want his ads at any price; that they were too black and too offensive in appearance. The agent not only disagreed, but sought to argue Thad into his way of thinking, quite a heated discussion following, which was cut short by Potter reaching for his Winchester and telling the agent to make tracks, that he was tired of him, and wanted neither his business nor his company.

The patent medicine representative at first believed Thad was bluffing, and decided to call the bluff and give him a

lecture; but when he saw that mad editor raising the gun to his shoulder, with accompanying oaths that made the office quite sulphurous, the agent stood not upon the order of his going, but moved with the speed of the wind, through the main street heading for the railroad track, Potter being in close pursuit, firing as he ran and shooting the heels of his shoes off.

Attracted by the firing, the business men ran to the doors and witnessed the greatest race of their lives, only equaled by that of John Armstrong's old dog "Clay," which ran from Vaiden to Kilmicheal in less than thirty minutes when scared by the noise of a locomotive, according to John's statement.

V.

Imbued with the idea that Mississippi being essentially an agricultural state, needed an agricultural journal, Major E. G. Wall, a gallant Confederate soldier who left one leg on the battlefields of Virginia, started a paper in Jackson called the Field and Factory, which was changed to that of the Farmers' Vindicator, and ran several years.

Walter Acker, who married Flora, daughter of the late Simeon R. Adams, the real founder of the Eastern Clarion, having married into a newspaper family, felt the call to start a paper at Paulding, the Messenger. It was a good country paper, but too far interior to attract much attention. Mr. Acker sold the Messenger and moved to Texas, and in a few years was elected one of the criminal judges of that state.

W. L. Mitchell, the old editor of the Hazlehurst Signal, was associated with a number of Mississippi papers, the Brook-

haven Ledger among them. While he made no great pretense to journalism, and is doubtless remembered by few editors today, he was a good printer and competent writer. He remained with me several years, and always did his work well.

One of the courtliest men I have ever known was Major W. C. Capers of the Mississippi Central at Water Valley. He came after or was associated with R. M. Brown, who established the Central, but did not remain in the editor's chair long, the work being too confining.

VI.

A number of good editors came out of Panola county, several of whom I knew. Leading the list came the princely Freeman Randolph, whose name always recalled the Randolphs of Virginia, aristocrats, statesmen and patriots. He was editor of the Sardis Star, being succeeded by the fat, jolly, genial R. A. Bonner, who made a specialty of state paragraphs, overlooked by so many editors.

The Star had a number of other editors, prominent among them James Hall, who was appointed a Chancellor by Governor Stone. I don't recall the names of all of them. For a while Sardis had two papers, the Star and the News. W. H. Crocket edited the News, which was an interesting journal. Neither the Star nor the News lasted many years, being succeeded by other papers, the Reporter being the only one that was able to weather the storm.

Water Valley had another good paper, The Courier, edited by F. W. Merrin, which made some reputation in North Mississippi; but editor and paper have long since passed from the scenes of earthly activities.

VII.

When it was announced that the Democratic host of Jackson had decided to throw off the yoke of McGillism in 1886, the press of the state gave the movement hearty endorsement.

In those days, as now, Jackson had a number of men who could always be depended upon to make speeches at public gatherings, regardless of occasion or matter under consideration, good old Bro. Henry Strauss being of the number.

On the occasion of a political meeting in the west Jackson engine house, "Old Henry" was on hand, cocked and primed for a speech. Brother Strauss waited patiently for an opening, and when the first opportunity presented itself, he leaped into the forensic arena, and was soon talking at the rate of "2:40 on the shell road."

The boys decided to have some fun with "Old Henry" and cheered him to the echo; cheered every word and every sentence, often breaking the thread of his discourse by continued cheering.

Finally it dawned upon Bro. Strauss that the cheering might not be entirely sincere, and the idea entered his head that possibly the boys were seeking to show their distrust of his party loyalty by their loud cheers. He stopped deliberately, and raising his index finger, and white with anger, yelled out in a voice that could have been heard three squares, "The man who doubts my Democracy doubts——," and there he got stuck, being unable to frame the concluding clause of the sentence. But he did not dwell long, and stormed out, livid with rage, "Whoever doubts my democracy doubts—a LIE."

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR.

**An Unfortunate Incident at Hot Springs.—Negro Waiter
Strikes J. T. Senter in Face with a Tumbler.
Discharges Himself With Rapidity.**

After many efforts, Hot Springs, Ark., succeeded in winning the National Editorial Association for 1902.

Every state in the Union was represented at the Hot Springs meeting, and every press representative was pleased with the attractive city and delighted with the cordial reception tendered by the citizens.

The representatives of the press stopped at the big Inman hotel, with accommodations for over twelve hundred guests. We were extended every possible courtesy by the management, who placed parlors and reception halls at our disposal, for the holding of meetings, entertainments, committee work, etc.

The auditoriums and dining rooms are immense in size, the halls are broad and porches wide, affording ample room for promenading in good or bad weather. The six hundred press people were never better entertained, finding the Inman a perfect Eldorado, and with every modern convenience that human ingenuity could devise.

As a rule the state delegates ate together, but no effort was made to separate the sections at the Inman. Political and sectional questions were entirely eschewed in the discussions.

II.

We were all happy, dwelling together in brotherly love, forgetting for the time that we represented different sections and opposite shades of political thought.

But hark—there was a sound; a crash, an oath. Half the diners were on their feet in an instant, while a dozen or more editors were hastily pursuing a negro waiter through the main dining hall. The excitement was intense. "What's the matter?" screamed many people, but there was no time to explain. A negro waiter had thrown a glass tumbler in a Southern editor's face, cutting it terribly, and blood was flowing freely over his white shirt front. The first thought was to catch the negro and explain afterwards.

Several Mississippi editors joined by others, ran the waiter to the end of the dining room, where he saved his life by jumping to the ground fifteen or twenty feet below.

I was sitting at the Missouri table near the Mississippians, when the trouble began. Jim Duke, Joe Richardson, Will Ward, J. W. Buchanan, J. T. Senter, and other Mississippians were eating supper at another table. I heard a crash, an oath, loud words and rapid movement of diners.

J. T. Senter of the Columbus Commercial and Vicksburg American was on his feet, his face covered with blood. A negro waiter, taking offense at something Senter had said, threw a tumbler in his face—and then there was some excitement. The waiter, realizing that he had struck the wrong man, had hit a Southern editor, dropped his dishes, turned on his heels and ran for his life, Senter, his friends and others pursuing.

III.

Excitement! Well, I should say there was. That word poorly describes it. What was a scene of tranquility and happiness a few moments before, was instantly turned into a theatre of wild excitement, when the hot blood of the South asserted itself, while many cold blooded Northern editors were disposed to side with the negro waiter.

Sectional lines seemed about to be established again because of the negro, and many intemperate remarks were made, calculated to bring about friction, and restore the old sectional feelings that were supposed to have been buried with the Spanish-American war. The old days of 1861 seemed about to be revived again.

As the spokesman of the Southern delegates, I called upon the manager of the Inman and said, "The Southern editors demand the immediate discharge of the negro who struck one of our members in the face with a glass tumbler; and I am authorized further to say that if he is not discharged at once every Southern editor in the house will leave the hotel immediately."

The manager replied, "That negro hit the ground running, and has discharged himself. He was drunk when he struck the Mississippi editor, but had sense enough to know that when the Mississippians started after him that his only chance lay in flight; he is running yet, and will not be re-employed should he return."

Senter was a good newspaper man, had fine ideas and remarkable initiative. He was a tireless worker, but finding the duties of managing two papers too great, he sold the American, and concentrated all his energies on the Columbus Commercial. After a life of hard toil he passed away, leaving his family a good property. His wife succeeded him as editor, assisted by her boys, who have had control of the Commercial since their mother's death and have done well.

IV.

I have been asked what I considered my greatest journalistic achievement, and in response would say, the reporting of Bryan's speech delivered under a circus tent in the old capitol yard during Governor McLaurin's administration.

It was this way:

Bryan had appointments to deliver speeches at Meridian, New Orleans and Jackson, in the order given. As the time was fixed at two o'clock at Jackson, I knew it would be impossible to secure a stenographic report in time for my paper, then printed in the evening.

I "put on my thinking cap," and tried to work out a plan. I knew Bryan would have no copy, as he always spoke extemporaneously, but made about the same speech day after day when in a canvass. Then the thought occurred to me to secure a stenographer, go over to Meridian and have his speech taken down word for word. Miss Annie Hederman, now Mrs. Will Rea, regarded as the best stenographer in Jackson, kindly agreed to accompany me and make the report.

Arriving at Meridian I introduced Miss Hederman to Bryan and asked if he objected to her making a report of his speech for my paper. He said, "No, indeed; I should feel complimented if she does, for two reasons, I am rather fond of reading my own speeches, and I am always glad to accommodate the man who has been my friend for years."

So Miss Hederman reported the speech. We returned to Jackson that evening, when she wrote out the address in full as Bryan was booked to speak in Jackson within two days.

I wrote a local introduction and conclusion, for my experience has been that people remember some of the first and last parts of a speech, when they cannot recall what was said in the body of an address.

V.

I gave the copy to my son Robert, who had charge in my absence, asking him to have it set up, mail me proof for Bryan to examine at New Orleans, as I was to go down with a committee and escort him to Jackson. The proof was received and shown to Bryan, who was let into the secret. He said, "The speech is all right except the local introduction and conclusion." I replied, "They are all right, also; you are to memorize the introduction and conclusion on the train before we reach Jackson, and speak them as set down."

He was agreeable, but said, "Suppose I forget them?" I replied, "I'll see you do not, for I'll call your attention to them as Governor McLaurin introduces you, as I am to preside, and will be on the stand with you."

We repaired to the big tent, after the reception committee had dined with Bryan at the Governor's Mansion. The tent was packed and jammed and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Miss Hederman occupied a prominent place on the stand at the reporter's table, and all the carrier boys of the office had been employed as special messengers to carry "copy" to the office.

Miss Hederman began writing when Bryan commenced speaking and continued till he finished, and the carrier boys were running in the tent, trampling on toes, jostling the people, knocking off women's hats and making as much noise as boys could produce. They were much in evidence and as they secured their sheets of "copy" they rushed out of the tent and flew down to the office, where Ed. Frantz received and complimented them, taking charge of the "copy," which was nothing but scrolls, as the reader has already surmised. But the boys did not know that, as they had not been let into the secret.

Bryan spoke an hour and a half, and after he finished he was steered into the old State Library, where he had a great

reception for half an hour. Meanwhile I phoned the office to start the press and put the papers on the street as Bryan and committee were seen emerging from the capitol. Instructions were faithfully carried out, and within thirty minutes after Bryan had finished speaking, scores of newsboys were on the streets yelling, "Extra! Extra! Bryan's speech in full!"

There it was with introduction and conclusion, just as Bryan had delivered it. It was the talk of the town, people generally believing we had taken the speech down as printed, and pronouncing it the greatest piece of newspaper enterprise of the day, several declaring, "The report is correct, for I remember distinctly the introductory remarks and the concluding words."

Bryan said he had seen many newspaper feats before, but that was the best he had ever known; and Bryan is an honorable man.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE.

Press Convention at Greenwood in 1894.—Negro Waiter Spills Cup of Hot Coffee Down Governor Stone's Back While Speaking.—Editors Miss a Good Dinner.

When the Press Convention was held at Greenwood, in May, 1894, enterprising publishers of the two weekly papers, Jas. K. Vardaman and Jas. L. Gillespie of the Enterprise, and Bonner Richardson of the Delta Flag, led the van in planning the entertainments and receptions.

Richardson, after a hard existence as a publisher, passed away many years ago, but he is well remembered by the older editors. He made no money, but won many friends by his frank, honest manners, and had the respect of all who knew him.

Gillespie bought out Vardaman's interest in the Enterprise, which he afterwards sold, when deciding to enter politics. Vardaman afterwards established the Commonwealth, which he disposed of when elected Governor. It finally passed into the hands of Gillespie, who converted it into a daily a few years ago, which has been a remarkable success.

Seeing he had no aptitude for the political arena, Gillespie long since abandoned it, giving all his time to newspaper publishing, in which he has excelled.

II.

The citizens of Greenwood put forth extraordinary exertions to entertain the Press Convention, and among other attractions had invited a number of prominent Mississippians to be present as their guests, among them Gov. J. M. Stone, who was then serving his second term.

The editors were given receptions, entertainments, excursions, fish-fries, barbecues and banquets. The big event, the one that brought out the cream de la cream of Greenwood society, was the banquet given in Sam Stein's new hall, where covers had been placed for over two hundred people.

A number of speakers were booked for the evening, among them Jas. K. Vardaman, John McGuire, W. A. Henry. Governor Stone and others, the Governor being the big attraction.

Edgar S. Wilson, special correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, and intimate friend of Governor Stone, had secured a copy of his speech, and mailed it to his paper with advance write-up of the banquet, with instructions to print the speech unless advised to the contrary by wire.

The Governor had gotten up a very creditable address, and when his time came, after suitable introduction by the toastmaster, he arose to speak.

Mr. Wilson remained in the banquet hall till the Governor began his address, and feeling unwell retired to his hotel to rest, satisfied that his friend was able to take care of himself with his prepared address.

III.

The Governor was doing fine till a negro waiter passed behind his chair and carelessly spilt a cup of hot, scalding coffee down his back. Then the Governor forgot his memorized speech, and attempted to extemporize; but he was too hot in the collar to frame sentences, and after floundering around for two or three minutes, he sat down and received the usual applause.

Receiving no message from its correspondent, and supposing the speech had been delivered by the Governor as per advanced copy, the Picayune printed the address in full the next morning, sending the secretary of the Press Association one hundred copies to be delivered to the editors in attendance.

The incident created no little amusement, and was enjoyed by all except Governor Stone and E. S. Wilson, who upbraided himself for not remaining in the hall till the banquet was over.

It was at this banquet that Vardaman's name was first mentioned for Governor, as I have often heard him say, the suggestion coming from my brother, W. A. Henry, in his short talk.

IV.

Some years afterwards, in May, 1902, the Mississippi Press Association held a second convention at Greenwood, and was again splendidly entertained, extended every courtesy and given a real good time.

The weather was intolerably hot, so hot, in fact, that the conventions proper were cut short, the editors spending the greater part of their time in the open air and on the river—many in the river.

The press people were given public and private receptions, banquets and entertainments galore.

Well do I recall two receptions given at private homes—one at Judge A. McC. Kimbrough's and the other at the residence of Jas. K. Vardaman, unbounded hospitality prevailing at both, where the utmost good cheer reigned.

V.

Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, having been an honorary member of the Press Association for several years, invited some six or eight of its oldest representatives to a dining she proposed to give the last day of the Convention, it being understood that delegates would leave that afternoon on the 2:30 train.

I was one of the fortunate guests, and with others went to Judge Kimbrough's home, beautifully situated down the Yazoo river.

We were met by the Judge and his entertaining wife, who extended us a hearty welcome to their hospitable home.

Mrs. Kimbrough, a fluent conversationalist, charmed the editors by her flowing language and attractive personality.

VI.

The editorial visitors were well entertained an hour or more, meantime the hands of the clock were crawling around dangerously near the two o'clock mark. The lady of the house disappeared for a few minutes, when, as the oldest editor present, I remarked, "Boys, our hostess, in her voluble loquacity, has forgotten all about dinner, and if served at once we would not have time to eat it and catch the train; so we must decide whether to remain and have dinner, or to do without and make the train."

With one accord they all said, "We must make the train, dinner or no dinner, but how shall we get out?" I was asked if I would break the news to our hostess, who had forgotten all about the train, and dinner also, which I agreed to do.

On her return to the parlor I arose and said, "Mrs. Kimbrough, we have had a most delightful visit to your beautiful home; have enjoyed ourselves in your charming society, and thank you sincerely for the pleasure of this never to be forgotten visit; but the time for departure has arrived; we have only a few minutes in which to catch the train, and we must bid you good-day, and hurriedly take our leave."

"But you have not had dinner; the servants are so slow. Please stay, and I'll have it served at once. I am so sorry this has happened; it will mortify me to death if you go without dining with me."

"We regret, indeed, to say we must go. We know we should have enjoyed the dinner, but not half so much as your charming company, which will amply compensate for its loss. We must say au revoir, but not good-bye."

And we left after hasty hand clasps, and as we got in the surry in waiting, J. T. Senter said, "Well, Colonel, that was a handsome little speech you made; it was a splendid lotion and well applied, and doubtless let our hostess down easy, but I had rather have had the dinner than your pretty little talk."

"Amen to that sweet prayer," exclaimed the other editors as we sped to the train with aching hearts and empty stomachs.

VII.

As remarked before in these memoirs, every person is glad to hear a kind word spoken in his behalf. That is the

universal rule, though all may not admit it. There are a lot of people who never admit anything, who assume to live above the "common herd," but the man who appears indifferent to kind and complimentary expressions is "Fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

I recently received a kind and complimentary note from H. H. Crisler, editor of the Port Gibson Reveille, and assure him that I appreciate all he says about my editorial memoirs.

The letter appears below:

Port Gibson, Miss., April 5, 1921.

Col. R. H. Henry,
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Colonel:

I have been reading with genuine interest your editorial memoirs appearing in the Clarion-Ledger. I get much valuable information from them, not to be found elsewhere. I know they are correct, because I have figured in some of the trips which have been so well narrated by you; and as they are so accurately recorded, I know all the others must be just as reliable.

I was especially interested in your description of the boat trip to St. Louis, as I was one of the party, and one of the editors who assisted in playing the trick upon you, when you were arraigned by the moot court, which you took so good-naturedly, paying the penalty imposed by the court with a smile—treats to all the editors present.

I eagerly await the coming of the Sunday Clarion-Ledger, on account of these splendid articles, historical sketches which no other man could write, except the veteran editor of fifty years experience in Mississippi journalism.

Truly your friend,

H. H. CRISLER.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX.

Col. Thomas R. Stockdale Talks a Press Banquet Down at Meridian.—Editors Leave Him Talking.—Good Joke Played on George S. Dodds by the Editors at Dubuque, Iowa.

One of the most amusing incidents in my editorial life occurred at Meridian at a Press banquet, over thirty years ago, in 1888.

The citizens of Meridian had prepared a grand banquet for the editors, and had invited a number of distinguished Mississippians to attend and deliver postprandial speeches.

I have not the list before me, but remember among the names on the banquet bill, Col. Robert McIntosh as toastmaster, Judge Thomas H. Woods, who was to respond to the toast, "Our Guests;" General Walthall, to discuss "The State, in which We Live;" Col. Thomas R. Stockdale, who was afterwards elected to Congress from the old Fifth District, was down for a speech on "The Nation," or some other heavy subject; Col. Shannon was to discuss "The Press;" Bert Snead, of pleasant memory, also had a subject, as had a number of others, including the writer.

II.

The announcement had been made, as the Press Convention had finished its session, that editors would go directly from the banquet to the depot, trains being scheduled to leave between midnight and one o'clock.

The menu was elaborate, and the toastmaster decided to have no speaking till the dinner was over. He arose about 10:30, and presented Judge Thos. H. Woods, who spoke fifteen or twenty minutes, much of his address being devoted to Jefferson Davis.

About eleven o'clock, Col. Stockdale was presented, and like the starting of a great mogul engine he warmed up slowly, but when thoroughly lubricated, and with a full head of steam on, he made a run that will never be forgotten by those present. He tore down the valleys and rushed over the hill-tops at a terrific rate of speed, speaking at the top of his voice.

A lady sitting by my side, and I see her beautiful lustrous black eyes, now as then, for she has been my companion for fifty years, remarked, "He cannot maintain that rate long." I responded, "You don't know Stockdale. He is good for an hour or more. I have heard him speak for four hours without a break, and nothing interrupts or bothers him." "Then, what will become of you and other speakers?" "Like the unfinished stories in the weeklies, we will be 'continued.'"

Stockdale rattled on; his thoughts coming faster than his powers of speech there was considerable jamming of words and blending of sentences, but that made no difference to the orator—he knew what he was saying, and if his auditors did not, that was their misfortune, not his fault.

He spoke for more than an hour without a bobble. Twelve o'clock had passed, but Stockdale saw not the clock and

heard not it strike. His mind was on other things than the flight of time. Editors began moving about, looking up their belongings to catch the trains. They left the hall in droves, jostling each other and turning over chairs, making so much noise that the speaker could not be heard. But that did not bother Stockdale in the least, except to cause him to pitch his voice in a higher key, which he did involuntarily.

The exodus continued; so did "Tennyson's brook," and Stockdale spoke right on, till not more than two dozen people were left in the hall.

III.

I said in starting this chapter that an "amusing" incident occurred at the Meridian convention; it was the most laughter-producing, most extraordinary event I have ever witnessed at a Press banquet.

The editors who had fled to the depot to catch their trains, implored the conductors to delay departure a few minutes till Col. Stockdale had finished. They complied, but as there was no lowering of the Colonel's voice, which could be distinctly heard at the depot, and nothing to indicate he was nearing a conclusion, the engineers were requested to blow their whistles, and ring their bells as a warning that editors who tarried longer in the banquet hall would be left.

"What's all that blowing about?" asked Stockdale. "Is there a fire near us?" "Yes," responded dear old Shannon, who had been cheated out of his speech; "Yes, the fire's here in this hall."

Then it dawned upon Stockdale slowly, that the noise was intended as a suggestion that he had spoken long enough, and in the most nonchalant manner he remarked, "Well, you don't have to knock me down to make me take a hint." He



R. H. Henry and Bride, day of Marriage, November 22, 1871

then concluded with a beautiful peroration, and thanked his audience for the **patient attention** given him.

I was rather fond of Stockdale. He was almost an editor, and often wrote for the Summit papers, being an intimate friend of the veteran editor Henry S. Bonney, who founded the Summit Sentinel, and had owned several other papers in his day.

He became a distinguished lawyer, but branching off into politics was elected to Congress and afterwards appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court by Gov. A. J. McLaurin.

IV.

It will be remembered by few people living today, that the quiet village of Dry Grove, in Hinds county, once had a paper, edited by Dr. W. K. Douglas, an eminent Episcopal minister, who, for several years, conducted the Diocesan Record at that place, where he taught a parish school indoctrinating his pupils into the tenets of the Episcopal church.

The Record closed its pages many years ago; the Diocesan school has long been extinct; most of the students who sought knowledge at the feet of Gamaliel, have passed away; and dear old Dr. Douglas is sleeping in the beautiful cemetery of Grace Church at St. Francisville, La., of which he was rector at the time of his death.

V.

George S. Dodds, formerly of Hazelhurst, but now a resident and leading lawyer of Gulfport, was for several years a frequent attendant upon press conventions and press excursions. He was a handsome young fellow and good running mate for Jim Duke, J. K. Almon and Joe Richardson.

Dodds accompanied the Mississippi editors on a trip to the West as far as Sioux City, S. D., 1889, as the represen-

tative of his local paper. He was a fluent talker and was always ready to speak. He was fond of life, had plenty of money and loaned many of the editors the wherewithal to complete the trip.

Dodds had made a dozen or more speeches before we reached Dubuque, Iowa, where Passenger Agent Merry, who had charge of the press excursion, had staked him out for a big talk. A number of editors were growing jealous of Dodds. Among the protestants was Forrest Runnels, of the Meridian Star, who believed he could speak a word or two himself. Will Ward also had similar lurking thoughts, while Joe Richardson knew he could declaim better than Dodds and offered to prove it. Buchanan made no pretense to oratory, but saw no reason why Dodds should usurp the functions of the press, whom he declared did not know the difference between a shooting stick and a chase.

VI.

So the dissenters made up their minds to put up a job on George and the time came. We were eating dinner at the railroad dining room. Some of the boys had arranged to call Dodds out for a speech near the end of the meal. One was to mount the cab while the engineer was at dinner, apparently on a tour of inspection, but in reality to get his hands on the bell cord and ring when the signal was given.

Another was to wait outside, and when Dodds had gotten well under way to signal the men in the cab, and to yell out, "All-aboard," as the shrill tones of the whistle and the peals of the bell signalled time of departure.

Not over a half dozen people knew of the scheme, and when the words "All aboard," were yelled, everyone bolted for the door, including Dodds, who was just in the middle of a beautiful sentence when the signal was given. He never

knew of the trick played upon him, but was heard to remark, after getting inside the train, that his speech had been broken in two by running a train of two cars in upon him. While he never knew of the plot, he was a bit charry in loaning his money after that incident, and I heard him tell Almon, whose demands were large, to "go to ———," that he did not propose to stake him any further; but he never suspected J. K. had anything to do with the trick that silenced the speaker.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN.

**Called Upon to Make a Sunday Visit to an Editor Upon
Serious Business.—Instead of a Scrap, Go to Church
With Him.—Mississippi Editors to New Orleans.**

I am reminded of the fact that in writing up the editors of Newton—where I published my first paper, 50 years ago—I have omitted the names of two, H. P. Andrews of the Free Press, and J. J. Armistead of the Dispatch, both of whom printed good weekly papers.

Andrews was a sedate, red-featured young man, of Irish extraction, who wrote well but often imprudently. I never knew where he hailed from, but remember that he was associated with papers at Meridian and Newton, and was a friend and pupil of Joel P. Walker, who had political ambitions that were never gratified, one of which was to defeat Governor Robert Lowry for re-nomination, with Put Darden, or any other man.

Andrews wrote an editorial that reflected seriously upon an editor on the opposite side of the political fence. In those days editors did not submit to the severe criticism they tolerate now. The editorial was regarded as too severe to pass over, and I was called on by the aggrieved party to go to Newton and request Andrews to write a card withdrawing his offensive language.

II.

I made the trip, one Sunday morning. On arriving, I learned that Andrews was at church, and sent him a note requesting that he meet me at his office. He did so, but when I informed him of the object of my visit, he became so nervous that he could not contain himself.

He asked me to postpone the matter till service was over, as he desired to hear the sermon. I replied, "No; we can settle it in five minutes." "But suppose I decline to write a card withdrawing the language objected to, what do you propose to do?" he asked. I replied, "We will consider that when the time arrives." "I don't see anything in the article that it is so personally offensive; it is purely political," he responded. "You might embody that thought in your card withdrawing the objectional language." "But I have not said I will write such a card," he replied.

"You may not write the card," I said, "but you will sign it." He took up his pencil and made an attempt to write, but was too nervous to compose sentences; his hand and brain would not co-ordinate. I told him I would write the card, which I did, making it as light as possible, but entirely satisfactory, and he signed it.

While excited, Andrews never showed the white feather; and I never doubted if he had had time to consider the case he would have declined to sign the card. He was a Christian gentleman. I belonged to the church, and afterwards, when I had time to think the matter over, I was heartily ashamed of that Sunday morning performance.

III.

When the "battle was over," I accepted Andrew's invitation to go to church with him and heard a good Methodist

sermon from the sublime text, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season;" and wondered if the words of the Temanite would apply to me. We had dinner together, and I found him such a delightful fellow that I was almost tempted to tear up his card, which he understood was to be printed.

In the afternoon I rode out into the country to visit my beloved old grand-mother, past four score years and ten, and as I looked upon the withered face and bent form of that dear old soul, who had assisted in rearing me, the words of the preacher's text came vividly and forcibly before me, making such a strong impression upon my mind that they have never vanished in all these lapse of years, and never will.

IV.

J. J. Armistead succeeded Andrews at Newton, and notwithstanding his age, attended Press Conventions regularly, and went on excursions of the editors, accompanied by his comely daughter, who looked after him as though he might have been a child; but whose name has escaped me.

He was a lovable old gentleman, always happy, wearing a smile that would not come off. While he did not aspire to leadership as an editor, he printed a fair local paper, which was always clean and reliable. His daughter, who also wrote for the Newton Dispatch, was painfully sensitive whenever any reference to her father's age was made. Learning of her characteristics, her deep, unbounded love for her father, I suggested to the press boys to call Mr. Armistead the "Old Youth," a title borrowed from Dr. S. Davis, of the Forest Register, which the daughter greatly appreciated.

V.

Editors come and editors go. Many continue in the newspaper grind till they grow old and helpless. A few retire with

a competency, but they can be counted on one hand. Some go into other business, and many fail entirely. Others leave the state and a large number pass away and are soon forgotten, except by relatives and intimate friends.

I recall the names of several editors I have often met, who I have not seen for years, but do not know if they are still in the land of the living, or have crossed over the shadowy vale never to return.

G. W. Dudley, former member of the legislature from Webster county, was editor of the Walthall Warden, and afterwards owner and manager of the Iuka Vidette. He was brilliant and humorous. He left the state some years ago, and I do not know what became of him. He had many friends among the editors of the state.

Col. H. S. Bonney established the Sentinel at Summit in the early seventies, where he and his son, Nellie, printed it for many years. Though younger than the Summit Times, the Sentinel outlived it, purchasing that paper after it had passed through several hands and suppressed it. Colonel Bonney was a popular member of the press, especially with the older editors, with whom he long associated. He got out a good local paper, devoting his time to the editing of the Sentinel, while his son Nellie, looked after the mechanical and business departments.

Nellie outlived his father many years, and in his time was the owner of several other papers—one at Corinth, another in the Delta, a third at McComb City, and others that I do not recall. He was an awfully clever fellow, genial and agreeable. He had one peculiarity well known to the editors—

getting robbed on press excursions. Some of the press boys wondered why Nellie was plucked so often, as he did not appear too prosperous, and no one would take him for a greenhorn. But his "face was his fortune," and he always managed to get along, with or without money! He passed away in a sanitarium at Jackson a few years ago.

R. B. May was the founder, and many years editor and publisher, of the McComb City Enterprise, better than the average local paper. May, like most other weekly publishers, conducted a job printing establishment, which took much of his time away from his paper. He came from New Orleans, where he had devoted his time exclusively to job work, but he gradually dropped into country ways, and was fairly successful as a publisher.

C. G. Lee either established the Magnolia Herald or became its owner soon after it began publication, and though he had little knowledge of newspaper work, he printed a real good paper. He was a man of means, and having an ambition to excell other country papers, spent his money freely with that end in view.

VI.

Mississippi has furnished several editorial writers to the New Orleans papers, among them William Walker, born in Jackson, who married Miss Julia Jayne of Brandon. He wrote editorials regularly for the Picayune, many from his home in Brandon when sojourning there, and others in New Orleans.

O. V. Shearer, of Vicksburg, held a position on the staff of the Times-Democrat for several years, till he died of yellow fever in 1878.

L. M. Garrett, of Carthage, wrote editorials for the same paper, and Mat Gray, of Ellisville, is now on the editorial staff of the Times-Picayune.

VII.

A. C. Durdin was editor of the old Lexington Advertiser; S. A. Dalton succeeded S. A. Jones on the Aberdeen Examiner, with whom he had long been associated; J. A. Hearne, of the New Albany Democrat, was a regular attendant upon the press meetings, for many years, and never had a word to say to anyone; C. A. Brandt, of the Philadelphia Democrat, and W. A. Diers of the Natchez Democrat, were irregular attendants at Press Conventions, but are well remembered; H. P. Beeman, if I remember correctly, was the founder of the Pass Christian Beacon, which survives him; C. M. Liddle, who established the Handsboro Advertiser, survives his paper, and is now doing a banking and insurance business at Slidell, La.; George B. Brown, of the Guntown Hot Times, was a most popular member of the press; passed away some years ago, and his wife was unable to continue the paper; T. J. Wood, who was a lawyer by profession, edited the Starkville News for several years, and printed a good local paper; W. V. Watkins of the Collins Commercial, a commanding figure and successful publisher, also passed over the river some years ago; Hindman Dorsey of the Vaiden and Hazlehurst Press, died while young.

VIII.

W. A. Battaile of the old Summit Times has faded out of the memory of most of the Mississippi editors of the present day. He was quite a news-gatherer, and printed a good

and interesting paper. I am under the impression he went to Texas and died; but not certain.

E. P. Thompson, of the Aberdeen Weekly, was a likeable man, though he did not mix up much with his editorial brothers, and for that reason had little acquaintance with the editors of the state. He was the father of Frederick Thompson, the wonderfully successful publisher, and principal owner of the Register and News-Item, of Mobile, Ala.

My good old friend, Rev. N. L. Clarke, published the Mississippi Baptist for several years at Newton, which was not only a religious but secular paper, for Elder Clarke was a fine preacher and also a good writer, and leaves behind a record of great work for the Master.

Henry Crosby had been connected with several papers of the State, his last being the Greenville Times, upon which he made enough money to leave his family in good circumstances when he passed away. He was an excellent newspaper man, and highly esteemed by his press brethren.

T. H. Oury, of the Carrollton Conservative, was a quiet, retiring gentleman, who printed a fairly good weekly paper, to which my attention was first directed by the articles of Gen. J. Z. George, who interpreted important laws to the people in plain, simple language that all could understand.

C. A. Hamilton, editor of the Wesson Herald, was one of the clearest and best writers of the state. He was an aristocrat in manner, and a bit haughty, but could write with the best of them, and as a phrase-maker, had few superiors.

IX.

We have had a number of editors in Hinds county, outside Jackson, among them Dr. J. B. Gambrell, who published the Baptist Record for several years at Clinton, where A. J. McDade printed the Argus; John M. Martin edited the Comet at Utica, where Dabney Parrish and Avery Jones made their debut in journalism; P. K. Whitney also printed the Herald at Utica; J. S. and R. Schwabb printed the Item at Edwards, and E. H. Harris published a paper in the same town, while Will T. Head printed the Headlight at Terry. A young Mr. Walton published a bright and interesting local paper at Bolton, name not recalled. After the Gazette passed out of the hands of the Harpers, Raymond had too many editors to count or remember; and Jackson has had them by scores, many having been mentioned in these memoirs.

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT.

John McCormick of the Shubuta Times, Whose Mind Turned to Cotton Planters.—J. J. Haynie Makes an Editorial Colonel at Sight—Laugh and the World Laughs With You.

History of Mississippi editors that failed to include John McCormick would be incomplete, for he was quite a character in the journalistic field.

Like John W. Forney of Philadelphia, who published two papers—both daily, as he was wont to boast—McCormick published an equal number of journals, both weekly, the Paulding Messenger and the Shubuta Times; and he was as proud of them as was Lincoln's steadfast supporter of his two dailies.

McCormick, realizing that he could not divide himself up and make a success of two papers, sold the Messenger to Walker Acker, and concentrated all his energies on the Times, which became a success and was a good newspaper when its editor, Charley Smith, remained at home and gave his time to editorial writing; but he had the wanderlust, and being supplied with annual passes spent much of his time in Mobile with convivial friends, and sometimes allowed the Times to go to press minus editorials.

II.

Raised within the environments of Simeon R. Adams, McCormick knew much of the methods of the great old publisher of the Eastern Clarion, and applied them to the publication of the Times.

McCormick's strong forte was soliciting advertising. He cared nothing whatever about circulation and had little regard for editorials. He devoted most of his time to soliciting advertisements; and he got them by the columns.

It was in 1870 I became acquainted with McCormick. He was a big, bold, aggressive Scotchman, not specially smart, but industriously energetic; and had a glib tongue.

A new combination cotton and corn planter had been invented. McCormick discovered the sales agent and partial owner in Mobile. He solicited advertisements from him for the new invention, and a deal was closed whereby McCormick was to advertise the planters on a liberal scale and purchase them on a fifty-fifty basis. He ran page advertisements telling of the wonderful merits of the labor-saving device.

He travelled up and down the M. & O. and A. & V. R. R.'s, selling planters, as he said "like hot cakes."

McCormick almost deserted his paper, so wild was he to become rich selling corn and cotton planters. He was a regular Mulberry Sellers.

III.

I rode with him one day between Meridian and Brandon, and we "talked shop" so much that all the passengers sitting near left their seats to escape the monotonous clatter. It was a cold December day, nearing the Yule Tide season, and the car was as hot as a dry-kiln.

McCormick's head and jaws were all tied up, but the strange headgear did not affect his tongue. As we were nearing Brandon, I asked him what was the matter, and he replied, with utmost indifference, "I have the mumps." I did not stay to argue the case with him, but left the car hurriedly, and other passengers did likewise. In a few days I had contracted a case of mumps, and scattered it around quite generally, one of my old enemies, Ben Carroll, getting it. He took it quite philosophically and remarked to a mutual friend that he thought I had taken an unfair advantage to get even with him. He suffered terribly; I never went to bed a day, but did go round and offer to assist in nursing my old enemy, which wiped out old scores, and we remained friends till he died, oh, many years ago.

IV.

We have had a number of "Colonels" on the Mississippi press, and we have had many "devils" also, chief among them J. J. Haynie, who conceived more mischief than any of the quill-drivers. He had an active mind and a fertile imagination, and played all sorts of pranks upon brother editors.

A youthful editor named E. B. Hamilton, published the Solar Ray, at Shuqualak. Haynie took charge of him at his first Press Convention, over forty years ago, and dubbed and introduced him as "Colonel" Hamilton. The "Colonel" did not know that he was being made a dunce of by Haynie, or was willing to humor the joke.

We had several handsome girls who attended the annual meetings, John Roseborough's beautiful sisters, Jennie and Helen, of Senatobia among them. They were young and ready for any fun that came along. They played with the "Colonel" as a cat would play with a mouse, and the "Colonel" was ever ready to dance attendance upon their pleasure. He

was their lion and they his queens, and he could be "Happy with either, were the other dear charmer away."

V.

Hamilton continued to visit the Press Conventions, to the delight of the fun-makers as long as Haynie attended them, and transportation was furnished by the railroads. But he has not been with us for years, and I did not know what had become of him till Haynie sent me a notice of his passing away a few months ago.

Some one has said the "Whole Scotch nation has been devoid of humor, and even incapable of relishing it;" but Scotchmen do not make up the Mississippi press, nor has it been burdened with Solomons.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.

VI.

Back in the eighties we had two editors, known as the "Little Rosses," as they were small of stature, who monopolized the newspaper business at Coffeenville. They owned two papers in that town. S. M. Ross edited the Coffeenville Times, and S. B. Ross printed the True Issue at the same place.

I never hear of Coffeenville that I am not reminded of an incident a reputable editor used to relate. He had gone up to Coffeenville to deliver a lecture before the high school, on invitation of Capt. John L. Collins, and was quartered at the hotel "down by the rattling railway." A large and voluble woman seemed to be in command and general control, and was equal to every occasion.

The editor was given a "quiet" room in the rear of the building, at his own request, to which he repaired after the lecture. A gas engine with its spurts and gasps, its knocks

and noise, was continually thumping and bucking, with frequent stops which sounded like the explosion of a cylinder head. This same gas engine furnished power for the electric light plant of the town and when it blinked the electric light winked or went dead.

Ned was the negro boy of all work. He was porter, cook, waiter and engineer. It was his duty to keep "Old Betsy" going, as he dubbed the contrary gas engine. He was doing his best to make her run, with poor success, and seemed determined to fail, when the burly Madam of the house appeared on the scene, and made her presence felt. "Ned," she said, "there is one thing that engine needs to make it run, a real good cussing. When I go back in the house I want you to curse it black and blue; curse it till you faint; curse it for everything you can imagine. Damn it with all the oaths you ever heard, and then invent others. Curse it till you are white in the face, and I'll bet the d—— thing runs."

Ned took the Madam's advice, and after a while he got the engine going, and then he cursed it for "hesitating," cursed it for being so slow, cursed it on general principles, till the rear of the building become so sulphurous that the editor aforesaid was compelled to apply ice water to his superheated head, to cool and quiet his nerves so that he might get a wink of sleep.

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE.

**Congressman B. G. Humphreys Commends My Editorial
Memoirs.—Charles N. Dement Founded and Made
a Success of the Meridian Star.—Has
Weathered All Storms.**

A compliment is appreciated according to the sincerity, and ability of the party bestowing it. Many compliments are as the idle wind, for it is the nature of people to indulge in adulations. Then they often praise writings, sermons and lectures that they do not understand. Such laudation, while well meant, amounts to very little; but, when a man of the Ben Humphrey's type, senior and leading Representative from Mississippi, takes the time, from his busy Congressional life, to dictate a letter complimenting the writings of an editor, and giving him valuable incidents to be incorporated in his Editorial Memoirs, the act is a compliment that cannot be too gratefully appreciated.

So much for preface to the following letter received some days ago from Hon. B. G. Humphreys, member of Congress from the Third Mississippi District:

Washington, D. C., May 4, 1921.

Col. R. H. Henry,
Jackson, Miss.

My Dear Mr. Henry:—I am reading with much interest your Editorial Memoirs, and greatly appreciate them, as they refer to many editors I knew in my younger days. They are entertaining and instructive, written in a clear, easy style, and should be appreciated by the people of Mississippi, as they contain much valuable historical matter that, doubtless, none other than yourself possess.

I note your request for "any additional facts regarding editors of the state," and your reference to Major Mason, editor of the Port Gibson Reveille, tempts me to give the following, which I think will interest you:

I believe no editor enjoyed a negro story more and few could tell them as well as Major Mason, and yet he used to tell this story on himself which indicated an utter lack of appreciation of one of the best negro stories ever written:

Irwin Russell was born and reared in Port Gibson and one day brought to Major Mason for publication in the Reveille a dialect poem, "Christmas Night in the Quarters." After reading it, Major Mason returned the poem to Russell with the explanation that it was too long for publication in the Reveille. This proved a very fortunate thing for the young poet, because he sent it then to Scribner, which was the name by which the present Century Magazine was at that time known. They published the poem, illustrated it, and Irwin Russell soon thereafter awoke to find himself famous.

Major Mason read and as keenly enjoyed and appreciated this and all of Russell's subsequent poems as any other of the readers, but he frequently acknowledged to his friends, and related the incident as a good joke on himself, that he really returned the manuscript to Russell because he failed to discover sufficient merit in it to justify its publication in the Reveille.

I heard Major Mason relate this story when I was a boy, and I have always recalled it with amusement as well as inexplicable wonderment.

With best wishes,

Very truly,

B. G. HUMPHREYS.

II.

The owners of the old Meridian News tried several editors, without success, and the paper was drifting with the tide when Ed. Dial was induced to write its editorials. His articles were chaste and beautiful, bright and humorous, and he infused new life into the old sheet.

He always looked upon the bright side, and wrote cheerful articles amidst oppressive gloom. He remained with the paper a year or two, but quit and returned to his law practice when he saw that he could not serve two masters.

Sid King afterwards became the editor of the Meridian News, and though he knew nothing whatever of the routine of editorial life, he printed a readable paper. He was not in the class with Dial—and few editors of his day were—but giving much time to the exacting duties of the office, and writing a little of everything from paid notices to locals, from padded telegrams to editorials, he managed to get out a good paper for the times.

III.

But to Charles N. Dement is due the honor of establishing the only Meridian paper that has been able to weather all storms—the Evening Star.

I have known four generations of the Dement family and all have been printers, none of them caring for the publication of a daily newspaper except Charles, and that distinction came to, or was thrust upon him unexpectedly over a third of a century ago.

Forrest Runnells, a remarkably bright boy of Brandon, and somewhat of a newspaper genius, had married one of

the Dement girls, and induced his father-in-law to undertake the publication of an evening paper in Meridian. Piles of old printing material were lying around the office, "junk," as it was called, enough to print one or more daily papers without missing it, and it was decided to use the surplus material in printing the Evening Star.

The Dement family was large, and all of the male members being printers—brothers, sons and nephews—the expense account of the Star was held down to the minimum, and though Charles Dement had had no experience in newspaper publishing, he did know how to hold down expenses—the one great secret of newspaper success.

The Star under the editorship and management of Forrest Runnells, who thought only in 24 and 36 point for heads, was quite sensational from the first number, an innovation in Meridian journalism, and apparently just what the people of that city wanted; for it soon outstripped its morning contemporary, both as to circulation and advertisements—a position it has ever since maintained.

After making the Star self-sustaining, Dement sold the plant to some Northern people, who have made a decided success of the paper.

Dement moved West and died while attempting to establish himself among strangers.

IV.

The oldest publisher in Mississippi that I have known, and I knew him very slightly, as he has always stuck as closely to his office as a beaver to his dam, was J. C. Balance of the Jeffersonian of Centerville.

He recently passed away at the advanced age of 92. He published the Jeffersonian for many years, H. M. Quin being

its editor till he moved to Jackson and engaged actively in Knights of Pythias work.

Mr. Balance was what is known to the craft as an old-time publisher, and had given practically all his life to the mechanical department of newspaper work, having been connected with several journals of the state. He never made much pretensions to editorship, but has printed a fairly good local paper in which he was assisted by his daughter, who succeeds him as publisher.

V.

N. W. Noah of the Kosciusko Star, who recently passed away, brought his young and beautiful bride to the first Greenwood Press Convention, in 1894. She was a bright, cheerful, chatty little creature and was having a great bridal tour. She met most of the editors and was the toast of the Press Convention. She was stylishly dressed, and her winning ways made her a universal favorite, and so fond was she of the convention, its receptions, entertainments and pleasures that she declared she would never miss one as long as her husband was a member. A waggish editor who had heard her say she intended to go to Press Conventions regularly, offered to make her a bet that she would not attend the next one, a year hence. She either did not see the point of the joke, or bluffed it through, and accepted the bet, the conditions being written down. The editor won, for before the next convention assembled the Madam had "other fish to fry," home duties to look after that prevented her attendance.

Noah printed a creditable paper for many years, but finally sold his publishing business and entered politics, in which he remained till he passed to the great beyond.

From time to time the Kosciusko Star has had a number of editors and publishers, most of whom gained distinc-

tion in the newspaper forum. The Star was moved from Goodman to Kosciusko, by R. Walpole in the early seventies, who sold it to H. P. Johnson when Walpole decided to buy the Herald and move to Yazoo City. It then passed into the hands of J. C. Clarke, a very capable man, going from him to J. H. Anderson, who came to Jackson in 1884 to shoot Oliver Clifton, or make him apologize for something said about him, and got arrested for his pains.

VI.

Judge C. A. Stovall, a kind, genial and generous old gentleman, succeeded John McCormick as owner and editor of the Shubuta Messenger, which he conducted with dignity and courtesy to all, friend or foe. The paper is still in the hands of the Stovall family, owned by a son of the Judge, who was long ago removed from the sphere of life.

The names Stovall and Povall have frequently been confusingly and amusingly mixed at press meetings.

Judge Stovall edited the Shubuta Messenger, and Judge J. P. Povall published the Booneville Pleader. Their papers were of the same size and of about equal strength, both creditable local weeklies. After Judge Povall's death the Pleader passed to Tom Bettesworth, who changed the name to the Banner.

W. H. Cochran successfully published the Starkville Times for several years. He was elected secretary of the Mississippi Press Association and aspired to become clerk of the Mississippi House of Representatives, to which he was elected.

CHAPTER SIXTY.

Some of the Editors Who Helped Fight Mississippi's Battles During the Dark Days of Reconstruction—There Are Few of the Old Guard Left.

Most of the editors mentioned in these memoirs have penned their last editorial, and live in memory only. But we cannot forget them. We shall miss them in our annual meetings, from our council boards, from our banquet halls and social gatherings. We shall miss them in the reading of our daily mail, for they speak to us no more from the columns of the printed page. We shall miss their dear old faces, their kindly words and generous greetings, for they "have solved the mystery of the valley of silence, and the land that is just beyond."

Younger men must take their places, and may, perchance, write their names high on history's pages. They may be more progressive than the old guard who fought many battles for their country and democracy, especially during the dark days of reconstruction. They may print larger and brighter papers than their forbears, but never within a hundred years will they supplant their predecessors in the affection, love and respect of the people.

The war ended leaving the South prostrate and bleeding. The land had been sacked, despoiled and laid waste, by invading armies. There was little left to sustain man and beast. The country was as desolate as though swept by a parched simoon. The Confederate soldier returned to find his home in ruins, his family suffering from the necessities of life, to be met by a new and insolent citizenship. Former slaves had been emancipated by Lincoln's proclamation; followed later by the enactment of the infamous Reconstruction acts and the ratification of the odious fourteenth and fifteenth amendments.

Mississippi was down and bleeding; and like other Southern States, was overrun by a horde of Northern emissaries to oppress our people and incite the negro to acts of insolence and intolerance towards his former masters, traceable largely to the teachings of the Freedman's Bureau. The bottom rail was indeed and in truth on top.

II.

At the conclusion of the war a bold and untrammelled press, with great writers wielding the editorial pen, fired the heart of the people of Mississippi, and stirred them to action, which finally culminated in the overthrow of the negro horde and the retirement of his allies, the scalawag and the carpet-bagger.

The press led the fight which resulted in a glorious victory for justice, right and decency, the restoration of democracy and the returning of the government to its rightful owners.

Its work will live forever in the annals of the state, and the honor it won, the laurels it achieved in the dark, troublous days that tried men's souls, can never be forgotten or eradicated from the brilliant pages of Mississippi history.

Then the great leaders of the Mississippi press were Major E. Barksdale, of Jackson; Col. W. H. McCardle of Vicksburg and Col. A. G. Horn, of Meridian. Whence comes such another trio of forceful writers? They were unsurpassed in their day and time. They had many able lieutenants to aid them in their assaults upon the Reconstruction Acts, the Freedman's Bureau, the 14th and 15th amendments; and were ably assisted in their efforts to rout the carpet-baggers and alien government by Democratic editors—by E. M. Yerger, A. J. Frantz, W. H. Worthington, J. J. Shannon, Jas. S. McNeily, Paul A. Botto, Kinloch Falkner, P. K. Mayers, T. B. Manlove, Giles M. Hillyer, J. L. McCullum, J. L. Power, and other members of the press.

III.

The only editor alive today who attended the convention of the Mississippi Press Association, held at Vicksburg, November 6, 1866, is Capt. J. S. McNeily of the Vicksburg Herald; and he is in a low state of health, and may not be alive when these memoirs are given to the public. In fact, in November, 1920, he foreshadowed his own demise in a note written to the editor of the Woodville Republican, which he became the editor of the year following the Civil War. The note written from Captain McNeily's sick chamber in Vicksburg, says:

"I have been sick for the past two weeks and may never recover, though the doctors say I will. Your paper keeps me in touch with intimates and associations which will outlast my life. In looking through its columns I noted the announcement of the death of my old comrade and neighbor, Alonza T. Rabb, of Cold Springs neighborhood, from whence we both as boys went to the war sixty years ago. Of all of Wilkinson county's contribution he was one of the last living. As I lie on the bed of illness and insomnia my thoughts are directed along the paths which but few now march, to the rapidly nearing end, with this poor tribute to one of Brandon's favorites. I am with love to the few survivors of Wilkinson county with whom I always camp."

IV.

Commenting upon the above in one of my letters in the Clarion-Ledger, December 3, 1920, I said:

"When the above was penned Captain McNeily was a very sick man, and as will be seen by the letter, had given up all hope of recovery. Since then he has rallied sufficiently to encourage his friends, and they believe that he may be able to resume editorial work, and the writer cherishes the hope that they are not mistaken, for he occupies an interesting and unique position in journalism, being absolutely in a class by himself. He has no imitators and will never have a successor, possessing a personality that is altogether his own—a style, while odd and peculiar, and at times a bit involved, is entertaining and instructive,—filling a nich in journalism that no other editor ever occupied.

"His letter, in which he pays a tribute to an old army companion, is touching, pathetic and soulful, reading like the last token of love and affection expressed by one old friend for another who has crossed over the river, and is disturbed not by the tramp of comrades, the sound of martial music, the rattle of musketry, or the worries of life's stern realities.

"Capt. McNeily is the oldest editor in Mississippi, both in age and service, the only newspaper man alive today who attended the first Press Convention, after the organization of the Press Association in the spring of 1866. All his associates in attendance upon that meeting, I. M. Patridge, James M. Swords, T. B. Manlove, M. Shannon, Harry Moss, J. J. Shannon, J. L. Power, A. J. Frantz, C. H. Wilson, T. T. Pitts, John S. Holt, J. L. McCullum and J. C. Prewitt, having long since passed away.

"Capt McNeily has survived all his old friends, and for years has occupied a position of eminence that few editors have attained.

"May his life be further spared that his days of usefulness may be extended, is the wish and prayer of the writer."

Captain McNeily has been very ill but has improved and can write a little each day by the aid of an assistant, with his accustomed force if not without difficulty.

For many years he has been one of the leading editorial writers of the state, and is the only one of the old timers left, and I but voice the sentiment of his editorial brethren when I repeat, "May his life be spared for many days of usefulness."

V.

When journalism was in its flower J. P. Allen, who had had some experience in journalism, came to this state from Kentucky, and secured a position as an associate editor on the Meridian Gazette, going from there to the Vicksburg Herald, where he held a position on the editorial staff for years. He was well grounded in newspaper work and made considerable reputation as an editorial writer on the Herald, remaining there till stricken by the yellow fever plague of 1878, virtually dying at his post of duty. His name is inscribed on the Press Monument at Holly Springs, erected to commemorate the memory of the six editors who perished of yellow fever in the great epidemic which swept over the state in 1878.

Mott Ayres, who organized and consolidated all the papers of Laurel into one corporation, the result being the Laurel Daily Leader, was a rather remarkable editor. He was what might be termed an all round newspaper man, publisher and editor, and as such succeeded in giving Laurel the best paper it ever had, and its number of defunct papers was great.

Mr. Ayres came from Kentucky, where he had been a successful publisher, and seeing a fine field in Laurel for a bright, newsy daily, began the work of consolidating the newspaper interests into one strong paper, such as he made of the Leader. He had only resided in Mississippi two or three years, but in that short time succeeded in making the Leader one of the best dailies of the state, and winning a host of good friends.

The members of the press who had so kindly remembered the good work done by Mr. Ayres to entertain them while guests of Laurel at the Press Convention in 1917, were shocked and surprised to read of his sudden death four weeks after the adjournment of the Convention. It was a sad blow and one universally regretted.

VI.

N. A. Mott, editor of the Yazoo Herald, came from a western state years ago, and liking the South so well, settled in Mississippi, where he was connected with several newspaper enterprises and job printing plants. He had represented his county in the legislature and was the author of several important measures. He purchased the Herald some years ago from John G. McGuire, changing it from a weekly to a semi-weekly, and was doing well when the Great Master called him home last July.

C. F. Newman had long been connected with the press as editor of the Baldwin Signal, and though he seldom attended the annual meetings, he was known to many of the older editors and printed a real interesting local journal. He also passed away during the past year.

Percy Maer succeeded his mother as publisher of the Columbus Dispatch, which has always had a high standing among the press people, and well did he maintain its standard. He loved newspaper work, believed in improvements in all departments, and keeping abreast with the times.

VII.

One of the greatest worries the average country editor has to undergo, is his inability to remember the names of his subscribers when they call to settle their bills. People are naturally sensitive, country subscribers especially, and feel sore when they are not recognized. They expect the publisher not only to remember their faces, but to be able to call their names as well, which is utterly impossible, for no newspaper manager on earth can remember the names of a thousand or so subscribers.

Publishers resort to all kinds of devices to get the names of people who drop in to pay their bills, but no perfect plan has as yet been discovered, and will never materialize till memory systems are improved.

I was discussing this question one day with a lot of editors who were giving their experience. As I recall, W. D. Caulfield of the Gloster Record, W. S. May of the Brandon News, William Ward of the Starkville Times, W. C. Hight of the Louisville Journal, B. C. Knapp of the Fayette Chronicle, Joe Norwood of the Magnolia Gazette, Joe Richardson of the Sunflower Tocsin, R. R. Ford of the Ripley Advertiser and others, were present.

All the memory tests ever heard of were related, but they failed to prove satisfactory. One editor said we should study the methods of the politician; another suggested that we secure the plans of conductors, while another declared that we should take lessons from hotel clerks, who seemed to

be able to call the names of regular patrons before they registered.

One gave it as his opinion that politicians were specially endowed by nature with receptive minds that enabled them to call the names of people they met. I dissented expressing the idea that ability to call names was a developed faculty, and nothing more, except that many tricks were also employed by politicians and others to obtain the names of people they did not know.

VIII.

I related two instances to show I was correct in my conclusions, saying: "Early in January, 1880, when the Mississippi legislature was assembling, J. Z. George was a candidate for United States Senator. The senators and representatives were meeting in the old capitol. I was standing beside George, who was mixing with the members as they came up. One handsome and dignified gentleman was seen advancing through the arched gateway, George did not know him, and nudging me, asked, "Who is that man coming this way?" I replied, "That is Milton R. Jones, member of the house from Claiborne county, who has a rather good opinion of himself, and you had better know him when you offer to speak to him."

That was enough. George was on his feet at once, and rushing towards Jones, held out his hand and exclaimed, "How are you friend Jones; how's old Claiborne?" That clinched Jones' vote, and made him a George partisan the rest of his life.

I was standing in the Union depot one evening awaiting a train, talking to Governor McLaurin, who had the reputation of knowing everybody. He spied a gentleman eating his lunch at the counter, and asked me if I knew him. "Yes; that is C. L. Harris, superintendent of Gen Faulkner's railroad, which runs from Middleton, Tenn., to Ripley, Miss."

"Are you certain?" he asked. "Absolutely; I know him well." The Governor lost no time in reaching Harris, when he held out both hands and in a loud voice said, "Harris, I am glad to meet you again; how is the railroad progressing?"

That fixed Harris for life, who had never met Governor McLaurin before, but felt so complimented that the Governor had gone out of his way to speak to him, that he became his most loyal supporter the balance of his days.

I know of many other instances similar to the above, tricks that politicians play upon the unsuspecting voters, to make them believe they are recognized, but this will suffice to show that politicians do not know all the people whom they address by name. I have tried the trick myself, but could never play it successfully.

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE.

**And the Last of the Series, Wherein I Deliver a Preachment
to Young Editors, Telling Them How They May
Win Success.—A Final Word to Old
and New Friends.**

This is the beginning of the end of my editorial memoirs, and I need not say that I close the series regretfully, and with feelings akin to pain, for I have found genuine pleasure, as well as agreeable and profitable employment, in writing of my old editorial associates, and in talking to my friends weekly. It has enabled me to turn back the wheels of time, and live my life over again; to recall the faces and the forms of those I knew and loved in my younger days and in memory see and converse with friends of yore, when hope was highest and ambition greatest.

But a spirit of sadness comes over me as I close the book and take a look backwards, covering a period of more than fifty years, from youth to mature age. I had many good friends among the "old guard" in this state, and of the number, less than a half dozen are alive today. Not one editor is living today whom I knew when I gave my first paper to the public.



R. H. Henry and Wife on their 50th Marriage Anniversary,
November 22, 1921

My old editorial companions and associates have gone to their rewards. Sad thought, yet true; but their memory is still green in my heart and will so remain while life shall last. Others took their places, in the ordinary course of nature, many of them kind, genial and companionable, and with whom I have been on the closest terms of friendship, and whose love and respect I greatly esteem. But do they completely fill the void made by those who are gone? That is a question I shall not undertake to answer.

II.

In writing these memoirs I have striven to be fair and just to all, to friends and foes alike, to truthfully describe and accurately portray the characters of editors I have met, to present them as I saw and knew them, without malice and free of bitterness. How well I have succeeded, I leave the reader to judge, and the public to pronounce.

If I have given joy and happiness to you and others, dear reader, I am more than repaid for my labor of love. But if anything I have written has wounded or offended a single person, then deeply do I regret the fact, for it is always more agreeable to please than to offend.

I realize that some errors have been made in these memoirs, for they have been written largely from memory, but I have done the best I could under the circumstances, and with the material on hand, so, if there are not what they should be, I ask the reader to overlook immaterial shortcomings and take the will for the deed, for it is no little task to bridge a chasm extending over fifty years.

III.

In this connection it will not be out of place to print the following resolution adopted at the Press Convention held at Greenwood May 19, 1921:

"Resolved: That the members of the Mississippi Press Association have read with much interest the 'Memoirs of Some Editors I Have Known Since the Days of the Civil War,' written by Col. R. H. Henry, the able, distinguished and veteran editor of the Clarion-Ledger, and for 50 years a member of this Association. Believing that these memoirs are of historical value, this Association hopes that Col. Henry will have the same printed and bound in book form that they may be preserved in a permanent volume, and a copy of same be placed in the archives of the Mississippi Press Association."

I am grateful to the Press Convention for the above kind expression of my poor efforts, for too often "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house." Resolutions as a rule are of a perfunctory nature and amount to very little, but when editors of the state, in their annual convention, go on record as endorsing and commending the work of one of their associates, the compliment is no idle honor, and must be appreciated.

IV.

As a boy I doubtless had visions and dreams, big ideas of the future. While working as an apprentice on the Brandon Republican, I read the papers coming to that office. I was familiar with the lives of James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greely, George D. Prentice, Chas. A. Dana and M. M. Pomeroy, better known as "Brick." Henry Watterson had not then made his impress upon the journalistic field, but soon became distinguished as one of the great editors of the country.

I had read about Simeon R. Adams—then dead—and of many Mississippi editors of the sixties. The history of the Eastern Clarion absorbed me, and the life of Adams completely gripped me. He was the most discussed newspaper man of Mississippi. He took over the Clarion when it was a struggling weakling, published at the interior town of Paulding, and made it the greatest paper in the state, the

most generally read, most freely quoted, and most liberally patronized.

It had gone from Paulding to Meridian, where I remember it printed Gen. Robert E. Lee's address to his troops, written from his headquarters in Virginia, and dated April 10, 1865, telling them that "After four years arduous services, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources." He informed his soldiers that "By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there till exchanged," concluding by wishing them an affectionate farewell.

V.

At the close of the Civil War, the Clarion was moved to Jackson, and at once became the leader of the Democratic host, with Barksdale as its editor.

I read the Clarion and Pomeroy's La Crosse Democrat more regularly than I read my Bible, regarding them as the sheet-anchors of Democratic hope, the pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, to lead the Southern people onward after the demoralizing and devastating war.

I often made the boys in the Brandon Republican office laugh when I would announce to them that it was my intention to some day buy the Clarion, and that I would then give them real good jobs, a promise afterwards made good. The one ambition of my life was to own the Clarion, the "Thunderer," as it was called.

It was a long, difficult and hard fight, but in less than twenty-five years I had won the goal of my ambition, thanks to the encouragement of my wife, my tireless energy, hopeful disposition, aggressive nature, economic habits, fearlessness in expression and absolute faith in myself.

How well I have succeeded as editor and publisher, I leave the public to decide. This is not said in a boastful spirit, but by way of encouragement to other struggling lads, who may achieve success if willing to make the sacrifice necessary to win, for I have always held that man is the arbiter of his own fortune. There is little or nothing in what we call "luck," but much in real "pluck," which, if intelligently applied, will win the battle of life. Pluck, coupled with faith in one's-self to succeed, will work wonders; and I commend them to young men as the key-note to success.

VI.

A personal reference must be excused, for it is pertinent to the subject, is worth relating, and is commended to young men, regardless of occupation.

When Cleveland had been inaugurated President in 1885, I went to Washington, with other Democrats, seeking federal appointments. I called upon Senators George and Walthall, and the Mississippi Representatives, all of whom gave me their endorsement. I also visited Colonel Lamar, who had been appointed Secretary of Interior. He received me kindly and courteously.

I told him I was hard pressed, had strong opposition in the newspaper field, and would like a federal appointment to supplement my income. He looked me straight in the face, and I felt that his big steel grey eyes would penetrate me through.

"Well, I'll help you get a place," he said, "but it won't pay you to break up and move to Washington. You cannot hold a federal office and run your paper. Few men can do more than one thing at a time; and the men who succeed best give all their time to one business. You have within you the elements of a good newspaper man. You are young, ener-

getic, aggressive, and bold in expression, and I look upon you as the coming publisher of Mississippi, provided you devote your time to your newspaper."

That talk almost staggered me. It was so frank, kind and complimentary that I had nothing more to say. Lamar broke the silence; "My boy, I know you aspire to be State Printer of Mississippi and intend to help you get it. You can win, for one concern cannot hold on forever. I'll have you appointed a National Bank Examiner; you can try it a while and if you do not like it you can resign and enter upon an active canvass for State Printer."

I thanked Lamar, qualified for the place, secured the necessary papers, made one round through Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, examining banks after a fashion, returned home and realizing that the position did not suit me and I did not suit it, resigned.

Lamar was right, and he proved to be a true prophet as well, for I was elected State Printer and held the place for several years, till I sold my bindery, book and job offices, for the purpose of devoting my time exclusively to the publication of a daily newspaper; and then my success in journalism was assured.

Lamar declared that he was a "One-Ideaded-Man," could only do one thing at a time, and to young and struggling editors, I give the advice he tendered me, which I took with beneficial results. It was the best advice ever given me, and I commend it to young editors.

VII.

Many young publishers, ambitious boys just starting out on their journalistic legs, with their lives all before them, and hope swelling in their breasts have requested me to impart to them the secret of success in newspaper work, as

I understood it. They have complimented me with the suggestion, "You have succeeded better than other Mississippi editors and publishers—tell us the plans you adopted and followed."

Many things are necessary to win success in any calling—hard work, indefatigable energy, love of ones business, a firm resolve to succeed, never be discouraged, never admit the possibility of failure, and have implicit faith in ones-self, and do one thing only.

Do one thing only; do it well and with all your might, and success must crown your efforts as certainly as the night follows the day.

Print clean, moral, reliable, fearless papers. Say whatever you please, if you consider it right, for the public admires a bold editor.

Have opinions of your own, and the courage to express them. Don't print a shallow, timid, colorless journal, afraid of its own shadow. Declare yourself on all questions, political, secular and otherwise. Don't be a neutral, or moral coward. Don't attempt to float in a dead eddy, but swim with the live current.

Don't above all things play the toady to people in or out of position, to gain favor or secure patronage; for of all people on earth, the toady is the most disgusting and contemptible; his syncophantic fawning is always seen through and understood, and if he gains favor at all it is at the sacrifice of self-respect.

No one can have any respect for a toady.

Stand by your party friends, and criticise your political enemies; but be just, generous and truthful in your dealings with men and measures.

Praise your friends, political or social, believing them to be right, and fudge a little in their behalf if necessary. Condemn your political enemies, giving them Old Harry whenever they deserve it. You can have nothing to expect from factional opponents; therefore waste no time upon them. You know where they stand; they are always against you.

Criticise those with whom you disagree, in a dignified and manly way, when the occasion justifies; but do not slander or abuse them, unless you would aid in their schemes and ambitions.

Throw a brick occasionally if you do break a glass. Speak right out in meeting, to let your opponents know you are on the quarter deck, and ready for action.

Have a definite policy and adhere to it. Let no man shape your editorial views or change your business methods. Manage your paper yourself and allow no one to run over your styles, plans and ideas.

Don't allow the front office to control your editorial opinions. Don't permit business firms, through threats of withdrawal of patronage, to intimidate you, or force you to advocate a policy contrary to your views.

Beware of corporations, with their baleful influence. Sell them space, but not editorials. Treat them justly and fairly, but never become their advocates for money. The paper that once becomes the champion of corporate interests never gets its head out of the noose, and wields no influence, for the public is not fooled, and never forgives the paper whose corporation editorials place it under suspicion—a suspicion it can never dispel or relieve.

VIII.

Another word more, young editors: Give all your attention to the business of your papers, for no mistress is more jealous than that of newspaper publishing. It demands all your time. If you would succeed as editor and publisher, you

have no time to loaf around street corners, no time for tennis courts or golf links, no time to fish, frolic or hunt, at the expense of your business.

If you would succeed, you must be industrious, strictly on the job all the time. Be careful in your business methods, prudent and economical in the conduct of your paper. Collect your bills rigidly and pay your debts regularly.

Be truthful, honest and sincere, giving unto every man that which is his due. Win success by being worthy to wear it, and all will be well. And finally—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death—
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
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